THE DIARY

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS, M.A., F.R.S.

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SAMUEL PEPYS

M.A., F.R.S.; CLERK OF THE ACTS AND

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY

TRANSCRIBED BY THE LATE REV. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A.

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BY

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

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Up betimes, about 4 o'clock, waked by a damned noise between a sow gelder and a cow and a dog, nobody after we were up being able to tell us what it was. After being ready we took coach, and, being very sleepy, droused most part of the way to Gravesend, and there 'light, and down to the new batterys, which are like to be very fine, and there did hear a plain fellow cry out upon the folly of the King's officers above, to spend so much money in works at Woolwich and Deptford, and sinking of good ships loaden with goods, when, if half the charge had been laid out here, it would have secured all that, and this place too, before now. And I think it is not only true in this, but that the best of the actions of us all are so silly, that the meanest people begin to see through them, and contemn them. Besides, says he, they spoil the river by it. Then informed ourselves where we might have some creame, and they guided us to one Goody Best's, a little out of the towne towards London road, and thither we went with the coach, and find it a mighty clean, plain house, and had a dish of very good creame to our liking, and so away presently very merry, and fell to reading of the several Advices to a Painter,[1] which made us good sport, and indeed are very witty, and Creed did also repeat to me some of the substance of letters of old Burleigh in Queen Elizabeth's time, which he hath of late read in the printed Cabbala,[2] which

[1] See note, *ante*, December 14th, 1666.

[2] "Cabala, Mysteries of State, in Letters of the great Ministers of King James and King Charles. . . ." London, 1654, 4to.; second edition, London, 1663, folio; third edition, London, 1691, folio.

is a very fine style at this day and fit to be imitated. With this, and talking and laughing at the folly of our masters in the management of things at this day, we got home by noon, where all well, and then to dinner, and after dinner both of us laid down upon the couch and chairs and to sleep, which I did for an hour or two, and then to the office, where I am sorry to hear that Sir J. Minnes is likely to die this night, or to-morrow. I forgot to set down that we met this morning upon the road with Mrs. Williams going down to my Lord Bruncker; we bowed without speaking one to another, but I am ashamed at the folly of the man to have her down at this serious busy time, when the town and country is full of people and full of censure, and against him particularly. At Sir W. Batten's my Lady tells me that she hears for certain that my Lord's maid of his lodging here do give out that Mrs. Williams hath been fain of late to sell her best clothes and jewels to get a little money upon, which is a sad condition. Thence to the office, and did write to my Lord Bruncker to give me a little satisfaction about the certainty of the chain's being broke, which I begin to doubt, and the more from Sir W. Pen's discourse. It is worth while to read my letter to him entered in my letter book. Home in the evening to supper, and so pretty betimes, about 10 o'clock, to bed, and slept well. This day letters are come that my sister is very ill.

2nd. Up, and put on my new silke camelott suit, made of my cloak, and suit now made into a vest. So to the office, where W. Pen and myself, and Sir T. Harvy met, the first time we have had a meeting since the coming of the Dutch upon this coast. Our only business (for we have little else to do, nobody being willing to trust us for anything) was to speak with the owners of six merchant-men which we have been taking up this fortnight, and are yet in no readiness, they not fitting their ships without money advanced to them, we owing them for what their ships have earned the last year So every thing stands still for money, while we want money to pay for some of the most necessary things that we promised ready money for in the height of our wants, as grapnells, &c. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner my wife and Jane (mighty fine

the girle) to go to see Jane's old mistress, who was to see her, and did see my wife the other day, and it is pleasant to hear with what kindness her old mistress speaks of this girle, and how she would still have her, and how the wench cried when she told her that she must come to her old mistress my wife. They gone, I to my chamber, and there dallied a little with my maid Nell . . . and so to the office where busy till night, and then comes Mrs. Turner, and walks with me in the garden to talk with me about her husband's business, and to tell me how she hears at the other end of the town how bad our office is spoken of by the King and Prince and Duke of Albemarle, and that there is not a good word said of any of us but of me, and me they all do speak mightily of, which, whether true or no, I am mighty glad to hear, but from all put together that I hear from other people, I am likely to pass as well as anybody. So, she gone, comes my wife and to walk in the garden, Sir J. Minnes being still ill and so keeping us from singing, and by and by Sir W. Pen come and walked with us and gave us a bottle of Syder, and so we home to supper and to bed. This day I am told that poor Tooker is dead,[1] a very painfull poor man as ever I knew.

3rd. Up, and within most of the morning, my tailor's boy coming to alter something in my new suit I put on yesterday. Then to the office and did business, and then (my wife being a little ill of those in bed) I to Sir W. Batten's and dined, and there comes in Sir Richard Ford, tells us how he hath been at the Sessions-house, and there it is plain that there is a combination of rogues in the town, that do make it their business to set houses on fire, and that one house they did set on fire in Aldersgate Streete last Easter; and that this is proved by two young men, whom one of them debauched by degrees to steal their fathers' plate and clothes, and at last to be of their company; and they had their places to take up what goods were flung into the streets out of the windows, when the houses were on fire; and this is like to be proved to a great number of rogues, whereof five are already found, and

[1] Captain William Upcher wrote to the Navy Commissioners on July 8th asking for the situation vacant by the death of John Tooker ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 276).

some found guilty this day. One of these boys is the son of a Montagu,[1] of my Lord Manchester's family; but whose son he could not tell me. This is a strange thing methinks, but I am glad that it is proved so true and discovered. So home, and to enter my Journall of my late journey to this hour, and then to the office, where to do a little business, and then by water to White Hall (calling at Michell's in my way, but the rogue would not invite me in, I having a mind para voir his wife), and there to the Council-chamber, to deliver a letter to their Lordships about the state of the six merchantmen which we have been so long fitting out. When I come, the King and the whole table full of Lords were hearing of a pitifull cause of a complaint of an old man, with a great grey beard, against his son, for not allowing him something to live on; and at last come to the ordering the son to allow his father £10 a-year. This cause lasted them near two hours; which, methinks, at this time to be the work of the Council-board of England, is a scandalous thing, and methought Sir W. Coventry to me did own as much. Here I find all the newes is the enemy's landing 3,000 men near Harwich,[2] and attacking Landguard Fort, and being beat off thence with our great guns, killing some of their men, and they leaving their ladders behind them; but we had no Horse in the way on Suffolk side, otherwise we might have galled their Foot. The Duke of York is gone down thither this day, while the General[3] sat sleeping this afternoon at the Council-table. The news so much talked of this Exchange, of a peace, I find by Sir Richard Browne arises from a letter the Swedes' agent hath received from Bredah and shewed at Court to-day, that they are come very near it, but I do not find anybody here relying upon it. This cause being

[1] A son of James Montague, of Lackham, third son of the first Earl of Manchester, by his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir R. Baynard, of Lackham, Wilts. — B.

[2] Richard Browne, writing to Williamson from Aldeburgh, on July 2nd, says: "The Dutch fleet of 80 sail has anchored in the bay; they were expected to land, but they tacked about, and stood first northward and then southward, close by Orford lighthouse, and have now passed the Ness towards Harwich; they have fired no guns, but made false fires" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 258).

[3] The Duke of Albemarle.

over, the Trinity House men, whom I did not expect to meet, were called in, and there Sir W. Pen made a formal speech in answer to a question of the King's, whether the lying of the sunk ships in the river would spoil the river. But, Lord! how gingerly he answered it, and with a deal of do that he did not know whether it would be safe as to the enemy to have them taken up, but that doubtless it would be better for the river to have them taken up. Methought the Council found them answer like fools, and it ended in bidding them think more of it, and bring their answer in writing. Thence I to Westminster Hall, and there hear how they talk against the present management of things, and against Sir W. Coventry for his bringing in of new commanders and casting out the old seamen, which I did endeavour to rectify Mrs. Michell and them in, letting them know that he hath opposed it all his life the most of any man in England. After a deal of this tittle tattle, I to Mrs. Martin's, and there she was gone in before, but when I come, contrary to my expectation, I find her all in trouble, and what was it for but that I have got her with child . . . and is in exceeding grief, and swears that the child is mine, which I do not believe, but yet do comfort her that either it cannot be so, or if it be that I will take care to send for her husband, though I do hardly see how I can be sure of that, the ship being at sea, and as far as Scotland, but however I must do it, and shall find some way or other of doing it, though it do trouble me not a little. Thence, not pleased, away to White Hall to Mr. Williamson, and by and by my Lord Arlington about Mr. Lanyon's business, and it is pretty to see how Mr. Williamson did altogether excuse himself that my business was not done when I come to my Lord and told him my business; "Why," says my Lord, "it hath been done, and the King signed it several days ago," and so it was and was in Mr. Williamson's hands, which made us both laugh, and I in innocent mirth, I remember, said, it is pretty to see in what a condition we are that all our matters now-a-days are undone, we know not how, and done we know not when. He laughed at it, but I have since reflected on it, and find it a severe speech as it might be taken by a chief minister of state, as indeed Mr. Williamson is, for he is indeed the

Secretary. But we fell to other pleasant talk, and a fine gentleman he is, and so gave him £5 for his fee, and away home, and to Sir W. Batten's, to talk a little, and then to the office to do a little business, and so home to supper and read myself asleep, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and, in vain expecting Sir R. Ford's calling on me, I took coach and to the Sessions-house, where I have a mind to hear Bazill Fielding's case[1] tried; and so got up to the Bench, my Lord Chief-Justice Keeling[2] being Judge. Here I stood bare, not challenging, though I might well enough, to be covered. But here were several fine trials; among others, several brought in for making it their trade to set houses on fire merely to get plunder; and all proved by the two little boys spoken of yesterday by Sir R. Ford, who did give so good account of particulars that I never heard children in my life. And I confess, though I was unsatisfied with the force given to such little boys, to take away men's lives, yet, when I was told that my Lord Chief-Justice did declare that there was no law against taking the oath of children above twelve years old, and then heard from Sir R. Ford the good account which the boys had given of their understanding the nature and consequence of an oath, and now my own observation of the sobriety and readiness of their answers, further than of any man of any rank that come to give witness this day, though some men of years and learning, I was a little amazed, and fully satisfied that they ought to have as much credit as the rest. They proved against several, their consulting several times at a bawdy-house in Moore-Fields, called the Russia House, among many other rogueries, of setting houses on fire, that they might gather the goods that were flung into the streets; and it is worth considering how unsafe it is to have children play up and down this lewd town. For these two boys, one is my Lady Montagu's (I know not what Lady Montagu) son, and the other of good condition, were playing in Moore-Fields, and one rogue, Gabriel Holmes, did come

[1] See May 9th, 1667.

[2] Sir John Kelyng, King's Serjeant, 1661, appointed a judge of the King's Bench in 1663, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1665, and died at his house in Hatton Garden, May 9th, 1671. He was a very unpopular judge.

to them and teach them to drink, and then to bring him plate and clothes from their fathers' houses, and carry him into their houses, and leaving open the doors for him, and at last were made of their conspiracy, and were at the very burning of this house in Aldersgate Street, on Easter Sunday at night last, and did gather up goods, as they had resolved before: and this Gabriel Holmes did advise to have had two houses set on fire, one after another, that, while they were quenching of one, they might be burning another. And it is pretty that G. Holmes did tell his fellows, and these boys swore it, that he did set fire to a box of linen in the Sheriffe, Sir Joseph Shelden's[1] house, while he was attending the fire in Aldersgate Street, and the Sheriffe himself said that there was a fire in his house, in a box of linen, at the same time, but cannot conceive how this fellow should do it. The boys did swear against one of them, that he had made it his part to pull the plug out of the engine while it was a-playing; and it really was so. And goods they did carry away, and the manner of the setting the house on fire was, that Holmes did get to a cockpit, where, it seems, there was a publick cockpit, and set fire to the straw in it, and hath a fire-ball at the end of the straw, which did take fire, and so it prevailed, and burned the house; and, among other things they carried away, he took six of the cocks that were at the cockpit; and afterwards the boys told us how they had one dressed, by the same token it was so hard they could not eat it. But that which was most remarkable was the impudence of this Holmes, who hath been arraigned often, and still got away; and on this business was taken and broke loose just at Newgate Gate; and was last night luckily taken about Bow, who got loose, and run into the river, and hid himself in the rushes; and they pursued him with a dog, and the dog got him and held him till he was taken. But the impudence of this fellow was such, that he denied he ever saw the boys before, or ever knew the Russia House, or that the people knew him; and by and by the mistress of the Russia House was called in, being indicted, at the same

[1] Sir Joseph Sheldon, Alderman of Farringdon Without, Sheriff in 1666–67, and Lord Mayor, 1675–76.

time, about another thing; and she denied that the fellow was of her acquaintance, when it was pretty to see how the little boys did presently fall upon her, and ask her how she durst say so, when she was always with them when they met at her house, and particularly when she come in in her smock before a dozen of them, at which the Court laughed, and put the woman away. Well, this fellow Holmes[1] was found guilty of the act of burning the house, and other things, that he stood indicted for. And then there were other good cases, as of a woman that come to serve a gentlewoman, and in three days run away, betimes in the morning, with a great deal of plate and rings, and other good things. It was time very well spent to be here. Here I saw how favourable the judge was to a young gentleman that struck one of the officers, for not making him room: told him he had endangered the loss of his hand, but that he hoped he had not struck him, and would suppose that he had not struck him. About that the Court rose, and I to dinner with my Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; where a good dinner and good discourse, the Judge being there. There was also tried this morning Fielding, which I thought had been Bazill[2] — but it proved the other, and Bazill was killed; — that killed his brother, who was found guilty of murder, and nobody pitied him. The Judge seems to be a worthy man, and able: and do intend, for these rogues that burned this house to be hung in some conspicuous place in the town, for an example. After dinner to the Court again, where I heard some more causes, but with so much trouble because of the hot weather that I had no pleasure in it. Anon the Court rose, and I walked to Fleet-streete for my belt at the beltmaker's, and so home and to the office, wrote some letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and to the office, where Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] T. Harvy and I met upon Mr. Gawden's accounts, and was at it all the morning. This morning Sir G. Carteret did come to us, and walked in the garden. It

[1] According to Smith's "Obituary," Gabriel Holmes was hanged on the 11th July, 1667, and buried in the new churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

[2] See *ante*, May 9th, 1667.

was to talk with me about some thing of my Lord Sandwich's, but here he told us that the great seale is passed to my Lord Annesly [Anglesey] for Treasurer of the Navy: so that now he do no more belong to us: and I confess, for his sake, I am glad of it, and do believe the other will have little content in it. At noon I home to dinner with my wife, and after dinner to sing, and then to the office a little and Sir W. Batten's, where I am vexed to hear that Nan Wright, now Mrs. Markham, Sir W. Pen's mayde and whore, is come to sit in our pew at church, and did so while my Lady Batten was there. I confess I am very much vexed at it and ashamed. By and by out with [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, where I staid not, but to the New Exchange to buy gloves and other little errands, and so home and to my office busy till night, and then walked in the garden with my wife, and then to supper and to sing, and so to bed. No news, but that the Dutch are gone clear from Harwich northward, and have given out they are going to Yarmouth.

6th. Up, and to the office, where some of us sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, whither Creed come to dine with us and brings the first word I hear of the news of a peace, the King having letters come to him this noon signifying that it is concluded on, and that Mr. Coventry is upon his way coming over for the King's satisfaction. The news was so good and sudden that I went with great joy to [Sir] W. Batten and then to [Sir] W. Pen to tell it them, and so home to dinner mighty merry, and light at my heart only on this ground, that a continuing of the war must undo us, and so though peace may do the like if we do not make good use of it to reform ourselves and get up money, yet there is an opportunity for us to save ourselves. At least, for my own particular, we shall continue well till I can get my money into my hands, and then I will shift for myself. After dinner away, leaving Creed there, by coach to Westminster, where to the Swan and drank, and then to the Hall, and there talked a little with great joy of the peace, and then to Mrs. Martin's, where I met with the good news que elle ne est con child, the fear of which she did give me the other day, had troubled me much. My joy in this made me send for wine, and thither

come her sister and Mrs. Cragg, and I staid a good while there. But here happened the best instance of a woman's falseness in the world, that her sister Doll, who went for a bottle of wine, did come home all blubbering and swearing against one Captain Vandener, a Dutchman of the Rhenish Wine House, that pulled her into a stable by the Dog tavern, and there did tumble her and toss her, calling him all the rogues and toads in the world, when she knows that elle hath suffered me to do any thing with her a hundred times. Thence with joyful heart to White Hall to ask Mr. Williamson the news, who told me that Mr. Coventry is coming over with a project of a peace; which, if the States agree to, and our King, when their Ministers on both sides have shewed it them, we shall agree, and that is all: but the King, I hear, do give it out plain that the peace is concluded. Thence by coach home, and there wrote a few letters, and then to consult with my wife about going to Epsum to-morrow, sometimes designing to go and then again not; and at last it grew late and I bethought myself of business to employ me at home to-morrow, and so I did not go. This afternoon I met with Mr. Rolt, who tells me that he is going Cornett under Collonel Ingoldsby, being his old acquaintance, and Ingoldsby hath a troop now from under the King, and I think it is a handsome way for him, but it was an ominous thing, methought, just as he was bidding me his last adieu, his nose fell a-bleeding, which ran in my mind a pretty while after. This afternoon Sir Alexander Frazier, who was of council for Sir J. Minnes, and had given him over for a dead man, said to me at White Hall :— "What," says he, "Sir J. Minnes is dead." I told him, "No! but that there is hopes of his life." Methought he looked very sillily after it, and went his way. Late home to supper, a little troubled at my not going to Epsum to-morrow, as I had resolved, especially having the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry out of town, but it was my own fault and at last my judgment to stay, and so to supper and to bed. This day, with great satisfaction, I hear that my Lady Jemimah is brought to bed, at Hinchingbroke, of a boy.[1]

[1] George Carteret, in 1681 created Baron Carteret of Hawnes, co. Bedford, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by his

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, there to settle some papers, and thither comes Mr. Moore to me and talked till church time of the news of the times about the peace and the bad consequences of it if it be not improved to good purpose of fitting ourselves for another war. He tells me he heard that the discontented Parliament-men are fearful that the next sitting the King will put for a general excise, by which to raise him money, and then to fling off the Parliament, and raise a land-army and keep them all down like slaves; and it is gotten among them, that Bab. May, the Privy-purse, hath been heard to say that £300 a-year is enough for any country gentleman; which makes them mad, and they do talk of 6 or £800,000 gone into the Privy-purse this war, when in King James's time it arose but to £5,000, and in King Charles's but £10,000 in a year. He tells me that a goldsmith in town told him that, being with some plate with my Lady Castlemayne lately, she directed her woman (the great beauty), "Wilson," says she, "make a note for this, and for that, to the Privy-purse for money." He tells me a little more of the baseness of the courses taken at Court in the case of Mr. Moyer,[1] who is at liberty, and is to give £500 for his liberty; but now the great ones are divided, who shall have the money, the Duke of Albemarle on one hand, and another Lord on the other; and that it is fain to be decided by having the person's name put into the King's warrant for his liberty, at whose intercession the King shall own that he is set at liberty; which is a most lamentable thing, that we do professedly own that we do these things, not for right and justice sake, but only to gratify this or that person about the King. God forgive us all! Busy till noon, and then home to dinner, and Mr. Moore come and dined with us, and much more discourse at and after dinner of the same kind, and then, he gone, I to my office busy till the evening, and then with my wife and Jane over to Half-way house, a very good walk; and there drank, and in the

father and grandfather to Charles II. He married Lady Grace Granville, created Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville in 1715. Their son John succeeded as second Baron Carteret in 1695, and as Earl Granville in 1744.

[1] See May 16th, 1667.

cool of the evening back again, and sang with pleasure upon the water, and were mightily pleased in hearing a boatfull of Spaniards sing, and so home to supper and to bed. Jane of late mighty fine, by reason of a laced whiske her mistress hath given her, which makes her a very gracefull servant. But, above all, my wife and I were the most surprised in the beauty of a plain girle, which we met in the little lane going from Redriffe-stairs into the fields, one of the prettiest faces that we think we ever saw in our lives.

8th. Up, and to my chamber, and by and by comes Greeting, and to my flageolett with him with a pretty deal of pleasure, and then to the office, where [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen and I met about putting men to work for the weighing of the ships in the River sunk. Then home again, and there heard Mr. Cæsar play some very good things on the lute together with myself on the violl and Greeting on the viallin. Then with my wife abroad by coach, she to her tailor's, I to Westminster to Burges about my Tangier business, and thence to White Hall, where I spoke with Sir John Nicholas, who tells me that Mr. Coventry is come from Bredah, as was expected; but, contrary to expectation, brings with him two or three articles which do not please the King: as, to retrench the Act of Navigation, and then to ascertain what are contraband goods; and then that those exiled persons, who are or shall take refuge in their country, may be secure from any further prosecution. Whether these will be enough to break the peace upon, or no, he cannot tell; but I perceive the certainty of peace is blown over. So called on my wife and met Creed by the way, and they two and I to Charing Cross, there to see the great boy and girle that are lately come out of Ireland, the latter eight, the former but four years old, of most prodigious bigness for their age. I tried to weigh them in my arms, and find them twice as heavy as people almost twice their age; and yet I am apt to believe they are very young. Their father a little sorry fellow, and their mother an old Irish woman. They have had four children of this bigness, and four of ordinary growth, whereof two of each are dead. If, as my Lord Ormond certifies, it be true that they are no older, it is very monstrous. So home

and to dinner with my wife and to pipe, and then I to the office, where busy all the afternoon till the evening, and then with my wife by coach abroad to Bow and Stratford, it being so dusty weather that there was little pleasure in it, and so home and to walk in the garden, and thither comes Pelling to us to talk, and so in and to supper, and then to bed. All the world being as I hear very much damped that their hopes of peace is become uncertain again.

9th. Up pretty betimes and to the office, where busy till office time, and then we sat, but nothing to do but receive clamours about money. This day my Lord Anglesey, our new Treasurer, come the first time to the Board, and there sat with us till noon; and I do perceive he is a very notable man, and understanding, and will do things regular, and understand them himself, not trust Fenn, as Sir G. Carteret did, and will solicit soundly for money, which I do fear was Sir G. Carteret's fault, that he did not do that enough, considering the age we live in, that nothing will do but by solicitation, though never so good for the King or Kingdom, and a bad business well solicited shall, for peace sake, speed when a good one shall not. But I do confess that I do think it a very bold act of him to take upon himself the place of Treasurer of the Navy at this time, but when I consider that a regular accountant never ought to fear any thing nor have reason I then do cease to wonder. At noon home to dinner and to play on the flageolet with my wife, and then to the office, where very busy close at my office till late at night. At night walked and sang with my wife in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. This evening news comes for certain that the Dutch are with their fleete before Dover, and that it is expected they will attempt something there. The business of the peace is quite dashed again, so as now it is doubtful whether the King will condescend to what the Dutch demand, it being so near the Parliament, it being a thing that will, it may be, recommend him to them when they shall find that the not having of a peace lies on his side by denying some of their demands. This morning Captain Clerke (Robin Clerke) was at the table, now commands the Monmouth, and did when the enemy passed the chaine at Chatham the

other day, who said publickly at the table that he did admire at the order when it was brought him for sinking of the Monmouth (to the endangering of the ship, and spoiling of all her provisions) when her number of men were upon her that he could have carried her up the River whither he pleased, and have been a guard to the rest, and could have sunk her at any time. He did carry some 100 barrels of powder out of the ship to save it after the orders come for the sinking her. He knew no reason at all, he declares, that could lead them to order the sinking her, nor the rest of the great ships that were sunk, but above all admires they would burn them on shore and sink them there, when it had been better to have sunk them long way in the middle of the River, for then they would not have burned them so low as now they did.

10th. Up, and to the office betimes, and there all the morning very busy causing papers to be entered and sorted to put the office in order against the Parliament. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again close all the afternoon upon the same occasion with great pleasure till late, and then with my wife and Mercer in the garden and sung, and then home and sung, and to supper with great content, and so to bed. The Duke of York is come back last night from Harwich, the news he brings I know not, nor hear anything to-day from Dover, whether the enemy have made any attempt there as was expected. This day our girle Mary, whom Payne helped us to, to be under his daughter, when she come to be our cook-mayde, did go away declaring that she must be where she might earn something one day, and spend it and play away the next. But a good civil wench, and one neither wife nor I did ever give angry word to, but she has this silly vanity that she must play.

11th. Up betimes and to my office, and there busy till the office (which was only Sir T. Harvy and myself) met, and did little business and then broke up. He tells me that the Council last night did sit close to determine of the King's answer about the peace, and that though he do not certainly know, yet by all discourse yesterday he do believe it is peace, and that the King had said it should be peace, and had bidden Alderman Backwell to declare [it]

upon the 'Change. It is high time for us to have peace that the King and Council may get up their credits and have time to do it, for that indeed is the bottom of all our misery, that nobody have any so good opinion of the King and his Council and their advice as to lend money or venture their persons, or estates, or pains upon people that they know cannot thrive with all that we can do, but either by their corruption or negligence must be undone. This indeed is the very bottom of every man's thought, and the certain ground that we must be ruined unless the King change his course, or the Parliament come and alter it. At noon dined alone with my wife. All the afternoon close at the office, very hard at gathering papers and putting things in order against the Parliament, and at night home with my wife to supper, and then to bed, in hopes to have all things in my office in good condition in a little time for any body to examine, which I am sure none else will.

12th. Up betimes and to my chamber, there doing business, and by and by comes Greeting and begun a new month with him, and now to learn to set anything from the notes upon the flageolet, but, Lord! to see how like a fool he goes about to give me direction would make a man mad. I then out and by coach to White Hall and to the Treasury chamber, where did a little business, and thence to the Exchequer to Burges, about Tangier business, and so back again, stepping into the Hall a little, and then homeward by coach, and met at White Hall with Sir H. Cholmly, and so into his coach, and he with me to the Excise Office, there to do a little business also, in the way he telling me that undoubtedly the peace is concluded; for he did stand yesterday where he did hear part of the discourse at the Council table, and there did hear the King argue for it. Among other things, that the spirits of the seamen were down, and the forces of our enemies are grown too great and many for us, and he would not have his subjects over-pressed; for he knew an Englishman would do as much as any man upon hopeful terms; but where he sees he is over-pressed, he despairs soon as any other; and, besides that, they have already such a load of dejection upon them, that they will not be in temper a good while again. He heard

my Lord Chancellor say to the King, "Sir," says he, "the whole world do complain publickly of treachery, that things have been managed falsely by some of his great ministers." "Sir," says he, "I am for your Majesty's falling into a speedy enquiry into the truth of it, and, where you meet with it, punish it. But, at the same time, consider what you have to do, and make use of your time for having a peace; for more money will not be given without much trouble, nor is it, I fear, to be had of the people, nor will a little do it to put us into condition of doing our business." But Sir H. Cholmly tells me he [the Chancellor] did say the other day at his table, "Treachery!" says he; "I could wish we could prove there was anything of that in it; for that would imply some wit and thoughtfulness; but we are ruined merely by folly and neglect." And so Sir H. Cholmly tells me they did all argue for peace, and so he do believe that the King hath agreed to the three points Mr. Coventry brought over, which I have mentioned before, and is gone with them back. He tells me further that the Duke of Buckingham was before the Council the other day, and there did carry it very submissively and pleasingly to the King; but to my Lord Arlington, who do prosecute the business, he was most bitter and sharp, and very slighting. As to the letter about his employing a man to cast the King's nativity, says he to the King, "Sir," says he, "this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand." The King answered, that it was indeed none of his, and that he knew whose it was, but could not recall it presently. "Why," says he, "it is my sister of Richmond's,[1] some frolick or other of her's of some certain person; and there is nothing of the King's name in it, but it is only said to be his by supposition, as is said." The King, it seems, seemed not very much displeased with what the Duke had said; but, however, he is still in the Tower, and no discourse of his being out in haste, though my Lady Castlemayne hath so far solicited for him that the King and she are quite fallen out: he comes not to her, nor hath for some three or four days:

[1] Mary, Duchess of Richmond. See note, April 21st, 1662.

and parted with very foul words, the King calling her a whore, and a jade that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all: and she calling him fool; and told him if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his businesses to be carried on by fellows that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned; meaning the Duke of Buckingham. And it seems she was not only for his liberty, but to be restored to all his places; which, it is thought, he will never be. While we were at the Excise office talking with Mr. Ball, it was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the £200,000 which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea above £5,000,000 and odd £100,000; which is a most prodigious sum. Sir H. Cholmly, as a true English gentleman, do decry the King's expenses of his Privy-purse, which in King James's time did not rise to above £5,000 a year, and in King Charles's to £10,000, do now cost us above £100,000, besides the great charge of the monarchy, as the Duke of York £100,000 of it, and other limbs of the Royal family, and the guards, which, for his part, says he, "I would have all disbanded, for the King is not the better by them, and would be as safe without them; for we have had no rebellions to make him fear anything." But, contrarily, he is now raising of a land-army, which this Parliament and kingdom will never bear; besides, the commanders they put over them are such as will never be able to raise or command them; but the design is, and the Duke of York, he says, is hot for it, to have a land-army, and so to make the government like that of France, but our princes have not brains, or at least care and forecast enough to do that. It is strange how he and every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time. Thence he set me down at my Lord Crew's and away, and I up to my Lord, where Sir Thomas

Crew was, and by and by comes Mr. Cæsar, who teaches my Lady's page upon the lute, and here Mr. Cæsar did play some very fine things indeed, to my great liking. Here was my Lord Hinchingbroke also, newly come from Hinchingbroke, where all well, but methinks I knowing in what case he stands for money by his demands to me and the report Mr. Moore gives of the management of the family, makes me, God forgive me! to contemn him, though I do really honour and pity them, though they deserve it not, that have so good an estate and will live beyond it. To dinner, and very good discourse with my Lord. And after dinner Sir Thomas Crew and I alone, and he tells me how I am mightily in esteem with the Parliament; there being harangues made in the House to the Speaker, of Mr. Pepys's readiness and civility to shew them every thing, which I am at this time very glad of. He tells me the news of the King and my Lady Castlemayne which I have wrote already this day, and the design of the Parliament to look into things very well before they give any more money, and I pray God they may. Thence, after dinner, to St. James's, but missed Sir W. Coventry, and so home, and there find my wife in a dogged humour for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words, which she provoked me to by something she spoke, that we fell extraordinarily out, insomuch, that I going to the office to avoid further anger, she followed me in a devilish manner thither, and with much ado I got her into the garden out of hearing, to prevent shame, and so home, and by degrees I found it necessary to calme her, and did, and then to the office, where pretty late, and then to walk with her in the garden, and so to supper, and pretty good friends, and so to bed with my mind very quiet.

13th. Up pretty betimes, it being mighty hot weather, I lying this night, which I have not done, I believe, since a boy, I am sure not since I had the stone before, with only a rugg and a sheet upon me. To my chamber, and my wife up to do something, and by chance we fell out again, but I to the office, and there we did at the board much business, though the most was the dividing of £5,000 (which the Lords Commissioners have with great difficulty found upon our letter to them this week that would have

required £50,000) among a great many occasions. After rising, my Lord Anglesey, this being the second time of his being with us, did take me aside and asked me where I lived, because he would be glad to have some discourse with me. This I liked well enough, and told him I would wait upon him, which I will do, and so all broke up, and I home to dinner, where Mr. Pierce dined with us, who tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst[1] hath got Nell away from the King's house, lies with her, and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crew told me that Lacy lies a-dying of the pox, and yet hath his whore by him, whom he will have to look on, he says, though he can do no more; nor would receive any ghostly advice from a Bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. He says there is a strangeness between the King and my Lady Castlemayne, as I was told yesterday. After dinner my wife and I to the New Exchange, to pretty maid Mrs. Smith's shop, where I left my wife, and I to Sir W. Coventry, and there had the opportunity of talk with him, who I perceive do not like our business of the change of the Treasurer's hand, and he tells me that he is entered the lists with this new Treasurer before the King in taking away the business of the Victualling money from his hand, and the Regiment, and declaring that he hath no right to the 3*d*. per £ by his patent, for that it was always heretofore given by particular Privy Seal, and that the King and Council just upon his coming in had declared £2,000 a year sufficient. This makes him angry, but Sir W. Coventry I perceive cares not, but do every day hold up his head higher and higher, and this day I have received an order from the Commissioners of the Treasury to pay no more pensions for Tangier, which I am glad of, and he tells me they do make bold with all things of that kind. Thence I to White Hall, and in the street I spied Mrs. Borroughs, and took a means to meet and salute her and talk a little, and then parted, and I home by coach, taking up my wife at the Exchange, and there I am mightily

[1] Lord Buckhurst and Nell Gwyn, with the help of Sir Charles Sedley, kept "merry house" at Epsom next door to the King's Head Inn (see Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," ed. 1892, p. 57).

pleased with this Mrs. Smith, being a very pleasant woman. So home, and resolved upon going to Epsum to-morrow, only for ayre, and got Mrs. Turner to go with us, and so home and to supper (after having been at the office) and to bed. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet every body's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now the King hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes, with all his heart, a war; but that the King is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in this City, a stranger, to one that told him that the peace was concluded, "Well," says he, "and have you a peace?" — "Yes," says the other. — "Why, then," says he, "hold your peace!" partly reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not yet to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it. Sir Thomas Crew yesterday, speaking of the King of France, how great a man he is, why, says he, all the world thought that when the last Pope died,[1] there would have been such bandying between the Crowns of France and Spain, whereas, when he was asked what he would have his ministers at Rome do, why, says he, let them choose who they will; if the Pope will do what is fit, the Pope and I will be friends. If he will not, I will take a course with him: therefore, I will not trouble myself; and thereupon the election[2] was despatched in a little time — I think in a day, and all ended.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us, by agreement, and she and I staid talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowle with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided

[1] Alexander VII. He died May 22nd, 1667, N.S.

[2] Of Clement IX., Giulio Rispogliosi, elected June 20th, 1667, N.S. He was succeeded by Clement X. in 1670.

last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsum, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up.[1] The country very fine, only the way very dusty. We got to Epsum by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and there we 'light, and I drank the water: they did not, but do go about and walk a little among the women, but I did drink four pints, and had some very good stools by it. Here I met with divers of our town, among others with several of the tradesmen of our office, but did talk but little with them, it growing hot in the sun, and so we took coach again and to the towne, to the King's Head, where our coachman carried us, and there had an ill room for us to go into, but the best in the house that was not taken up. Here we called for drink, and bespoke dinner; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sidly[2] with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. Here I saw Gilsthrop, Sir W. Batten's clerk that hath been long sick, he looks like a dying man,[3] with a consumption got, as is believed, by the pox, but God knows that the man is in a sad condition, though he finds himself much better since his coming thither, he says. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people, contrary to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inne, which was in their way to their lodgings. They come last night to see their elder brother, who stays here at the waters, and away to-morrow. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people have taken of speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to dinner, a good

[1] See June 28th (*ante*).
[2] See, note, July 13th (*ante*).
[3] He died at the beginning of December of this year.

dinner, and were merry, and Pendleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down after dinner (the day being wonderful hot) to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingeniously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the ayre, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I went and carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor, Mr. Evelyn[1] (who with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady,[2] and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewells before the King at the Ball I was at, at our Court, last winter, and also their son,[3] a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning). Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cozen Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain,

[1] This was probably Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote Park, near Epsom, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and heir of George Mynne, Esq., of Horton, in Epsom, both of which places belonged to her. — B.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Massingberd. George, Lord Berkeley, was created Earl of Berkeley in 1679.

[3] Charles, eldest son, K. B. 1661, summoned to parliament as Baron Berkeley of Berkeley, *vitâ patris*, 1689. Died 1710; having succeeded his father in the earldom, 1698. — B.

but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life — we find a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cozen Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woolen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron shoes, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty: and, taking notice of them, "Why," says the poor man, "the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these," says he, "will make the stones fly till they sing before me." I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horne crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen scoare sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them: so we posted thence with mighty pleasure in the discourse we had with this poor man, and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mr. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsum towne to our inne, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any creame; and so to our inne, and there had a dish of creame, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed

and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the ayre, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work, Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and as it grew dark we had the pleasure to see several glow-wormes, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped, which did trouble me, and therefore to bed presently, but, thanks be to God, found that I had not been missed, nor any business happened in my absence. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot and leg alone, but in great pain all night long.

15th. So as I was not able to go to-day to wait on the Duke of York with my fellows, but was forced in bed to write the particulars for their discourse there, and kept my bed all day, and anon comes Mrs. Turner, and new-dressed my foot, and did it so, that I was at much ease presently, and so continued all day, so as I slept much and well in the daytime, and in the evening rose and eat something, where our poor Jane very sad for the death of her poor brother, who hath left a wife and two small children. I did give her 20*s*. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him. This evening come to see me Pelling, and we did sing together, and he sings well indeed, and after supper I was willing to go to bed to ease my foot again, which I did, and slept well all night.

16th. In the morning I was able to put on a wide shoe on the foot, and to the office without much pain, and there sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Creed to discourse of our Tangier business, which stands very bad in the business of money, and therefore we expect

to have a committee called soon, and to acquaint them among other things with the order come to me for the not paying of any more pensions. We dined together, and after dinner I to the office, and there very late, very busy, doing much business indeed, and so with great comfort home to supper, and so to bed to ease my foot, which toward night began to ake.

17th. Up, and to my chamber to set down my Journall of Sunday last with much pleasure, and my foot being pretty well, but yet I am forced to limp. Then by coach, set my wife down at the New Exchange, and I to White Hall to the Treasury chamber, but to little purpose. So to Mr. Burges to as little. There to the Hall and talked with Mrs. Michell, who begins to tire me about doing something for her elder son, which I am willing to do, but know not what. Thence to White Hall again, and thence away, and took up my wife at Unthanke's, and left her at the 'Change, and so I to Bennet's to take up a bill for the last silk I had for my vest and coat, which I owe them for, and so to the Excise Office, and there did a little business, and so to Temple Bar and staid at my bookseller's till my wife calls me, and so home, where I am saluted with the news of Hogg's[1] bringing a rich Canary prize to Hull: and Sir W. Batten do offer me £1,000 down for my particular share, beside Sir Richard Ford's part, which do tempt me; but yet I would not take it, but will stand and fall with the company. He and two more, the Panther and Fanfan, did enter into consortship; and so they have all brought in each a prize, though our's worth as much as both their's, and more. However, it will be well worth having, God be thanked for it! This news makes us all very glad. I at Sir W. Batten's did hear the particulars of it; and there for joy he did give the company that were there a bottle or two of his own last year's wine,[2] growing at Walthamstow, than which the whole company said they never drank better

[1] Thomas Pointer to Samuel Pepys (Hull, July 15): "Capt. Hogg has brought in a great prize laden with Canary wine; also Capt. Reeves of the 'Panther,' and the 'Fanfan,' whose commander is slain, have come in with their prizes" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 298).

[2] Grape wine was formerly largely made in England, and much of it was said to be of excellent quality.

foreign wine in their lives. Home, and to dinner, and by and by comes Mr. Pierce, who is interested in the Panther, for some advice, and then comes Creed, and he and I spent the whole afternoon till eight at night walking and talking of sundry things public and private in the garden, but most of all of the unhappy state of this nation at this time by the negligence of the King and his Council. The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty, without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play with which all publick things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular — as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the Council-chamber when he was examined — he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a Minister of State is in, under such a Prince as our's is; for, undoubtedly, neither of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the Council-table the other day, had they [not] been assured of the King's good liking, and supporting them therein: whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemayne, who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the King, the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge. He told me over the story of Mrs. Stewart, much after the manner which I was told it long since, and have entered it in this book, told me by Mr. Evelyn; only he says it is verily believed that the King did never intend to marry her to any but himself, and that the Duke of York and Lord Chancellor were jealous of it; and that Mrs. Stewart might be got with child by the King, or somebody else, and the King own a marriage before his contract, for it is but a contract, as he tells me, to this day, with the Queene, and so wipe their noses of the Crown; and that, therefore, the Duke of York and Chancellor did do all they could to forward the match with my Lord Duke of Richmond, that she might be married out of the way; but, above all, it is

a worthy part that this good lady hath acted. Thus we talked till night and then parted, and so I to my office and did business, and so home to supper, and there find my sister Michell[1] come from Lee[2] to see us; but do tattle so much of the late business of the Dutch coming thither that I was weary of it. Yet it is worth remembering what she says: that she hath heard both seamen and soldiers swear they would rather serve the Dutch than the King, for they should be better used.[3] She saw "The Royal Charles" brought into the river by them; and how they shot off their great guns for joy, when they got her out of Chatham River. I would not forget that this very day when we had nothing to do almost but five merchantmen to man in the River, which have now been about it some weeks, I was asked at Westminster, what the matter was that there was such ado kept in pressing of men, as it seems there is thereabouts at this day. So after supper we all to bed, my foot very well again, I thank God.

18th. Up and to the office, where busy all the morning, and most of our time taken up with Carcasse upon some complaints brought in against him, and many other petitions about tickets lost, which spends most of our time. Home to dinner, and then to the office again, where very well employed at the office till evening; and then being weary, took out my wife and Will Batelier by coach to Islington, but no pleasure in our going, the way being so dusty that one durst not breathe. Drank at the old house, and so home, and then to the office a little, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up and comes the flageolet master, and brings me two new great Ivory pipes which cost me 32*s*., and so to play, and he being done, and Balty's wife taking her leave of me, she going back to Lee to-day, I to Westminster and there did receive £15,000 orders out of the Exchequer in part of a bigger sum upon the eleven months tax for Tan-

[1] The wife of Balthazar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys's brother. — B.

[2] Leigh, opposite to Sheerness. — B.

[3] Reference has already been made to Andrew Marvell's "Instructions to a Painter" (see June 13, 1667), in which the unpaid English sailors are described as swimming to the Dutch ships, where they received the money which was withheld from them on their own ships.

gier, part of which I presently delivered to Sir H. Cholmly, who was there, and thence with Mr. Gawden to Auditor Woods and Beales to examine some precedents in his business of the Victualling on his behalf, and so home, and in my way by coach down Marke Lane, mightily pleased and smitten to see, as I thought, in passing, the pretty woman, the line-maker's wife that lived in Fenchurch Streete, and I had great mind to have gone back to have seen, but yet would correct my nature and would not. So to dinner with my wife, and then to sing, and so to the office, where busy all the afternoon late, and to Sir W. Batten's and to Sir R. Ford's, we all to consider about our great prize at Hull, being troubled at our being likely to be troubled with Prince Rupert, by reason of Hogg's consorting himself with two privateers of the Prince's, and so we study how to ease or secure ourselves. So to walk in the garden with my wife, and then to supper and to bed. One tells me that, by letter from Holland, the people there are made to believe that our condition in England is such as they may have whatever they will ask; and that so they are mighty high, and despise us, or a peace with us; and there is too much reason for them to do so. The Dutch fleete are in great squadrons everywhere still about Harwich, and were lately at Portsmouth; and the last letters say at Plymouth, and now gone to Dartmouth to destroy our Streights' fleete lately got in thither; but God knows whether they can do it any hurt, or no, but it was pretty news come the other day so fast, of the Dutch fleets being in so many places, that Sir W. Batten at table cried, "By God," says he, "I think the Devil shits Dutchmen."

20th. Up and to the office, where all the morning, and then towards the 'Change, at noon, in my way observing my mistake yesterday in Mark Lane, that the woman I saw was not the pretty woman I meant, the line-maker's wife, but a new-married woman, very pretty, a strong-water seller: and in going by, to my content, I find that the very pretty daughter at the Ship tavern, at the end of Billiter Lane, is there still, and in the bar: and, I believe, is married to him that is new come, and hath new trimmed the house. Home to dinner, and then to the office, we having dispatched away Mr. Oviatt to Hull, about our prizes there;

and I have wrote a letter of thanks by him to Lord Bellasses, who had writ to me to offer all his service for my interest there, but I dare not trust him. In the evening late walking in the garden with my wife, and then to bed.

21st (Lord's day.) Up betimes, and all the morning, and then to dinner with my wife alone, and then all the afternoon in like manner, in my chamber, making up my Tangier accounts and drawing a letter, which I have done at last to my full content, to present to the Lords Commissioners for Tangier to-morrow; and about seven at night, when finished my letter and weary, I and my wife and Mercer up by water to Barne Elmes, where we walked by moonshine, and called at Lambeth, and drank and had cold meat in the boat, and did eat, and sang, and down home, by almost twelve at night, very fine and pleasant, only could not sing ordinary songs with the freedom that otherwise I would. Here Mercer tells me that the pretty maid of the Ship tavern I spoke of yesterday is married there, which I am glad of. So having spent this night, with much serious pleasure to consider that I am in a condition to fling away an angell[1] in such a refreshment to myself and family, we home and to bed, leaving Mercer, by the way, at her own door.

22nd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes to St. James's, where the first time I have been there since the enemy's being with us, where little business but lack of money, which now is so professed by Sir W. Coventry as nothing is more, and the King's whole business owned to be at a stand for want of it. So up to my Lord Chancellor's, where was a Committee of Tangier in my Lord's roome, where he is to hear causes, where all the Judges' pictures hang up,[2] very fine. Here I read my letter to them, which was well received, and they did fall seriously

[1] The angel coin was so called from the figure of the Archangel Michael in conflict with the dragon on the obverse. On the reverse was a representation of a ship with a large cross as a mast. The last angel coined was in Charles I.'s reign, and the value varied from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.*

[2] See Lady Theresa Lewis's "Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon; illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery," 1852. 3 vols. 8vo.—B.

to discourse the want of money and other particulars, and to some pretty good purpose. But to see how Sir W. Coventry did oppose both my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of York himself, about the Order of the Commissioners of the Treasury to me for not paying of pensions, and with so much reason, and eloquence so natural, was admirable. And another thing, about his pressing for the reduction of the charge of Tangier, which they would have put off to another time; "But," says he, "the King suffers so much by the putting off of the consideration of reductions of charge, that he is undone; and therefore I do pray you, sir," to his Royal Highness, "that when any thing offers of the kind, you will not let it escape you." Here was a great bundle of letters brought hither, sent up from sea, from a vessel of ours that hath taken them after they had been flung over by a Dutchman; wherein, among others, the Duke of York did read the superscription of one to De Witt, thus — "To the most wise, foreseeing and discreet, These, &c.;" which, I thought with myself, I could have been glad might have been duly directed to any one of them at the table, though the greatest men in this kingdom. The Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, my Lord Duke of Albemarle, Arlington, Ashley, Peterborough, and Coventry (the best of them all for parts), I perceive they do all profess their expectation of a peace, and that suddenly, and do advise of things accordingly, and do all speak of it (and expressly, I remember, the Duke of Albemarle), saying that they hoped for it. Letters were read at the table from Tangier that Guiland is wholly lost, and that he do offer Arzill to us to deliver it to us. But Sir W. Coventry did declare his opinion that we should have nothing to do with it, and said that if Tangier were offered us now, as the King's condition is, he would advise against the taking it; saying, that the King's charge is too great, and must be brought down, it being, like the fire of this City, never to be mastered till you have brought it under you; and that these places abroad are but so much charge to the King, and we do rather hitherto strive to greaten them than lessen them; and then the King is forced to part with them, "as," says he, "he did with Dunkirke, by my Lord Tiviott's making it so chargeable to the King

as he did that, and would have done Tangier, if he had lived." I perceive he is the only man that do seek the King's profit, and is bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion. Having broke up here, I away with Mr. Gawden in his coach to the 'Change, and there a little, and then home and dined, and then to the office, and by and by with my wife to White Hall (she to Unthanke's), and there met Creed and did a little business at the Treasury chamber, and then to walk in Westminster Hall an hour or two, with much pleasure reflecting upon our discourse to-day at the Tangier meeting, and crying up the worth of Sir W. Coventry. Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham at the Duke's playhouse the last Saturday (and it is the first day I have heard that they have acted at either the King's or Duke's houses this month or six weeks) and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it; for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well. I heard something of this at the 'Change to-day: and it is pretty to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will enquire into faults; and therefore they do mightily favour him. And it puts me in mind that, this afternoon, Billing, the Quaker, meeting me in the Hall, come to me, and after a little discourse did say, "Well," says he, "now you will be all called to an account;" meaning the Parliament is drawing near. This done I took coach and took up my wife, and so home, and after a little at the office I home to my chamber a while, and then to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up betimes and to the office, doing something towards our great account to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and anon the office sat, and all the morning doing business. At noon home to dinner, and then close to my business all the afternoon. In the evening Sir R. Ford is come back from the Prince and tells Sir W. Batten and me how basely Sir W. Pen received our letter we sent him about the prizes at Hull, and slily answered him about the Prince's leaving all his concerns to him, but the Prince

did it afterward by letter brought by Sir R. Ford to us, which Sir W. Pen knows not of, but a very rogue he is. By and by comes sudden news to me by letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend, that there were thirty sail of Dutch men-of-war coming up into the Hope this last tide: which I told Sir W. Pen of; but he would not believe it, but laughed, and said it was a fleete of Billanders,[1] and that the guns that were heard was the salutation of the Swede's Ambassador that comes over with them. But within half an hour comes another letter from Captain Proud,[2] that eight of them were come into the Hope, and thirty more following them, at ten this morning. By and by comes an order from White Hall to send down one of our number to Chatham, fearing that, as they did before, they may make a show first up hither, but then go to Chatham: so my Lord Bruncker do go, and we here are ordered to give notice to the merchant men-of-war, gone below the barricado at Woolwich, to come up again. So with much trouble to supper, home and to bed.

24th. Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up: but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and, indeed, have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all

[1] "Bilander. A small merchant vessel with two masts, particularly distinguished from other vessels with two masts by the form of her mainsail, which is bent to the whole length of her yard, hanging fore and aft, and inclined to the horizon at an angle of about 45°. Few vessels are now rigged in this manner, and the name is rather indiscriminately used." — Smyth's *Sailor's Word Book.*

[2] John Prowd.

the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am endeavouring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty musty,[1] but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work about my late collection of the accounts of the Navy presented to the Parliament at their last session, which was left unfinished, and now I have done it, which sets my mind at my ease, and so, having tired myself, I took a pair of oares about five o'clock, which I made a gally at Redriffe, and so with very much pleasure down to Gravesend, all the way with extraordinary content reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which the more I read and understand, the more I admire, as a most excellent piece of philosophy; as we come nearer Gravesend, we hear the Dutch fleete and our's a-firing their guns most distinctly and loud. But before we got to Gravesend they ceased, and it grew darkish, and so I landed only (and the flood being come) and went up to the Ship and discoursed with the landlord of the house, who undeceives me in what I heard this morning about the Dutch having lost two men-of-war, for it is not so, but several of their fire-ships. He do say, that this afternoon they did force our ships to retreat, but that now they are gone down as far as Shield-haven:[2] but what the event hath been of this evening's guns they know not, but suppose not much, for they have all this while shot at good distance one from another. They seem confident of the security of this town and the River above it, if the enemy should come up so high; their fortifications being so good, and guns many. But he do say that people do complain of Sir Edward Spragg, that he hath not done extraordinary; and more of Sir W. Jenings, that he come up with his tamkins[3]

[1] Dull, heavy, spiritless.

[2] Shellhaven, on the Essex coast, opposite to Cliffe, on the Kentish side. — B.

[3] Tamkin, or tampion, the wooden stopper of a cannon placed in the muzzle to exclude water or dust.

in his guns. Having discoursed this a little with him, and eat a bit of cold venison and drank, I away, took boat, and homeward again, with great pleasure, the moon shining, and it being a fine pleasant cool evening, and got home by half-past twelve at night, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the mornin[g]. At noon home to dinner, and there sang with much pleasu[re] with my wife, and so to the office again, and busy all th[e] afternoon. At night Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself, and Sir R. Ford, did meet in the garden to discourse about our prizes at Hull. It appears that Hogg is the veriest rogue, the most observable embezzler, that ever was known. This vexes us, and made us very free and plain with Sir W. Pen, who hath been his great patron, and as very a rogue as he. But he do now seem to own that his opinion is changed of him, and that he will joyne with us in our strictest inquiries, and did sign to the letters we had drawn, which he had refused before, and so seemingly parted good friends, and then I demanded of Sir R. Ford and the rest, what passed to-day at the meeting of the Parliament: who told me that, contrary to all expectation by the King that there would be but a thin meeting, there met above 300 this first day, and all the discontented party; and, indeed, the whole House seems to be no other almost. The Speaker[1] told them, as soon as they were sat, that he was ordered by the King to let them know he was hindered by some important business to come to them and speak to them, as he intended; and, therefore, ordered him to move that they would adjourn themselves till Monday next, it being very plain to all the House that he expects to hear by that time of the sealing of the peace, which by letters, it seems, from my Lord Hollis, was to be sealed the last Sunday.[2] But before they would come to the question whether they would adjourn, Sir Thomas Tomkins steps up and tells them, that all the country is grieved at this new-raised standing army; and that they thought themselves safe enough in their trayn-bands; and that, therefore, he desired the King might be moved to disband them. Then

[1] The Speaker was Sir Edward Turner.

[2] The peace was signed on the 31st. See August 9th, *post*. — B.

rises Garraway and seconds him, only with this explanation, which he said he believed the other meant; that, as soon as peace should be concluded, they might be disbanded. Then rose Sir W. Coventry, and told them that he did approve of what the last gentleman said; but also, that at the same time he did no more than what, he durst be bold to say, he knew to be the King's mind, that as soon as peace was concluded he would do it of himself. Then rose Sir Thomas Littleton, and did give several reasons for the uncertainty of their meeting again but to adjourne, in case news comes of the peace being ended before Monday next, and the possibility of the King's having some about him that may endeavour to alter his own, and the good part of his Council's advice, for the keeping up of the land-army; and, therefore, it was fit that they did present it to the King as their desire, that, as soon as peace was concluded, the land-army might be laid down, and that this their request might be carried to the King by them of their House that were Privy-councillors; which was put to the vote, and carried *nemine contradicente*. So after this vote passed, they adjourned: but it is plain what the effects of this Parliament will be, if they be suffered to sit, that they will fall foul upon the faults of the Government; and I pray God they may be permitted to do it, for nothing else, I fear, will save the King and kingdom than the doing it betimes. They gone, I to walk with my wife in the garden, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and betimes to the office, where Mr. Hater and I together all the morning about the perfecting of my abstract book of contracts and other things to my great content. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again all the afternoon doing of other good things there, and being tired, I then abroad with my wife and left her at the New Exchange, while I by water thence to Westminster to the Hall, but shops were shut up, and so to White Hall by water, and thence took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, mightily tired with the dust in riding in a coach, it being mighty troublesome. So home and to my office, and there busy very late, and then to walk a little with my wife, and then to supper and to bed. No news at all this day what we have done to the enemy,

but that the enemy is fallen down, and we after them, but to little purpose.

27th. Up and to the office, where I hear that Sir John Coventry[1] is come over from Bredah, a nephew, I think, of Sir W. Coventry's: but what message he brings I know not. This morning news is come that Sir Jos. Jordan is come from Harwich, with sixteen fire-ships and four other little ships of war: and did attempt to do some execution upon the enemy, but did it without discretion, as most do say, so as that they have been able to do no good, but have lost four of their fire-ships. They attempted [this], it seems, when the wind was too strong, that our grapplings could not hold: others say we come to leeward of them, but all condemn it as a foolish management. They are come to Sir Edward Spragg about Lee, and the Dutch are below at the Nore. At the office all the morning; and at noon to the 'Change, where I met Fenn; and he tells me that Sir John Coventry do bring the confirmation of the peace; but I do not find the 'Change at all glad of it, but rather the worse, they looking upon it as a peace made only to preserve the King for a time in his lusts and ease, and to sacrifice trade and his kingdoms only to his own pleasures: so that the hearts of merchants are quite down. He tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemayne are quite broke off, and she is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it;[2] and she will have it christened in the Chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now for

[1] Created K. B. at Charles II.'s coronation, and M. P. for Weymouth in several parliaments. He was the son of John Coventry, the eldest brother of Sir W. Coventry; and the outrage committed on his person, on the 21st December, 1670, by Sir Thomas Sandys, O'Bryan, and others, who cut his nose to the bone, gave rise to the passing of the Bill still known by the name of "The Coventry Act," under which persons so offending were to suffer death. — B.

[2] Charles owned only four children by Lady Castlemaine — Anne, Countess of Sussex, and the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland. The last of these was born in 1665. The paternity of all her other children was certainly doubtful. See July 30th (*post.*). — B.

gaming, swearing, whoring, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought. He told me that Sir G. Carteret was at this end of the town; so I went to visit him in Broad Street; and there he and I together: and he is mightily pleased with my Lady Jem's having a son; and a mighty glad man he is. He [Sir George Carteret] tells me, as to news, that the peace is now confirmed, and all that over. He says it was a very unhappy motion in the House the other day about the land-army; for, whether the King hath a mind of his own to do the thing desired or no, his doing it will be looked upon as a thing done only in fear of the Parliament. He says that the Duke of York is suspected to be the great man that is for raising of this army, and bringing things to be commanded by an army; but he believes that he is wronged, and says that he do know that he is wronged therein. He do say that the Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety; and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world, and that it is so fixed in the nature of the common Englishman that it will not out of him. He tells me that while all should be labouring to settle the kingdom, they are at Court all in factions, some for and others against my Lord Chancellor, and another for and against another man, and the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this, and the next to that, to the ruin of himself and business; that he is at the command of any woman like a slave, though he be the best man to the Queene in the world, with so much respect, and never lies a night from her: but yet cannot command himself in the presence of a woman he likes. Having had this discourse I parted, and home to dinner, and thence to the office all the afternoon to my great content very busy. It raining this day all day to our great joy, it having not rained, I think, this month before, so as the ground was everywhere so burned and dry as could be; and no travelling in the road or streets in London, for dust. At night late home to supper and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up and to my chamber, where all the morning close, to draw up a letter to Sir W. Coventry upon the tidings of peace, taking occasion, before I am forced to it, to resign up to his Royall Highness my place of the Victualling, and to recommend myself to him by promise of doing my utmost to improve this peace in the best manner we may, to save the kingdom from ruin. By noon I had done this to my good content, and then with my wife all alone to dinner, and so to my chamber all the afternoon to write my letter fair, and sent it away, and then to talk with my wife, and read, and so by daylight (the only time I think I have done it this year) to supper, and then to my chamber to read and so to bed, my mind very much eased after what I have done to-day.

29th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where, among other things, he come to me, and told me that he had received my yesterday's letters, and that we concurred very well in our notions; and that, as to my place which I had offered to resign of the Victualling, he had drawn up a letter at the same time for the Duke of York's signing for the like places in general raised during this war; and that he had done me right to the Duke of York, to let him know that I had, of my own accord, offered to resign mine. The letter do bid us to do all things, particularizing several, for the laying up of the ships, and easing the King of charge; so that the war is now professedly over. By and by up to the Duke of York's chamber; and there all the talk was about Jordan's[1] coming with so much indiscretion, with his four little frigates and sixteen fire-ships from Harwich, to annoy the enemy. His failures were of several sorts, I know not which the truest: that he come with so strong a gale of wind, that his grapplings would not hold; that he did come by their lee; whereas if he had come athwart

[1] Silas Taylor, writing to Williamson, July 25th, 1667, says: "Hearing the great guns from the Thames and knowing the Dutch stood that way, Sir Joseph Jordan resolved to make towards them with all the force he could muster, provided himself with 50 land-soldiers and what small vessels, frigates, and fire-ships were there, and set sail towards the Spitts, but could not get much beyond the Naze" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 325).

their hawse, they would have held; that they did not stop a tide, and come up with a windward tide, and then they would not have come so fast. Now, there happened to be Captain Jenifer[1] by, who commanded the Lily in this business, and thus says: that, finding the Dutch not so many as they expected, they did not know but that there were more of them above, and so were not so earnest to the setting upon these; that they did do what they could to make the fire-ships fall in among the enemy; and, for their lives, neither Sir J. Jordan nor others could, by shooting several times at them, make them go in; and it seems they were commanded by some idle fellows, such as they could of a sudden gather up at Harwich; which is a sad consideration that, at such a time as this, where the saving the reputation of the whole nation lay at stake, and after so long a war, the King had not credit to gather a few able men to command these vessels. He says, that if they had come up slower, the enemy would, with their boats and their great sloops, which they have to row with a great many men, they would, and did, come and cut up several of our fire-ships, and would certainly have taken most of them, for they do come with a great provision of these boats on purpose, and to save their men, which is bravely done of them, though they did, on this very occasion, shew great fear, as they say, by some men leaping overboard out of a great ship, as these were all of them of sixty and seventy guns a-piece, which one of our fire-ships laid on board, though the fire did not take. But yet it is brave to see what care they do take to encourage their men to provide great stores of boats to save them, while we have not credit to find one boat for a ship. And, further, he told us that this new way used by Deane, and this Sir W. Coventry observed several times, of preparing of fire-ships, do not do the work; for the fire, not being strong and quick enough to flame up, so as to take the rigging and sails, lies smothering a

[1] Thomas Page, James Jenifer, and George Coult petitioned the Navy Commissioners, September (?), 1667, for reimbursement of their expenses on the "Lily." This ship was lent them as a privateer, and they fitted her up at their own expense, but on June 11th she was recalled as a man-of-war, and so continued till the peace ("Calendar," 1667, p. 495).

great while, half an hour before it flames, in which time they can get her off safely, though, which is uncertain, and did fail in one or two this bout, it do serve to burn our own ships. But what a shame it is to consider how two of our ships' companies did desert their ships for fear of being taken by their boats, our little frigates being forced to leave them, being chased by their greater! And one more company did set their ship on fire, and leave her; which afterwards a Feversham fisherman come up to, and put out the fire, and carried safe into Feversham, where she now is, which was observed by the Duke of York, and all the company with him, that it was only want of courage, and a general dismay and abjectness of spirit upon all our men; and others did observe our ill management, and God Almighty's curse upon all that we have in hand, for never such an opportunity was of destroying so many good ships of their's as we now had. But to see how negligent we were in this business, that our fleete of Jordan's should not have any notice where Spragg was, nor Spragg of Jordan's, so as to be able to meet and join in the business, and help one another; but Jordan, when he saw Spragg's fleete above, did think them to be another part of the enemy's fleete! While, on the other side, notwithstanding our people at Court made such a secret of Jordan's design that nobody must know it, and even this Office itself must not know it; nor for my part I did not, though Sir W. Batten says by others' discourse to him he had heard something of it; yet De Ruyter, or he that commanded this fleete, had notice of it, and told it to a fisherman of our's that he took and released on Thursday last, which was the day before our fleete came to him. But then, that, that seems most to our disgrace, and which the Duke of York did take special and vehement notice of, is, that when the Dutch saw so many fire-ships provided for them, themselves lying, I think, about the Nore, they did with all their great ships, with a North-east wind, as I take it they said, but whatever it was, it was a wind that we should not have done it with, turn down to the Middle-ground; which the Duke of York observed, never was nor would have been undertaken by ourselves. And whereas some of the company answered, it was their great fear, not their choice that

made them do it, the Duke of York answered, that it was, it may be, their fear and wisdom that made them do it; but yet their fear did not make them mistake, as we should have done, when we have had no fear upon us, and have run our ships on ground. And this brought it into my mind, that they managed their retreat down this difficult passage, with all their fear, better than we could do ourselves in the main sea, when the Duke of Albemarle run away from the Dutch, when the Prince was lost, and the Royal Charles and the other great ships come on ground upon the Galloper. Thus, in all things, in wisdom, courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us, and do end the war with victory on their side. The Duke of York being ready, we into his closet, but, being in haste to go to the Parliament House, he could not stay. So we parted, and to Westminster Hall, where the Hall full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker,[1] came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the privities to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, "Repent! repent!" I up to the Painted Chamber, thinking to have got in to have heard the King's speech, but upon second thoughts did not think it would be worth the crowd, and so went down again into the Hall and there walked with several, among others my Lord Rutherford, who is come out of Scotland, and I hope I may get some advantage by it in reference to the business of the interest of the great sum of money I paid him long since

[1] In De Foe's "History of the Plague," he imagines a like case: "Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, *Woe to Jerusalem!* a little before the destruction of that city. So this poor naked creature cried, *O, the great and the dreadful God!* and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoke to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else; but held on his dismal cries continually." De Foe had probably heard of the Quaker.—B.

without interest. But I did not now move him in it. But presently comes down the House of Commons, the King having made then a very short and no pleasing speech to them at all, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town at this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none, and therefore did dismiss them to look after their own occasions till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, or otherwise than by the laws of the land, which he promised them he would do; and so bade them go home and settle the minds of the country in that particular; and only added, that he had made a peace which he did believe they would find reasonable, and a good peace, but did give them none of the particulars thereof. Thus they are dismissed again to their general great distaste, I believe the greatest that ever Parliament was, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation in certain condition of ruin, while the King, they see, is only governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him. The Speaker, they found, was kept from coming in the morning to the House on purpose, till after the King was come to the House of Lords, for fear they should be doing anything in the House of Commons to the further dissatisfaction of the King and his courtiers. They do all give up the kingdom for lost that I speak to; and do hear what the King says, how he and the Duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more Parliaments: and how my Lady Castlemayne hath, before the late breach between her and the King, said to the King that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost, and that Bab. May hath given the like advice to the King, to crush the English gentlemen, saying that £300 a-year was enough for any man but them that lived at Court. I am told that many petitions were provided for the Parliament, complaining of the wrongs they have received from the Court and courtiers, in city and country, if the Parliament had but sat: and I do perceive they all do resolve to have a good account of the money spent before ever they give a farthing more: and the whole kingdom is everywhere sensible of their being abused, insomuch that they forced their Parlia-

ment-men to come up to sit; and my cozen Roger told me that (but that was in mirth) he believed, if he had not come up, he should have had his house burned. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now; nobody pleased with the peace, and yet nobody daring to wish for the continuance of the war, it being plain that nothing do nor can thrive under us. Here I saw old good Mr. Vaughan,[1] and several of the great men of the Commons, and some of them old men, that are come 200 miles, and more, to attend this session of Parliament; and have been at great charge and disappointments in their other private business; and now all to no purpose, neither to serve their country, content themselves, nor receive any thanks from the King. It is verily expected by many of them that the King will continue the prorogation in October, so as, if it be possible, never to have [this] Parliament more. My Lord Bristoll took his place in the House of Lords this day, but not in his robes; and when the King come in, he withdrew: but my Lord of Buckingham was there as brisk as ever, and sat in his robes; which is a monstrous thing, that a man proclaimed against, and put in the Tower, and all, and released without any trial, and yet not restored to his places. But, above all, I saw my Lord Mordaunt as merry as the best, that it seems hath done such further indignities to Mr. Taylor[2] since the last sitting of Parliament as would hang [him], if there were nothing else, would the King do what were fit for him; but nothing of that is now likely to be. After having spent an hour or two in the hall, my cozen Roger and I and Creed to the Old Exchange, where I find all the merchants sad at this peace and breaking up of the Parliament, as men despairing of any good to the nation, which is a grievous consideration; and so home, and there cozen Roger and Creed to dinner with me, and very merry: but among other things they told me of the strange, bold sermon of Dr. Creeton yesterday, before the King; how he preached against the sins of the Court, and particularly against adultery, over and over instancing how for that single sin

[1] John Vaughan, M.P. for Cardiganshire. — B.
[2] See November 26th, 1666

in David, the whole nation was undone; and of our negligence in having our castles without ammunition and powder when the Dutch come upon us; and how we have no courage now-a-days, but let our ships be taken out of our harbour. Here Creed did tell us the story of the duell last night, in Covent-garden, between Sir H. Bellasses and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrell, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two it seems dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's,[1] where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together: and Sir H. Bellasses talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, "What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?" Sir H. Bellasses hearing it, said, "No!" says he: "I would have you know that I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!" "How?" says Tom Porter, "strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!" with that Sir H. Bellasses did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellasses presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be made friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellasses goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellasses's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellasses come out. "Why," says H. Bellasses, "you will not hurt me coming out, will you?"—"No," says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and H. Bellasses having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one

[1] Baronet, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, and one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for that county.—B.

another, and H. Bellasses so much that it is feared he will die: and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; "for," says he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell: but Tom Porter shewed H. Bellasses that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellasses to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellasses a Parliament-man,[1] too, and both of them most extraordinary friends! Among other discourse, my cozen Roger told us a thing certain, that the Archbishop of Canterbury,[2] that now is, do keep a wench, and that he is as very a wencher as can be; and tells us it is a thing publickly known that Sir Charles Sidley had got away one of the Archbishop's wenches from him, and the Archbishop sent to him to let him know that she was his kinswoman, and did wonder that he would offer any dishonour to one related to him. To which Sir Charles Sidley is said to answer, "A pox take his Grace! pray tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade." But he makes no more of doubt to say that the Archbishop is a wencher, and known to be so, which is one of the most astonishing things that I have heard of, unless it be, what

[1] Sir Henry Bellasys, K.B., was member for Great Grimsby, in which seat he was succeeded by Sir Fretcheville Holles.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon. It is difficult to deal in a short note with such an infamous charge as this. It is impossible to leave it unnoticed, and yet to acknowledge it as one necessary to be refuted almost seems an insult to the archbishop's memory. It will be observed that this is all pure gossip, and the mere scandal of those who hate to acknowledge that others are better than themselves. Archbishop Sheldon had bitter enemies, but there is no hint of immorality given by any of them. Professor Montagu Burrows has well vindicated Sheldon's character in his valuable work on the "Worthies of All Souls." He tells me that he overlooked the scandal recorded by Pepys, and therefore did not notice it in his book. He writes: "I know of nothing like a confirmation, nor did Pepys seem to have any proof whatever. In such cases we can only quote the character given by his friends and acquaintances, as you see I have done, without knowing this story. It is quite incredible"

for certain he says is true, that my Lady Castlemayne hath made a Bishop lately, namely, her uncle, Dr. Glenham,[1] who, I think they say, is Bishop of Carlisle; a drunken, swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church; und do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln,[2] in competition with Dr. Raynbow,[3] who is reckoned as worthy a man as most in the Church for piety and learning: which are things so scandalous to consider, that no man can doubt but we must be undone that hears of them. After dinner comes W. How and a son of Mr. Pagett's to see me, with whom I drank, but could not stay, and so by coach with cozen Roger (who before his going did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but a good housewife, and is said to have £2,500 to her portion; but if I can find that she hath but £2,000, which he prays me to examine, he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately, and a good housewife, and discreet woman; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all: and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys[4]) and Creed, set the former down at the Temple resolving to go to Cambridge to-morrow, and Creed and I to White Hall to the Treasury chamber there to attend, but in vain, only here, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King (whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch come upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour) come upon the garden; with him two or three

[1] Henry Glemham, D.D., installed Dean of Bristol, 1660. He was elected Bishop of St. Asaph, February 7th, 1666–67, and died January 17th, 1669–70.

[2] Lincoln was vacant by the translation of Benjamin Laney to Ely, on the 24th of May, previously. William Fuller, Bishop of Limerick, was elected Bishop of Lincoln on the 17th September following. — B.

[3] Dr. Edward Rainbow was Bishop of Carlisle from 1664 to 1684. — B.

[4] Edward Pepys, of Broomsthorpe, who married Elizabeth Walpole. The author's own wife could not be included amongst the plain women whom the Pepyses married? — it is otherwise well for his domestic peace that he wrote in cipher. — B.

idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemayne, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting "puh" with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never come in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvy's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it; and the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermin,[1] who hath of late lain with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth;[2] the King he is mad at her entertaining Jermin, and she is mad at Jermin's going to marry from her: so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed! and they say it is labouring to make breaches between the Duke of Richmond and his lady that the King may get her to him. But he tells me for certain that nothing is more sure than that the King, and Duke of York, and the Chancellor, are desirous and labouring all they can to get an army, whatever the King says to the Parliament; and he believes that they are at last resolved to stand and fall all three together: so that he says in terms that the match of the Duke of York with the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation. He tells me also that the King hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family; for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread. Having done talking with him I

[1] Henry Jermyn, created Baron Dover of Dover in 1685, and Earl of Dover by James II. in 1689.

[2] Mary, Countess of Falmouth, remarried Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the sixth earl of Dorset. Jermyn married Jane, daughter of Sir Edward Poley.

to Westminster Hall, and there talked and wandered up and down till the evening to no purpose, there and to the Swan, and so till the evening, and so home, and there to walk in the garden with my wife, telling her of my losing £300 a year by my place that I am to part with, which do a little trouble me, but we must live with somewhat more thrift, and so home to supper and to play on the flageolet, which do do very prettily, and so to bed. Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at White Hall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

30th. Up and to the office, where we sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Daniel and his wife with us, come to see whether I could get him any employment. But I am so far from it, that I have the trouble upon my mind how to dispose of Mr. Gibson and one or two more I am concerned for in the Victualling business, which are to be now discharged. After dinner by coach to White Hall, calling on two or three tradesmen and paying their bills, and so to White Hall, to the Treasury-chamber, where I did speak with the Lords, and did my business about getting them to assent to 10 per cent. interest on the 11 months tax, but find them mightily put to it for money. Here I do hear that there are three Lords more to be added to them; my Lord Bridgewater,[1] my Lord Anglesey, and my Lord Chamberlaine.[2] Having done my business, I to Creed's chamber, and thence out with Creed to White Hall with him; in our way, meeting with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, on horseback, who stopped to speak with us, and he proved very drunk, and did talk, and would have talked all night with us, I not being able to break loose from him, he holding me so by the hand. But, Lord! to see his present humour, how he swears at every word, and talks of the King and my Lady Castlemayne in the plainest words in the world. And from him I gather that the story I learned yesterday is true —that the King hath declared that he did not get the child

[1] John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater.
[2] Edward, second Earl of Manchester.

of which she is conceived at this time, he having not as he says lain with her this half year. But she told him, "God damn me, but you shall own it!"[1] It seems, he is jealous of Jermin, and she loves him so, that the thoughts of his marrying of my Lady Falmouth puts her into fits of the mother; and he, it seems, hath lain with her from time to time, continually, for a good while; and once, as this Cooling says, the King had like to have taken him a-bed with her, but that he was fain to creep under the bed into her closet. . . . But it is a pretty thing he told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter[2] (meaning the Duke of York) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, answered, "Sir," says he, "pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemayne. Thus he went on; and speaking then of my Lord Sandwich, whom he professed to love exceedingly, says Creed, "I know not what, but he is a man, methinks, that I could love for himself, without other regards." . . . He talked very lewdly; and then took notice of my kindness to him on shipboard seven years ago, when the King was coming over, and how much he was obliged to me; but says, pray look upon this acknowledgement of a kindness in me to be a miracle; for, says he, "it is against the law at Court for a man that borrows money of me, even to buy his place with, to own it the next Sunday;" and then told us his horse was a bribe, and his boots a bribe; and told us he was made up of bribes, as an Oxford scholar is set out with other men's goods when he goes out of town, and that he makes every sort of tradesman to bribe him; and invited me home to his house, to taste of his bribe wine. I never heard so much vanity from a man in my life; so, being now weary of him, we parted, and I took coach, and carried

[1] See 27th of this month.

[2] In the play of "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," Mrs. Otter thus addresses her henpecked husband, *Thomas Otter* — "Is this according to the instrument when I married you, that I would be princess and reign in my own house, and you would be my subject, and obey me?" (act ii., scene 1). — B.

Creed to the Temple. There set him down, and to my office, where busy late till my eyes begun to ake, and then home to supper: a pullet, with good sauce, to my liking, and then to play on the flageolet with my wife, which she now does very prettily, and so to bed.

31st. Up, and after some time with Greeting upon my flageolet I to my office, and there all the morning busy. Among other things, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself did examine a fellow of our private man-of-war, who we have found come up from Hull, with near £500 worth of pieces of eight, though he will confess but 100 pieces. But it appears that there have been fine doings there. At noon dined at home, and then to the office, where busy again till the evening, when Major Halsey and Kinaston to adjust matters about Mrs. Rumbald's bill of exchange, and here Major Halsey, speaking much of my doing business, and understanding business, told me how my Lord Generall do say that I am worth them all, but I have heard that Halsey hath said the same behind my back to others. Then abroad with my wife by coach to Marrowbone,[1] where my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, it seem, dined to-day: and were just now going away, methought, in a disconsolate condition, compared with their splendour they formerly had, when the City was standing. Here my wife and I drank at the gate, not 'lighting, and then home with much pleasure, and so to my chamber, and my wife and I to pipe, and so to supper and to bed.

August 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon my wife and I dined at Sir W. Pen's, only with Mrs. Turner and her husband, on a damned venison pasty, that stunk like a devil. However, I did not know it till dinner was done. We had nothing but only this, and a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two. Mrs. Markham was here, with her great belly. I was very merry, and after dinner, upon a motion of the women, I was got to go to the play with them — the first I have seen since before the Dutch coming

[1] The Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation dined after their periodical visits to the Bayswater and Paddington conduits and the Conduit Head adjacent to the Banqueting House. Stratford Place, Oxford Street, was built on the site about 1775

upon our coast, and so to the King's house, to see "The Custome of the Country." The house mighty empty — more than ever I saw it — and an ill play. After the play, we into the house, and spoke with Knepp, who went abroad with us by coach to the Neat Houses[1] in the way to Chelsy; and there, in a box in a tree,[2] we sat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife out of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by. So, after it was dark, we home. Set Knepp down at home, who told us the story how Nell is gone from the King's house, and is kept by my Lord Buckhurst. Then we home, the gates of the City shut, it being so late: and at Newgate we find them in trouble, some thieves having this night broke open prison. So we through, and home; and our coachman was fain to drive hard from two or three fellows, which he said were rogues, that he met at the end of Blow-bladder Street, next Cheapside. So set Mrs. Turner home, and then we home, and I to the Office a little; and so home and to bed, my wife in an ill humour still.

2nd. Up, but before I rose my wife fell into angry discourse of my kindness yesterday to Mrs. Knipp, and leading her, and sitting in the coach hand in hand, and my arm about her middle, and in some bad words reproached me with it. I was troubled, but having much business in my head and desirous of peace rose and did not provoke her. So she up and come to me and added more, and spoke basely of my father, who I perceive did do something in the country, at her last being there, that did not like her, but I would not enquire into anything, but let her

[1] King Edward VI., on June 28th, 1 Edw. VI., granted the "House of Neate" to Sir Anthony Browne. Stow's Continuators describe this place as "a parcel of houses taken up by gardeners for planting of asparagus," &c. They were situated on the low ground by the Thames side west of Vauxhall Bridge. The ground was raised by the transportation of the soil from St. Catherine's when the docks were made, and now the parish of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, occupies the site of the Neat Houses.

[2] Within the hollow of the trunk of Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penshurst, celebrated by several of our poets, was a seat which contained five or six persons with ease and convenience. Pepys probably means a summer-house erected in the branches. A few years since one existed near Beckenham, in Kent. — B.

talk, and when ready away to the Office I went, where all the morning I was, only Mr. Gawden come to me, and he and I home to my chamber, and there reckoned, and there I received my profits for Tangier of him, and £250 on my victualling score. He is a most noble-minded man as ever I met with, and seems to own himself much obliged to me, which I will labour to make him; for he is a good man also: we talked on many good things relating to the King's service, and, in fine, I had much matter of joy by this morning's work, receiving above £400 of him, on one account or other; and a promise that, though I lay down my victualling place, yet, as long as he continues victualler, I shall be the better by him. To the office again, and there evened all our business with Mr. Kinaston about Colonel Norwood's Bill of Exchange from Tangier, and I am glad of it, for though he be a good man, yet his importunity tries me. So home to dinner, where Mr. Hater with me and W. Hewer, because of their being in the way after dinner, and so to the office after dinner, where and with my Lord Bruncker at his lodgings all the afternoon and evening making up our great account for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, but not so as pleased me yet. So at 12 at night home to supper and to bed, my wife being gone in an ill humour to bed before me. This noon my wife comes to me alone, and tells me she had those upon her and bid me remember it. I asked her why, and she said she had a reason. I do think by something too she said to-day, that she took notice that I had not lain with her this half-year, that she thinks that I have some doubt that she might be with child by somebody else. Which God knows never entered into my head, or whether my father observed any thing at Brampton with Coleman I know not. But I do not do well to let these beginnings of discontents take so much root between us.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Then at noon to dinner, and to the office again, there to enable myself, by finishing our great account, to give it to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; which I did, and there was called in to them, to tell them only the total of our debt of the Navy on the 25th of May last, which is above £950,000. Here I find them mighty hot in their

answer to the Council-board about our Treasurer's threepences of the Victualling, and also against the present farm of the Customes, which they do most highly inveigh against. So home again by coach, and there hard to work till very late and my eyes began to fail me, which now upon very little overworking them they do, which grieves me much. Late home, to supper, and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Busy at my Office from morning till night, in writing with my own hand fair our large general account of the expence and debt of the Navy, which lasted me till night to do, that I was almost blind, and Mr. Gibson with me all day long, and dined with me, and excellent discourse I had with him, he understanding all the business of the Navy most admirably. To walk a little with my wife at night in the garden, it being very hot weather again, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten in the morning to St. James's, where we did our ordinary business with the Duke of York, where I perceive they have taken the highest resolution in the world to become good husbands, and to retrench all charge; and to that end we are commanded to give him an account of the establishment in the seventh year of the late King's reign, and how offices and salaries have been increased since; and I hope it will end in the taking away some of our Commissioners, though it may be to the lessening of some of our salaries also. After done with the Duke of York, and coming out through his dressing-room, I there spied Signor Francisco[1] tuning his gittar, and Monsieur de Puy with him, who did make him play to me, which he did most admirably — so well as I was mightily troubled that all that pains should have been taken upon so bad an instrument. Walked over the Park with Mr. Gawden, and with him by coach home, and to the Exchange, where I hear the ill news of our loss lately of four rich ships, two from Guinea, one from Gallipoly, all with rich oyles; and the other from Barbadoes, worth, as is guessed, £80,000. But here is strong talk, as if Harman[2] had taken

[1] Evelyn heard Signor Francisco play on the harpsichord on December 2nd, 1674. He wrote that the signor was "esteemed one of the most excellent masters in Europe on that instrument" (Diary).

[2] "Sept. 6, 1667. John Clarke to James Hickes. A vessel arrived

some of the Dutch East India ships, but I dare not yet believe it, and brought them into Lisbon. Home, and dined with my wife at Sir W. Pen's, where a very good pasty of venison, better than we expected, the last stinking basely, and after dinner he and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Love Trickes, or the School of Compliments;"[1] a silly play, only Mis's [Davis's] dancing in a shepherd's clothes did please us mightily. Thence without much pleasure home and to my Office, so home, to supper, and to bed. My wife mighty angry with Nell, who is turned a very gossip, and gads abroad as soon as our backs are turned, and will put her away to-morrow, which I am not sorry for.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning very full of business. A full Board. Here, talking of news, my Lord Anglesey did tell us that the Dutch do make a further bogle with us about two or three things, which they will be satisfied in, he says, by us easily; but only in one, it seems, they do demand that we shall not interrupt their East Indiamen coming home, and of which they are in some fear; and we are full of hopes that we have 'light upon some of them, and carried them into Lisbon, by Harman; which God send! But they, which do shew the low esteem they have of us, have the confidence to demand that we shall have a cessation on our parts, and yet they at liberty to take what they will; which is such an affront, as another cannot be devised greater. At noon home to dinner, where I find Mrs. Wood, formerly Bab. Shelden, and our Mercer, who is dressed to-day in a paysan dress, that looks mighty pretty. We dined and sang and laughed

from Harwich brings news that the English lost 600 to 700 men in the attempt on St. Christopher; that Sir John Harman was not then there, but going with 11 ships, and left a ketch at Barbadoes to bring more soldiers after him; that the ketch met a French sloop with a packet from St. Christopher to their fleet at Martinico, and took her, whereupon Sir John Harman sailed there and fell upon their fleet of 27 sail, 25 of which he sank, and burnt the others, save two which escaped; also that he left three of his fleet there, and went with the rest to Nevis, to make another attempt on St. Christopher." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 447.

[1] A comedy by James Shirley, apparently acted at the Cock-pit in 1625, but not published till 1667.

mighty merry, and then I to the Office, only met at the door with Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Burroughs, who I took in and drank with, but was afraid my wife should see them, they being, especially the first, a prattling gossip, and so after drinking with them parted, and I to the Office, busy as long as my poor eyes would endure, which troubles me mightily, and then into the garden with my wife, and to Sir W. Batten's with [Sir] W. Pen and [Sir] J. Minnes, and there eat a melon and talked, and so home to supper and to bed. My wife, as she said last night, hath put away Nell to-day, for her gossiping abroad and telling of stories. Sir W. Batten did tell me to-night that the Council have ordered a hearing before them of Carcasse's business, which do vex me mightily, that we should be troubled so much by an idle rogue, a servant of our own, and all my thoughts to-night have been how to manage the matter before the Council.

7th. Up, and at the office very busy, and did much business all the morning. My wife abroad with her maid Jane and Tom all the afternoon, being gone forth to eat some pasties at "The Bottle of Hay," in St. John's Street, as you go to Islington, of which she is mighty fond, and I dined at home alone, and at the office close all the afternoon, doing much business to my great content. This afternoon Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, comes to me about business, and tells me that though the King and my Lady Castlemayne are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvy's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promised to offend her no more so: that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits. I at my office till night, and then home to my pipe, my wife not coming home, which vexed me. I then into the garden, and there walked alone in the garden till 10 at night, when she come home, having been upon the water and could not get home sooner. So to supper, and to bed.

8th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where busy, and at noon home to dinner, where Creed dined with us, who tells me that Sir Henry Bellasses is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago, with Tom Porter; and it is

pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love. After dinner to the office a while, and then with my wife to the Temple, where I 'light and sent her to her tailor's. I to my bookseller's; where, by and by, I met Mr. Evelyn, and talked of several things, but particularly of the times: and he tells me that wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have, for that we must be ruined, our case being past relief, the kingdom so much in debt, and the King minding nothing but his lust, going two days a-week to see my Lady Castlemayne at Sir D. Harvy's. He gone, I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now with his mistress, but not that he is married, as W. Howe come and told us the other day. So by coach to White Hall, and there staid a little, thinking to see Sir G. Carteret, but missed him, and so by coach took up my wife, and so home, and as far as Bow, where we staid and drank, and there, passing by Mr. Lowther and his lady, they stopped: and we talked a little with them, they being in their gilt coach, and so parted; and presently come to us Mr. Andrews, whom I had not seen a good while, who, as other merchants do, do all give over any hopes of things doing well, and so he spends his time here most, playing at bowles. After dining together at the coach-side, we with great pleasure home, and so to the office, where I despatched my business, and home to supper, and to bed.

9th. Up, and betimes with Sir H. Cholmly upon some accounts of Tangier, and then he and I to Westminster, to Mr. Burges, and then walked in the Hall, and he and I talked, and he do really declare that he expects that of necessity this kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth, and other wise men are of the same mind: this family doing all that silly men can do, to make themselves unable to support their kingdom, minding their lust and their pleasure, and making their government so chargeable, that people do well remember better things were done, and better managed, and with much less charge under a commonwealth than they have been by this King, and do seem to resolve to wind up his businesses and get money in his hand against the turn do come. After some talk I by coach and there dined, and with us Mr. Batelier by chance com-

ing in to speak with me, and when I come home, and find Mr. Goodgroome, my wife's singing-master, there I did soundly rattle him for neglecting her so much as he hath done — she not having learned three songs these three months and more. After dinner my wife abroad with Mrs. Turner, and I to the office, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening by coach to St. James's, and there met Sir W. Coventry; and he and I walked in the Park an hour. And then to his chamber, where he read to me the heads of the late great dispute between him and the rest of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and our new Treasurer of the Navy: where they have overthrown him the last Wednesday, in the great dispute touching his having the payment of the Victualler, which is now settled by Council that he is not to have it: and, indeed, they have been most just, as well as most severe and bold, in the doing this against a man of his quality; but I perceive he do really make no difference between any man. He tells me this day it is supposed the peace is ratified at Bredah,[1] and all that matter over. We did talk of many retrenchments of charge of the Navy which he will put in practice, and every where else; though, he tells me, he despairs of being able to do what ought to be done for the saving of the kingdom, which I tell him, as indeed all the world is almost in hopes of, upon the proceeding of these gentlemen for the regulating of the Treasury, it being so late, and our poverty grown so great, that they want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing. He tells me how weary he hath for this year and a half been of the war; and how in the Duke of York's bedchamber, at Christ Church, at Oxford, when the Court was there, he did labour to persuade the Duke to fling off the care of the Navy, and get it committed to other hands; which, if he had done, would have been much to his honour, being just come home with so much honour from

[1] The peace was signed at Breda on the 31st July. There were three separate acts, or instruments — the first, between France and England, by which D'Estrades and Courtin agreed that all conquests made during the war should be mutually restored; the second, between England and Denmark; the third, between England and Holland. In this last it is to be observed that England retained the right of the flag. — B.

sea as he did. I took notice of the sharp letter he wrote, which he sent us to read yesterday, to Sir Edward Spragg,[1] where he is very plain about his leaving his charge of the ships at Gravesend, when the enemy come last up, and several other things: a copy whereof I have kept. But it is done like a most worthy man; and he says it is good, now and then, to tell these gentlemen their duties, for they need it. And it seems, as he tells me, all our Knights are fallen out one with another, he, and Jenings, and Hollis, and (his words were) they are disputing which is the coward among them; and yet men that take the greatest liberty of censuring others! Here, with him, very late, till I could hardly get a coach or link willing to go through the ruines; but I do, but will not do it again, being, indeed, very dangerous. So home and to supper, and bed, my head most full of an answer I have drawn this noon to the Committee of the Council to whom Carcasse's business is referred to be examined again.

10th. Up, and to the Office, and there finished the letter about Carcasse, and sent it away, I think well writ, though it troubles me we should be put to trouble by this rogue so much. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where I sang and piped with my wife with great pleasure, and did hire a coach to carry us to Barnett to-morrow. After dinner I to the office, and there wrote as long as my eyes would give me leave, and then abroad and to the New Exchange, to the bookseller's[2] there, where

[1] "Aug. 1, 1667. Hope. Sir Edward Spragg to Williamson. It was his misfortune to go to London the Monday before the action in the Hope, on the King's affairs. Left directions with his lieutenant to carry his flag if he found opportunity of doing service, but if not, and if he retired, to strike it, which he very well observed; the gentleman that writes the Gazette has made a greater lie than the first, perhaps by the malice of some that durst not nor would do what the writer did. Was two hours aboard before he came to anchor, and then did so within gunshot of the enemy. Is sure he did the King and country service, and had he been one of the King's rebels, it would not have been forgotten. Gave many broadsides, and pressed them so much that he obliged them to quit and fire one of their fireships. Has come with his great squadron into the Hope, and brought a Swedish ship laden with deals, which the enemy quitted when pursued, taking their men out." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 351.

[2] To Herringman's, at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the

I hear of several new books coming out — Mr. Spratt's History of the Royal Society,[1] and Mrs. Phillips's[2] poems. Sir John Denham's poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogne to eat a pig.[3] Cowley, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which I did not know before.[4] Several good plays are likely to be abroad soon, as Mustapha and Henry the 5th. Here having staid and divertised myself a good while, I home again and to finish my letters by the post, and so home, and betimes to bed with my wife because of rising betimes to-morrow.

11th (Lord's day). Up by four o'clock, and ready with

New Exchange. He published Mrs. Phillips's Poems, Cowley's Poems, Davenant's Works, and was the great predecessor of Jacob Tonson. He died rich, and is buried under a handsome monument at Chislehurst, in Kent. — B.

1 The manuscript of Sprat's "History of the Royal Society" was seen by Oldenburgh in 1664, but the book was not presented to the society till the meeting of October 10th, 1667, when Dr. Wilkins submitted it (see August 16th, 1667). The Rev. Thomas Sprat, D.D., became Dean of Westminster in 1683 and Bishop of Rochester in 1684. He held both preferments till his death, May 20th, 1713 (when he was aged seventy-six). He was buried in the abbey.

2 Catherine Fowler, wife of James Phillips, of Cardigan, and once celebrated as a distinguished poetess; best known as "the matchless Orinda." She died at the early age of thirty-three in 1664; but the praise of her contemporaries has not been sufficient to preserve her works from oblivion. — B.

3 The collected edition of Denham's poems is dated 1668. The verses referred to are inscribed "To Sir John Mennis being invited from Calice to Bologne to eat a pig," and two of the lines run:

> "Little Admiral John
> To Bologne is gone."

This occurrence took place before the Restoration.

4 We have here a striking instance of the slow communication of intelligence. Cowley died on the 28th of July, at Chertsey; and Pepys, though in London, and at all times a great newsmonger, did not learn till the 10th of August that so distinguished a person was dead. Evelyn says that he attended Cowley's funeral on the 3rd of August, and the Registers of Westminster Abbey corroborate his statement (Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," p. 166). Cowley's corpse lay in state at Wallingford House, then the residence of the Duke of Buckingham. — B.

Mrs. Turner to take coach before five; which we did, and set on our journey, and got to the Wells at Barnett by seven o'clock, and there found many people a-drinking; but the morning is a very cold morning, so as we were very cold all the way in the coach. Here we met Joseph Batelier, and I talked with him, and here was W. Hewer also, and his uncle Steventon: so, after drinking three glasses and the women nothing, we back by coach to Barnett, where to the Red Lyon, where we 'light, and went up into the great Room, and there drank, and eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life, and so took coach again, and W. Hewer on horseback with us, and so to Hatfield, to the inn, next my Lord Salisbury's house, and there rested ourselves, and drank, and bespoke dinner; and so to church, it being just church-time, and there we find my Lord and my Lady Sands[1] and several fine ladies of the family, and a great many handsome faces and genteel persons more in the church, and did hear a most excellent good sermon, which pleased me mightily, and very devout; it being upon the signs of saving grace, where it is in a man, and one sign, which held him all this day, was, that where that grace was, there is also the grace of prayer, which he did handle very finely. In this church lies the former Lord of Salisbury, Cecil,[2] buried in a noble tomb. So the church being done, we to our inn, and there dined very well, and mighty merry; and as soon as we had dined we walked out into the Park through the fine walk of trees, and to the Vineyard, and there shewed them that, which is in good order, and indeed a place of great delight; which, together with our fine walk through the Park, was of as much pleasure as could be desired in the world for country pleasure and good ayre. Being come back, and weary with the walk, for as I made it, it was pretty long, being come back to our inne, there the women had pleasure in putting on some straw hats, which are much worn in this country, and did become them mightily, but especially my wife. So, after resting awhile, we took coach again, and back to Barnett, where W. Hewer took us into his lodging, which

[1] William, sixth Baron Sandys of the Vine.
[2] Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury.

is very handsome, and there did treat us very highly with cheesecakes, cream, tarts, and other good things; and then walked into the garden, which was pretty, and there filled my pockets full of filberts, and so with much pleasure. Among other things, I met in this house with a printed book of the Life of O. Cromwell,[1] to his honour as a soldier and politician, though as a rebell, the first of that kind that ever I saw, and it is well done. Took coach again, and got home with great content, just at day shutting in, and so as soon as home eat a little and then to bed, with exceeding great content at our day's work.

12th. My wife waked betimes to call up her maids to washing, and so to bed again, whom I then hugged, it being cold now in the mornings. . . . Up by and by, and with Mr. Gawden by coach to St. James's, where we find the Duke gone a-hunting with the King, but found Sir W. Coventry within, with whom we discoursed, and he did largely discourse with us about our speedy falling upon considering of retrenchments in the expense of the Navy, which I will put forward as much as I can. So having done there I to Westminster Hall to Burges, and then walked to the New Exchange, and there to my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's Discourse of Witches;[2] and do hear Mr. Cowley mightily lamented his death, by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester,[3] and Dr. Bates,[4] who were standing there, as the best poet of our nation, and as good a man. Thence I to the printseller's, over against the Exchange towards Covent Garden, and there bought a few more prints of cittys, and so home with them, and my wife and maids being gone over the water to the whitster's[5] with their clothes, this being the first time of her trying this way of washing her linen, I dined at Sir W. Batten's, and after

[1] "Flagellum: or the History of the Life and Death, Birth and Burial of Oliver Cromwell, the late Usurper, by I[ames] H[eath], Gent. London, 1663," 4to., and frequently reprinted.

[2] "The Discoverie of Witchcraft," by Reginald Scot, Esq. London, 1584, 4to.; second edition, 1651; third edition 1665.

[3] Dr. George Morley.

[4] See May 23rd, 1661.

[5] A bleacher of linen. "The whitsters of Datchet Mead" are referred to by Mrs. Ford ("Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii., sc. 3).

dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, and there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Knepp, who pulled me by the hair; and so I addressed myself to them, and talked to them all the intervals of the play, and did give them fruit. The play is "Brenoralt," which I do find but little in, for my part. Here was many fine ladies — among others, the German Baron, with his lady, who is envoyé from the Emperour, and their fine daughter, which hath travelled all Europe over with them, it seems; and is accordingly accomplished, and indeed, is a wonderful pretty woman. Here Sir Philip Frowde,[1] who sat next to me, did tell me how Sir H. Belasses is dead, and that the quarrel between him and Tom Porter, who is fled, did arise in the ridiculous fashion that I was first told it, which is a strange thing between two so good friends. The play being done, I took the women, and Mrs. Corbett, who was with them, by coach, it raining, to Mrs. Manuel's, the Jew's wife, formerly a player, who we heard sing with one of the Italians that was there; and, indeed, she sings mightily well, and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knepp's songs, to a good English tune, the manner of their ayre not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural. Here I sat a little and then left them, and then by coach home, and my wife not come home, so the office a little and then home, and my wife come; and so, saying nothing where I had been, we to supper and pipe, and so to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner all alone, my wife being again at the whitster's. After dinner with Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where the rest come and attended the Duke of York, with our usual business; who, upon occasion, told us that he did expect this night or to-morrow to hear from Breda of the consummation of the peace. Thence Sir W. Pen and I to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee," which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I do now find it a very good play, and a great deal of good invention in it; but Lacy's

[1] Died August 6th, 1674. There is a monument to Sir Philip Frowde in Bath Abbey Church. See June 6th, 1666. — B.

part is so well performed that it would set off anything. The play being done, we with great pleasure home, and there I to the office to finish my letters, and then home to my chamber to sing and pipe till my wife comes home from her washing, which was nine at night, and a dark and rainy night, that I was troubled at her staying out so long. But she come well home, and so to supper and to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office, where we held a meeting extraordinary upon some particular business, and there sat all the morning. At noon, my wife being gone to the whitster's again to her clothes, I to dinner to Sir W. Batten's, where much of our discourse concerning Carcasse, who it seems do find success before the Council, and do everywhere threaten us with what he will prove against us, which do vex us to see that we must be subjected to such a rogue of our own servants as this is. By and by to talk of our prize at Hull, and Sir W. Batten offering, again and again, seriously how he would sell his part for £1,000, and I considering the knavery of Hogg and his company, and the trouble we may have with the Prince Rupert about the consort ship, and how we are linked with Sir R. Ford, whose son-in-law too is got thither, and there we intrust him with all our concern, who I doubt not is of the same trade with his father-in-law for a knave, and then the danger of the sea, if it shall be brought about, or bad debts contracted in the sale, but chiefly to be eased of my fears about all or any of this, I did offer my part to him for £700. With a little beating the bargain, we come to a perfect agreement for £666 13*s.* 4*d.*, which is two-thirds of £1,000, which is my proportion of the prize. I went to my office full of doubts and joy concerning what I had done; but, however, did put into writing the heads of our agreement, and returned to Sir W. Batten, and we both signed them; and Sir R. Ford, being come thither since, witnessed them. So having put it past further dispute I away, satisfied, and took coach and to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Country Captain,"[1] which is a very ordinary play. Methinks I had no pleasure therein at all, and so home again and to my business hard till my

[1] See October 26th, 1661.

wife come home from her clothes, and so with her to supper and to bed. No news yet come of the ratification of the peace which we have expected now every hour since yesterday.

15th. Up, and to the office betimes, where busy, and sat all the morning, vexed with more news of Carcasse's proceedings at the Council, insomuch as we four, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself, did make an appointment to dine with Sir W. Coventry to-day to discourse it with him, which we did by going thither as soon as the office was up, and there dined, and very merry, and many good stories, and after dinner to our discourse about Carcasse, and how much we are troubled that we should be brought, as they say we shall, to defend our report before the Council-board with him, and to have a clerk imposed on us. He tells us in short that there is no intention in the Lords for the latter, but wholly the contrary. That they do not desire neither to do anything in disrespect to the Board, and he will endeavour to prevent, as he hath done, our coming to plead at the table with our clerk, and do believe the whole will amount to nothing at the Council, only what he shall declare in behalf of the King against the office, if he offers anything, will and ought to be received, to which we all shew a readiness, though I confess even that (though I think I am as clear as the clearest of them), yet I am troubled to think what trouble a rogue may without cause give a man, though it be only by bespattering a man, and therefore could wish that over, though I fear nothing to be proved. Thence with much satisfaction, and Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house, where a new play. The King and Court there: the house full, and an act begun. And so went to the King's, and there saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor:" which did not please me at all, in no part of it, and so after the play done we to the Duke's house, where my wife was by appointment in Sir W. Pen's coach, and she home, and we home, and I to my office, where busy till letters done, and then home to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and so at noon to dinner, and after dinner my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yester-

day, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Marr-all;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as every body says, corrected by Dryden.[1] It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head [ached] all the evening and night with the laughing; and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Thence to the New Exchange with my wife, where, at my bookseller's, I saw "The History of the Royall Society,"[2] which, I believe, is a fine book, and have bespoke one in quires. So home, and I to the office a little, and so to my chamber, and read the history of 88[3] in Speede, in order to my seeing the play thereof acted to-morrow at the King's house. So to supper in some pain by the sudden change of the weather cold and my drinking of cold drink, which I must I fear begin to leave off, though I shall try it as long as I can without much pain. But I find myself to be full of wind, and my anus to be knit together as it is always with cold. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it. So to bed.

17th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where we sat, and my head was full of the business of Carcasse, who hath a hearing this morning before the Council and hath summonsed at least thirty persons, and which is wondrous, a great many of them, I hear, do declare more against him than for him, and yet he summonses people without distinction. Sure he is distracted. At noon home to dinner, and presently my wife and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there was the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight."[4] I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad

[1] Downes says that the Duke gave this comedy to Dryden, who adapted it to the stage; but it is entered on the books of the Stationers Company as the production of his grace. — B.

[2] See 10th of this month.

[3] 1588.

[4] Pepys here, as elsewhere, took the second title of the piece, as, perhaps, it appeared in the bills of the day. He alludes to the revival

story of Queen Elizabeth, from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever come upon the stage; and, indeed, is merely a shew, only shews the true garbe of the Queen in those days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted; but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage. Thence home and went as far as Mile End with Sir W. Pen, whose coach took him up there for his country-house; and after having drunk there, at the Rose and Crowne, a good house for Alderman Bide's[1] ale, we parted, and we home, and there I finished my letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

18th. (Lord's day.) Up, and being ready, walked up and down to Cree Church, to see it how it is; but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's.[2] Walked back home and to our own church, where a dull sermon and our church empty of the best sort of people, they being at their country houses, and so home, and there dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty.[3] Her mother should, but

of a play by Thomas Heywood, originally printed in 1605, under the title of "If you know not me, you know nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," which especially relates to the defeat of the Armada in 1588. It was so popular that it went through eight or nine early editions. In 1667 it was no doubt brought out with some alterations, but probably not printed. — B.

[1] John Bide, brewer, Sheriff of London in 1647. — B.

[2] The church of St. Catherine Cree, having escaped the Fire, was resorted to by the Corporation after the destruction of St. Paul's and so many other ecclesiastical edifices; and Pepys probably expected to see alterations made for their accommodation. — B.

[3] Betty Turner, who is frequently mentioned after this date, appears to have been a daughter of Serjeant John Turner and his wife Jane, and younger sister of Theophila Turner (see January 4th, 6th, 1668–69).

they were invited to Sir J. Minnes, where she dined and the others here with me. Betty is grown a fine lady as to carriage and discourse. I and my wife are mightily pleased with her. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Pelling the Potticary, whom I had sent for to dine with me, but he was engaged. After sitting an hour to talk we broke up, all leaving Pelling to talk with my wife, and I walked towards White Hall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister[1] of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again — which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also, and so took coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington with her, our old road, but before we got to Islington, between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure: one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to 'light, and hold him up, and cut his tongue to make him bleed, and his tail. The horse continued shaking every part of him, as if he had been in an ague, a good while, and his blood settled in his tongue, and the coachman thought and believed he would presently drop down dead; then he blew some tobacco in his nose, upon which the horse sneezed, and, by and by, grows well, and draws us the rest of our way, as well as ever he did; which was one of the strangest things of a horse I ever observed, but he says it is usual. It is the staggers. Staid and eat and drank at Islington, at the old house, and so home, and to my chamber to read, and then to supper and to bed.

[1] John Thompson was vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West from 1662 to 1677, in which year he died.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning very busy. Towards noon I to Westminster about some tallies at the Exchequer, and then straight home again and dined, and then to sing with my wife with great content, and then I to the office again, where busy, and then out and took coach and to the Duke of York's house, all alone, and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all" again, though I saw him but two days since, and do find it the most comical play that ever I saw in my life. Soon as the play done I home, and there busy till night, and then comes Mr. Moore to me only to discourse with me about some general things touching the badness of the times, how ill they look, and he do agree with most people that I meet with, that we shall fall into a commonwealth in a few years, whether we will or no; for the charge of a monarchy is such as the kingdom cannot be brought to bear willingly, nor are things managed so well now-a-days under it, as heretofore. He says every body do think that there is something extraordinary that keeps us so long from the news of the peace being ratified, which the King and the Duke of York have expected these six days. He gone, my wife and I and Mrs. Turner walked in the garden a good while till 9 at night, and then parted, and I home to supper and to read a little (which I cannot refrain, though I have all the reason in the world to favour my eyes, which every day grow worse and worse by over-using them), and then to bed.

20th. Up, and to my chamber to set down my journall for the last three days, and then to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then with my wife abroad, set her down at the Exchange, and I to St. James's, where find Sir W. Coventry alone, and fell to discourse of retrenchments; and thereon he tells how he hath already propounded to the Lords Committee of the Council[1] how he would have the Treasurer of the Navy a less man, that might not sit at the Board, but be subject to the Board. He would have two Controllers to do his work and two Surveyors, whereof one of each to take it by turns

[1] Sir William Coventry's proposal for reducing the charge of the navy was adopted by the king in council on March 16th, 1668-69. The order and the proposal are printed from the "Warrant Books" in Penn's "Memorials of Sir William Penn," vol. ii., p. 527.

to reside at Portsmouth and Chatham by a kind of rotation; he would have but only one Clerk of the Acts. He do tell me he hath propounded how the charge of the Navy in peace shall come within £200,000, by keeping out twenty-four ships in summer, and ten in the winter. And several other particulars we went over of retrenchment: and I find I must provide some things to offer that I may be found studious to lessen the King's charge. By and by comes my Lord Bruncker, and then we up to the Duke of York, and there had a hearing of our usual business, but no money to be heard of — no, not £100 upon the most pressing service that can be imagined of bringing in the King's timber from Whittlewood,[1] while we have the utmost want of it, and no credit to provide it elsewhere, and as soon as we had done with the Duke of York, Sir W. Coventry did single [out] Sir W. Pen and me, and desired us to lend the King some money, out of the prizes we have taken by Hogg. He did not much press it, and we made but a merry answer thereto; but I perceive he did ask it seriously, and did tell us that there never was so much need of it in the world as now, we being brought to the lowest straits that can be in the world. This troubled me much. By and by Sir W. Batten told me that he heard how Carcasse do now give out that he will hang me, among the rest of his threats of him and Pen, which is the first word I ever heard of the kind from him concerning me. It do trouble me a little, though I know nothing he can possibly find to fasten on me. Thence, with my Lord Bruncker to the Duke's Playhouse (telling my wife so at the 'Change, where I left her), and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all" again, which I have now seen three times, and it hath been acted but four times, and still find it a very ingenious play, and full of variety. So home, and to the office, where my eyes would not suffer me to do any thing by candlelight, and so called my wife and walked in the garden. She mighty pressing for a new pair of cuffs, which I am against the laying out of money upon yet, which makes her angry. So home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and my wife and I fell out about the pair of

[1] Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire.

cuffs, which she hath a mind to have to go to see the ladies dancing to-morrow at Betty Turner's school; and do vex me so that I am resolved to deny them her. However, by-and-by a way was found that she had them, and I well satisfied, being unwilling to let our difference grow higher upon so small an occasion and frowardness of mine. Then to the office, my Lord Bruncker and I all the morning answering petitions, which now by a new Council's order we are commanded to set a day in a week apart for, and we resolve to do it by turn, my Lord and I one week and two others another. At noon home to dinner, and then my wife and I mighty pleasant abroad, she to the New Exchange and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, who do sit very close, and are bringing the King's charges as low as they can; but Sir W. Coventry did here again tell me that he is very serious in what he said to Sir W. Pen and me yesterday about our lending of money to the King; and says that people do talk that we had had the King's ships at his cost to take prizes, and that we ought to lend the King money more than other people. I did tell him I will consider it, and so parted; and do find I cannot avoid it. So to Westminster Hall and there staid a while, and thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there did take a little pleasure both with her and her sister. Here sat and talked, and it is a strange thing to see the impudence of the woman, that desires by all means to have her mari come home, only that she might be at liberty to have me para toker her, which is a thing I do not so much desire. Thence by coach, took up my wife, and home and out to Mile End, and there drank, and so home, and after some little reading in my chamber, to supper and to bed. This day I sent my cozen Roger a tierce of claret, which I give him. This morning come two of Captain Cooke's boys, whose voices are broke, and are gone from the Chapel, but have extraordinary skill; and they and my boy, with his broken voice, did sing three parts; their names were Blaew[1] and Loggings; but, notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not com-

[1] This could scarcely be the famous John Blow, as he would then have been nineteen years of age.

mand to keep in tune, would make a man mad — so bad it was.

22nd. Up, and to the office; whence Lord Bruncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, and I, went to examine some men that are put in there, for rescuing of men that were pressed into the service: and we do plainly see that the desperate condition that we put men into for want of their pay, makes them mad, they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would as readily serve the King again, were they but paid. Two men leapt overboard, among others, into the Thames, out of the vessel into which they were pressed, and were shot by the soldiers placed there to keep them, two days since; so much people do avoid the King's service! And then these men are pressed without money, and so we cannot punish them for any thing, so that we are forced only to make a show of severity[1] by keeping them in prison, but are unable to punish them. Returning to the office, did ask whether we might visit Commissioner Pett, to which, I confess, I have no great mind; and it was answered that he was close prisoner, and we could not; but the Lieutenant of the Tower would send for him to his lodgings, if we would: so we put it off to another time. Returned to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon to Captain Cocke's to dinner; where Lord Bruncker and his Lady, Matt. Wren, and Bulteale, and Sir Allen Apsly; the last of whom did make good sport, he being already fallen under the retrenchments of the new Committee, as he is Master Falconer;[2] which makes him mad, and swears that we are doing that the Parliament would have done — that is, that we are now endeavouring to destroy one another. But it was well observed by some at the table, that they do not think this retrenching of the King's charge will be so acceptable to the Parliament, they having given the King a revenue of so many £100,000's a-year more than his predecessors had, that he might live in pomp, like a king. After dinner with my Lord Bruncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw

[1] Shooting the men was rather more than "a *show* of severity." — B.

[2] The post of Master Falconer was afterwards granted to Charles's son by Nell Gwyn, and it is still held by the Duke of St. Albans, as an hereditary office. — *B*

"The Indian Emperour;" where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter; which is a great and serious part,[1] which she do most basely. The rest of the play, though pretty good, was not well acted by most of them, methought; so that I took no great content in it. But that, that troubled me most was, that Knipp sent by Moll[2] to desire to speak to me after the play; and she beckoned to me at the end of the play, and I promised to come; but it was so late, and I forced to step to Mrs. Williams's lodgings with my Lord Bruncker and her, where I did not stay, however, for fear of her shewing me her closet, and thereby forcing me to give her something; and it was so late, that for fear of my wife's coming home before me, I was forced to go straight home, which troubled me. Home and to the office a little, and then home and to my chamber to read, and anon, late, comes home my wife, with Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner, with whom she supped, having been with Mrs. Turner to-day at her daughter's school, to see her daughters dancing, and the rest, which she says is fine. They gone, I to supper and to bed. My wife very fine to-day, in her new suit of laced cuffs and perquisites. This evening Pelling comes to me, and tells me that this night the Dutch letters are come, and that the peace was proclaimed there the 19th inst., and that all is finished; which, for my life, I know not whether to be glad or sorry for, a peace being so necessary, and yet the peace is so bad in its terms.

23rd. Up, and Greeting comes, who brings me a tune for two flageolets, which we played, and is a tune played at the King's playhouse, which goes so well, that I will have more of them, and it will be a mighty pleasure for

[1] Nell Gwyn agreed with Pepys that serious parts were unsuited to her. In an Epilogue to the tragedy of the "Duke of Lerma," spoken by her, occur these lines:

"I know you, in your hearts,
Hate serious plays, — as I hate serious parts."

and in the Epilogue to "Tyrannical Love":

"I die
Out of my calling in a tragedy."

[2] Orange Moll, of the King's Playhouse.

me to have my wife able to play a part with me, which she will easily, I find, do. Then abroad to White Hall in a hackney-coach with Sir W. Pen: and in our way, in the narrow street near Paul's, going the backway by Tower Street, and the coach being forced to put back, he was turning himself into a cellar,[1] which made people cry out to us, and so we were forced to leap out—he out of one, and I out of the other boote;[2] *Query*, whether a glass-coach would have permitted us to have made the escape?[3] neither of us getting any hurt; nor could the coach have got much hurt had we been in it; but, however, there was cause enough for us to do what we could to save ourselves. So being all dusty, we put into the Castle tavern, by the Savoy, and there brushed ourselves, and then to White Hall with our fellows to attend the Council, by order upon some proposition of my Lord Anglesey, we were called in. The King there: and it was about considering how the fleete might be discharged at their coming in shortly (the peace being now ratified, and it takes place on Monday next, which Sir W. Coventry said would make some clashing between some of us twenty to one, for want of more warning, but the wind has kept the boats from coming over), whether by money or tickets, and cries out against tickets, but the matter was referred for us to provide an answer to, which we must do in a few days. So we parted, and I to Westminster to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act; and find of all sizes from

[1] So much of London was yet in ruins.—B.

[2] The "boot" was originally a projection on each side of the coach, where the passengers sat with their backs to the carriage. Such a "boot" is seen in the carriage containing the attendants of Queen Elizabeth, in Hoefnagel's well-known picture of Nonsuch Palace, dated 1582. Taylor, the Water Poet, the inveterate opponent of the introduction of coaches, thus satirizes the one in which he was forced to take his place as a passenger: "It wears two boots and no spurs, sometimes having two pairs of legs in one boot; and oftentimes against nature most preposterously it makes fair ladies wear the boot. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs, in being drawn sideways, as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach." In course of time these projections were abolished, and the coach then consisted of three parts, viz., the body, the boot (on the top of which the coachman sat), and the baskets at the back.

[3] See note on introduction of glass coaches, September 23rd, 1667.

£1,000 to £100—nay, to £50, nay, to £20, nay, to £5: for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20; which is a poor thing, methinks, that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole, I do think to lend, since I must lend, £300, though, God knows! it is much against my will to lend any, unless things were in better condition, and likely to continue so. Thence home and there to dinner, and after dinner by coach out again, setting my wife down at Unthanke's, and I to the Treasury-chamber, where I waited, talking with Sir G. Downing, till the Lords met. He tells me how he will make all the Exchequer officers, of one side and t'other, to lend the King money upon the Act; and that the least clerk shall lend money, and he believes the least will £100: but this I do not believe. He made me almost ashamed that we of the Navy had not in all this time lent any; so that I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, before any of my fellows begin, and lead me to a bigger sum. By and by the Lords come; and I perceive Sir W. Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes. Among other things, I hear him observe, looking over a paper, that Sir John Shaw is a miracle of a man, for he thinks he executes more places than any man in England; for there he finds him a Surveyor of some of the King's woods, and so reckoned up many other places, the most inconsistent in the world. Their business with me was to consider how to assigne such of our commanders as will take assignements upon the Act for their wages; and the consideration thereof was referred to me to give them an answer the next sitting: which is a horrid poor thing: but they scruple at nothing of honour in the case. So away hence, and called my wife, and to the King's house, and saw "The Mayden Queene," which pleases us mightily; and then away, and took up Mrs. Turner at her door, and so to Mile End, and there drank, and so back to her house, it being a fine evening, and there supped. The first time I ever was there since they lived there; and she hath all things so neat and well done, that I am mightily pleased with her, and all she do. So here very merry, and then home and to bed, my eyes being very bad. I find most people pleased with their being at ease, and safe of a

peace, that they may know no more charge or hazard of an ill-managed war: but nobody speaking of the peace with any content or pleasure, but are silent in it, as of a thing they are ashamed of; no, not at Court, much less in the City.

24th (St. Bartholomew's day). This morning was proclaimed the peace[1] between us and the States of the United Provinces, and also of the King of France and Denmarke; and in the afternoon the Proclamations were printed and come out; and at night the bells rung, but no bonfires that I hear of any where, partly from the dearness of firing, but principally from the little content most people have in the peace. All the morning at the office. At noon dined, and Creed with me, at home. After dinner we to a play, and there saw "The Cardinall" at the King's house, wherewith I am mightily pleased; but, above all, with Becke Marshall. But it is pretty to observe how I look up and down for, and did spy Knipp; but durst not own it to my wife that I see her, for fear of angering her, who do not like my kindness to her, and so I was forced not to take notice of her, and so homeward, leaving Creed at the Temple: and my belly now full with plays, that I do intend to bind myself to see no more till Michaelmas. So with my wife to Mile End, and there drank of Bide's ale, and so home. Most of our discourse is about our keeping a coach the next year, which pleases my wife mightily; and if I continue as able as now, it will save us money. This day comes a letter from the Duke of York to the Board to invite us, which is as much as to fright us, into the lending the King money; which is a poor thing, and most dishonourable, and shows in what a case we are at the end of the war to our neighbours. And the King do now declare publickly to give 10 per cent. to all lenders; which makes some think that the Dutch themselves will send over money, and lend it upon our publick faith, the Act of Parliament. So home and to my office, wrote a little, and then home to supper and to bed.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and thence home; and Pelling comes by invitation to dine with me, and much pleasant discourse with him. After dinner, away by water

[1] See August 9th.

to White Hall, where I landed Pelling, who is going to his wife, where she is in the country, at Parson's Greene:[1] and myself to Westminster, and there at the Swan I did baiser Frank, and to the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me, and so I back to my boat, which had broke one of her oars in rowing, and had now fastened it again; and so I up to Putney, and there stepped into the church, to look upon the fine people there, whereof there is great store, and the young ladies; and so walked to Barne-Elmes, whither I sent Russel,[2] reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which are of infinite delight. I walked in the Elmes a good while, and then to my boat, and leisurely home, with great pleasure to myself; and there supped, and W. Hewer with us, with whom a great deal of good talk touching the Office, and so to bed.

26th. Up, and Greeting come, and I reckoned with him for his teaching of my wife and me upon the flageolet to this day, and so paid him for having as much as he can teach us. Then to the Office, where we sat upon a particular business all the morning: and my Lord Anglesey with us: who, and my Lord Bruncker, do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me, that it put me into a very great admiration what should be the meaning of it; and they do not own that they know what it should be: but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle, the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse: to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business. After sitting, we rose, and my wife being gone abroad with Mrs. Turner to her washing at the whitster's, I dined at Sir W.

[1] In the parish of Fulham, Middlesex.
[2] His waterman.

Batten's, where Mr. Boreman was, who come from White Hall; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his Seal, to White Hall to his chamber; and thither the King and Duke of York come and staid together alone, an hour or more: and it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet, and that it will prevent much trouble by having of him out of their enmity, by his place being taken away; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers, that he desires he may be brought to his trial, if he have done any thing to lose his office; and that he will be willing, and is most desirous, to lose that, and his head both together. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows: but the Chancellor looked sad, he says. Then in comes Sir Richard Ford, and says he hears that there is nobody more presses to reconcile the King and Chancellor than the Duke of Albemarle and Duke of Buckingham: the latter of which is very strange, not only that he who was so lately his enemy should do it, but that this man, that but the other day was in danger of losing his own head, should so soon come to be a mediator for others: it shows a wise Government. They all say that he [Clarendon] is but a poor man, not worth above £3,000 a-year in land; but this I cannot believe: and all do blame him for having built so great a house, till he had got a better estate. Having dined, Sir J. Minnes and I to White Hall, where we could be informed in no more than we were told before, nobody knowing the result of the meeting, but that the matter is suspended. So I walked to the King's playhouse, there to meet Sir W. Pen, and saw "The Surprizall,"[1] a very mean play, I thought: or else it was because I was out of humour, and but very little company in the house. But there Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Moll; who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart,[2] her great admirer, now hates her;

[1] See April 8th, 1667.

[2] Charles Hart, great-nephew of Shakespeare, a favourite actor. He is credited with being Nell Gwyn's first lover (or Charles I., as the wits put it), and with having brought her on the stage. He died of stone,

and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemayne, who was her great friend also: but she is come to the House, but is neglected by them all.[1] Thence with Sir W. Pen home, and I to the office, where late about business, and then home to supper, and so to bed.

27th. Up, and am invited betimes to be godfather to-morrow to Captain Poole's child with my Lady Pen and Lady Batten, which I accepted out of complaisance to them, and so to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then my wife and I, with Sir W. Pen, to the New Exchange, set her down, and he and I to St. James's, where Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and we waited upon the Duke of York, but did little business, and he, I perceive, his head full of other business, and of late hath not been very ready to be troubled with any of our business. Having done with him, Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten and I to White Hall, and there hear how it is like to go well enough with my Lord Chancellor; that he is like to keep his Seal, desiring that he may stand his trial in Parliament, if they will accuse him of any thing. Here Sir J. Minnes and I looking upon the pictures; and Mr. Chevins,[2] being by, did take us, of his own accord, into the King's closet, to shew us some pictures, which, indeed, is a very noble place, and exceeding great variety of brave pictures, and the best hands. I could have spent three or four hours there well, and we had great liberty to look: and Chevins seemed to take pleasure to shew us, and commend the pictures. Having done here, I to the Exchange, and there find my wife gone with Sir W. Pen. So I to visit Colonel Fitzgerald,[3] who hath been long sick at Woolwich, where most of the officers and soldiers quartered there, since the Dutch being in the river, have died or

and was buried at Stanmore Magna, Middlesex, where he had a country house.

[1] Lord Buckhurst's *liaison* with Nell Gwyn probably came to an end about this time. We learn from Pepys that in January, 1667-68, the king sent several times for Nelly (see January 11th, 1667-68). Nell's eldest son by Charles II., Charles Beauclerc, was not born till May 8th, 1670. He was created Earl of Burford in 1676 and Duke of St. Albans in 1684.

[2] William Chiffinch (see *ante*, April 8th, 1666, and November 18th, 1666).

[3] Deputy-Governor of Tangier.

been sick, and he among the rest; and, by the growth of his beard and gray [hairs], I did not know him. His desire to speak with me was about the late command for my paying no more pensions for Tangier. Thence home, and there did business, and so in the evening home to supper and to bed. This day Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, was with me; and tells me how this business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemayne's chamber; and that, when he went from the King on Monday morning, she was in bed, though about twelve o'clock, and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking into White Hall garden; and thither her woman brought her her nightgown; and stood joying herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of White Hall, of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor return, did talk to her in her birdcage; among others, Blancford,[1] telling her she was the bird of paradise.[2]

28th. Up; and staid undressed till my tailor's boy did mend my vest, in order to my going to the christening anon. Then out and to White Hall, to attend the Council, by their order, with an answer to their demands touching our advice for the paying off of the seamen, when the ships shall come in, which answer is worth seeing, shewing the badness of our condition. There, when I come, I was forced to stay till past twelve o'clock, in a crowd of people in the lobby, expecting the hearing of the great cause of Alderman Barker[3] against my Lord Deputy of Ireland, for his ill usage in his business of land there; but the King and Council sat so long, as they neither heard them nor me. So when they rose, I into the House, and saw the King and Queen at dinner, and heard a little of their viallins' musick, and so home, and there to dinner, and in the afternoon with my Lady Batten, Pen, and her daughter,

[1] See note, February 3rd, 1664-65.

[2] Clarendon refers to this scene in the continuation of his Life (ed. 1827, vol. iii., p. 291), and Lister writes: "Lady Castlemaine rose hastily from her noontide bed, and came out into her aviary, anxious to read in the saddened air of her distinguished enemy some presage of his fall" ("Life of Clarendon," vol. ii., p. 412).

[3] William Barker, who married Martha, daughter of William Turner, and widow of Daniel Williams. His son William was created a baronet in 1676. — B.

and my wife, to Mrs. Poole's, where I mighty merry among the women, and christened the child, a girl, Elizabeth, which, though a girl, yet my Lady Batten would have me to give the name. After christening comes Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and Mr. Lowther, and mighty merry there, and I forfeited for not kissing the two godmothers presently after the christening, before I kissed the mother, which made good mirth; and so anon away, and my wife and I took coach and went twice round Bartholomew fayre; which I was glad to see again, after two years missing it by the plague, and so home and to my chamber a little, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and Mr. Moore comes to me, and among other things tells me that my Lord Crew and his friends take it very ill of me that my Lord Sandwich's sea-fee should be retrenched, and so reported from this Office, and I give them no notice of it. The thing, though I know to be false — at least, that nothing went from our office towards it — yet it troubled me, and therefore after the office rose I went and dined with my Lord Crew, and before dinner I did enter into that discourse, and laboured to satisfy him; but found, though he said little, yet that he was not yet satisfied; but after dinner did pray me to go and see how it was, whether true or no. Did tell me if I was not their friend, they could trust to nobody, and that he did not forget my service and love to my Lord, and adventures for him in dangerous times, and therefore would not willingly doubt me now; but yet asked my pardon if, upon this news, he did begin to fear it. This did mightily trouble me: so I away thence to White Hall, but could do nothing. So home, and there wrote all my letters, and then, in the evening, to White Hall again, and there met Sir Richard Browne, Clerk to the Committee for retrenchments, who assures me no one word was ever yet mentioned about my Lord's salary. This pleased me, and I to Sir G. Carteret, who I find in the same doubt about it, and assured me he saw it in our original report, my Lord's name with a discharge against it. This, though I know to be false, or that it must be a mistake in my clerk, I went back to Sir R. Browne and got a sight of their paper, and find how the mistake arose, by the ill copying of it out for the Coun-

cil from our paper sent to the Duke of York, which I took away with me and shewed Sir G. Carteret, and thence to my Lord Crew, and the mistake ended very merrily, and to all our contents, particularly my own, and so home, and to the office, and then to my chamber late, and so to supper and to bed. I find at Sir G. Carteret's that they do mightily joy themselves in the hopes of my Lord Chancellor's getting over this trouble; and I make them believe, and so, indeed, I do believe he will, that my Lord Chancellor is become popular by it. I find by all hands that the Court is at this day all to pieces, every man of a faction of one sort or other, so as it is to be feared what it will come to. But that, that pleases me is, I hear to-night that Mr. Bruncker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden[1] to say in the garden, the day the Chancellor was with the King — that he believed the King would be hectored out of everything. For this the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and every body, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for 6*d.* almost, so covetous and wicked a rogue he is, by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court and everywhere else as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost.

30th. Up, and to White Hall, where at the Council Chamber I hear Barker's business is like to come to a hearing to-day, having failed the last day. I therefore to Westminster to see what I could do in my 'Chequer business about Tangier, and finding nothing to be done, returned, and in the Lobby staid till almost noon expecting to hear Barker's business, but it was not called, so I come away. Here I met with Sir G. Downing, who tells me of Sir W. Pen's offering to lend £500; and I tell him of my £300, which he would have me to lend upon the credit of the latter part of the Act; saying, that by that means my

[1] Colonel Robert Werden afterwards held office under James II. and Queen Mary, and obtained the rank of major-general. His eldest son, John, was created a baronet in 1672. See note to June 24th, 1667.

10 per cent. will continue to me the longer. But I understand better, and will do it upon the £380,000, which will come to be paid the sooner; there being no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the King two years hence. But here he and Sir William Doyly were attending the Council as Commissioners for sick and wounded, and prisoners: and they told me their business, which was to know how we shall do to release our prisoners; for it seems the Dutch have got us to agree in the treaty, as they fool us in anything, that the dyet of the prisoners on both sides shall be paid for, before they be released; which they have done, knowing ours to run high, they having more prisoners of ours than we have of theirs; so that they are able and most ready to discharge the debt of theirs, but we are neither able nor willing to do that for ours, the debt of those in Zealand only, amounting to above £5,000 for men taken in the King's own ships, besides others taken in merchantmen, which expect, as is usual, that the King should redeem them; but I think he will not, by what Sir G. Downing says. This our prisoners complain of there; and say in their letters, which Sir G. Downing shewed me, that they have made a good feat that they should be taken in the service of the King, and the King not pay for their victuals while prisoners for him. But so far they are from doing thus with their men, as we do to discourage ours, that I find in the letters of some of our prisoners there, which he shewed me, that they have with money got our men, that they took, to work and carry their ships home for them; and they have been well rewarded, and released when they come into Holland: which is done like a noble, brave, and wise people. Having staid out my time that I thought fit for me to return home, I home and there took coach and with my wife to Walthamstow, to Sir W. Pen's, by invitation, the first time I have been there, and there find him and all their guests (of our office only) at dinner, which was a very bad dinner, and everything suitable, that I never knew people in my life that make their flutter, that do things so meanly. I was sick to see it, but was merry at some ridiculous humours of my Lady Batten, who, as being an ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything any body said, and I made good sport at it. After dinner into

the garden and wilderness, which is like the rest of the house, nothing in order, nor looked after. By and by comes newes that my Lady Viner was come to see Mrs. Lowther, which I was glad of, and all the pleasure I had here was to see her, which I did, and saluted her, and find she is pretty, though not so eminently so as people talked of her, and of very pretty carriage and discourse. I sat with them and her an hour talking and pleasant, and then slunk away alone without taking leave, leaving my wife there to come home with them, and I to Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemayne at a puppet-play, "Patient Grizill,"[1] and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people! do not know her work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away, without any trouble at all, which I wondered at, I confess. I only walked up and down, and, among others, saw Tom Pepys, the turner, who hath a shop, and I think lives in the fair when the fair is not. I only asked how he did as he stood in the street, and so up and down sauntering till late and then home, and there discoursed with my wife of our bad entertainment to-day, and so to bed. I met Captain Cocke to-day at the Council Chamber and took him with me to Westminster, who tells me that there is yet expectation that the Chancellor will lose the Seal, and that he is sure that the King hath said it to him who told it him, and he fears we shall be soon broke in pieces, and assures me that there have been high words between the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry, for his being so high against the Chancellor; so as the Duke of York would not sign some papers that he brought, saying that he could not endure the sight of him: and that Sir W. Coventry answered, that what he did was in obedience to the King's commands; and that he

[1] The well-known story, first told by Boccaccio, then by Petrarca, afterwards by Chaucer, and which has since become proverbial. Tom Warton, writing about 1770, says, "I need not mention that it is to this day represented in England, on a stage of the lowest species, and of the highest antiquity: I mean at a puppet show" ("Hist. of English Poetry," sect. xv.). — B.

did not think any man fit to serve a Prince, that did not know how to retire and live a country life. This is all I hear.

31st. At the office all the morning; where, by Sir W. Pen, I do hear that the Seal was fetched away to the King yesterday from the Lord Chancellor by Secretary Morrice; which puts me into a great horror, to have it done after so much debate and confidence that it would not be done at last. When we arose I took a turn with Lord Bruncker in the garden, and he tells me that he hath of late discoursed about this business with Sir W. Coventry, who he finds is the great man in the doing this business of the Chancellor's, and that he do persevere in it, though against the Duke of York's opinion, to which he says that the Duke of York was once of the same mind, and if he hath thought fit since, for any reason, to alter his mind, he hath not found any to alter his own, and so desires to be excused, for it is for the King's and kingdom's good. And it seems that the Duke of York himself was the first man that did speak to the King of this, though he hath since altered his mind; and that W. Coventry did tell the Duke of York that he was not fit to serve a Prince that did not know how to retire, and live a private life; and that he was ready for that, if it be his and the King's pleasure. After having wrote my letters at the office in the afternoon, I in the evening to White Hall to see how matters go, and there I met with Mr. Ball, of the Excise-office, and he tells me that the Seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgeman;[1] the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken of, and will please most people: and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but staid so long, and Sir W. Coventry coming thither, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post-night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his Seal in his hand. So I home, took up my wife, whom I left at Unthanke's, and so home, and after signing my letters to bed. This day,

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman (1608–1674) was appointed Lord Keeper on August 30th, but no successor was appointed to take his place at the Common Pleas till May, 1668, when Sir John Vaughan became Chief Justice. During the interval Bridgman filled both offices.

being dissatisfied with my wife's learning so few songs of Goodgroome, I did come to a new bargain with him to teach her songs at so much, viz., 10*s.* a song, which he accepts of, and will teach her.

September 1st (Lord's day). Up, and betimes by water from the Tower, and called at the Old Swan for a glass of strong water, and sent word to have little Michell and his wife come and dine with us to-day; and so, taking in a gentleman and his lady that wanted a boat, I to Westminster. Setting them on shore at Charing Cross, I to Mrs. Martin's, where I had two pair of cuffs which I bespoke, and there did sit and talk with her . . . and here I did see her little girle my goddaughter, which will be pretty, and there having staid a little I away to Creed's chamber, and when he was ready away to White Hall, where I met with several people and had my fill of talk. Our new Lord-keeper, Bridgeman, did this day, the first time, attend the King to chapel with his Seal. Sir H. Cholmly tells me there are hopes that the women will also have a rout, and particularly that my Lady Castlemayne is coming to a composition with the King to be gone; but how true this is, I know not. Blancfort is made Privy-purse to the Duke of York; the Attorney-general[1] is made Chief Justice, in the room of my Lord Bridgeman; the Solicitor-general[2] is made Attorney-general; and Sir Edward Turner made Solicitor-general. It is pretty to see how strange every body looks, nobody knowing whence this arises; whether from my Lady Castlemayne, Bab. May, and their faction; or from the Duke of York, notwithstanding his great appearance of defence of the Chancellor; or from Sir William Coventry, and some few with him. But greater changes are yet expected. So home and by water to dinner, where comes Pelling and young Michell and his wife, whom I have not seen a great while, poor girle, and then comes Mr. Howe, and all dined with me very merry, and spent all the afternoon, Pelling, Howe, and I, and my boy, singing of Lock's response to the Ten Command-

[1] Sir Geoffrey Palmer continued to hold the office of Attorney-General until 1670.

[2] Sir Heneage Finch also continued as Solicitor-General till 1670, when he was succeeded by Sir Edward Turner.

ments,[1] which he hath set very finely, and was a good while since sung before the King, and spoiled in the performance, which occasioned his printing them for his vindication, and are excellent good. They parted, in the evening my wife and I to walk in the garden and there scolded a little, I being doubtful that she had received a couple of fine pinners (one of point de Gesne),[2] which I feared she hath from some [one] or other of a present; but, on the contrary, I find she hath bought them for me to pay for them, without my knowledge. This do displease me much; but yet do so much please me better than if she had received them the other way, that I was not much angry, but fell to other discourse, and so to my chamber, and got her to read to me for saving of my eyes, and then, having got a great cold, I know not how, I to bed and lay ill at ease all the night.

2nd. This day is kept in the City as a publick fast for the fire this day twelve months: but I was not at church, being commanded, with the rest, to attend the Duke of York; and, therefore, with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where we had much business before the Duke of York, and observed all things to be very kind between the Duke of York and W. Coventry, which did mightily joy me. When we had done, Sir W. Coventry called me down with him to his chamber, and there told me that he is leaving the Duke of York's service, which I was amazed at. But he tells me that it is not with the least unkindness on the Duke of York's side, though he expects, and I told him he was in the right, it will be interpreted otherwise, because done just at this time; "but," says he, "I did desire it a good while since, and the Duke of York did, with much entreaty, grant it, desiring that I would say nothing of it, that he

[1] In a service which Lock wrote for the Chapel Royal he set each response to the commandments in a different way. He published his setting with a preface, in which he abused those who disapproved of his innovation, under the title, "Modern Church Musick, Pre-accused, Cènsur'd and Obstructed in its Performance before his Majesty, April 1st, 1666. Vindicated by the Author, Matt. Lock, Composer-in-Ordinary to His Majesty."

[2] The point laces of Genoa, which were so much prized in the seventeenth century, were all the work of the pillow (Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume," Lace).

might have time and liberty to choose his successor, without being importuned for others whom he should not like:" and that he hath chosen Mr. Wren, which I am glad of, he being a very ingenious man; and so Sir W. Coventry says of him, though he knows him little; but particularly commends him for the book he writ in answer to "Harrington's Oceana,"[1] which, for that reason, I intend to buy. He tells me the true reason is, that he, being a man not willing to undertake more business than he can go through, and being desirous to have his whole time to spend upon the business of the Treasury, and a little for his own ease, he did desire this of the Duke of York. He assures me that the kindness with which he goes away from the Duke of York is one of the greatest joys that ever he had in the world. I used some freedom with him, telling him how the world hath discoursed of his having offended the Duke of York, about the late business of the Chancellor. He do not deny it, but says that perhaps the Duke of York might have some reason for it, he opposing him in a thing wherein he was so earnest: but tells me, that, notwithstanding all that, the Duke of York does not now, nor can blame him; for he tells me that he was the man that did propose the removal of the Chancellor; and that he did still persist in it, and at this day publickly owns it, and is glad of it; but that the Duke of York knows that he did first speak of it to the Duke of York, before he spoke to any mortal creature besides, which was fair dealing: and the Duke of York was then of the same mind with him, and did speak of it to the King; though since, for reasons best known to himself, he was afterwards altered. I did then desire to know what was the great matter that grounded his desire of the Chancellor's removal? He told me many things not fit to be spoken, and yet not any thing of his being unfaithful to the King; but, *instar omnium*, he told me, that while he was so great at the Council-board, and in the administration of matters, there was no room for any body to propose any remedy to what was amiss, or to compass any thing, though never so good for the kingdom, unless approved of by the Chancellor, he managing all

[1] See note, March 7th, 1666.

things with that greatness which now will be removed, that the King may have the benefit of others' advice. I then told him that the world hath an opinion that he hath joined himself with my Lady Castlemayne's faction in this business; he told me, he cannot help it, but says they are in an errour: but for first he will never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction, but do just as his own reason and judgment directs; and, when he cannot use that freedom, he will have nothing to do in public affairs: but then he added, that he never was the man that ever had any discourse with my Lady Castlemayne, or with others from her, about this or any public business, or ever made her a visit, or at least not this twelvemonth, or been in her lodgings but when called on any business to attend the King there, nor hath had any thing to do in knowing her mind in this business. He ended all with telling me that he knows that he that serves a Prince must expect, and be contented to stand, all fortunes, and be provided to retreat, and that that he is most willing to do whenever the King shall please. And so we parted, he setting me down out of his coach at Charing Cross, and desired me to tell Sir W. Pen what he had told me of his leaving the Duke of York's service, that his friends might not be the last that know it. I took a coach and went homewards; but then turned again, and to White Hall, where I met with many people; and, among other things, do learn that there is some fear that Mr. Bruncker is got into the King's favour, and will be cherished there; which will breed ill will between the King and Duke of York, he lodging at this time in White Hall since he was put away from the Duke of York: and he is great with Bab. May, my Lady Castlemayne, and that wicked crew. But I find this denied by Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that he is sure he hath no kindness from the King; that the King at first, indeed, did endeavour to persuade the Duke of York from putting him away; but when, besides this business of his ill words concerning his Majesty in the business of the Chancellor, he told him that he hath had, a long time, a mind to put him away for his ill offices, done between him and his wife, the King held his peace, and said no more, but wished him to do what he pleased with him; which was very noble. I

met with Fenn; and he tells me, as I do hear from some others, that the business of the Chancellor's had proceeded from something of a mistake, for the Duke of York did first tell the King that the Chancellor had a desire to be eased of his great trouble; and that the King, when the Chancellor come to him, did wonder to hear him deny it, and the Duke of York was forced to deny to the King that ever he did tell him so in those terms: but the King did answer that he was sure that he did say some such thing to him; but, however, since it had gone so far, did desire him to be contented with it, as a thing very convenient for him as well as for himself (the King), and so matters proceeded, as we find. Now it is likely the Chancellor might, some time or other, in a compliment or vanity, say to the Duke of York, that he was weary of this burden, and I know not what; and this comes of it. Some people, and myself among them, are of good hope from this change that things are reforming; but there are others that do think but that it is a hit of chance, as all other our greatest matters are, and that there is no general plot or contrivance in any number of people what to do next, though, I believe, Sir W. Coventry may in himself have further designs; and so that, though other changes may come, yet they shall be accidental and laid upon [no] good principles of doing good. Mr. May[1] shewed me the King's new buildings, in order to their having of some old sails for the closing of the windows this winter. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, with whom dined Mr. Jack Ashburnham and Dr. Creeton, who I observe to be a most good man and scholar. In discourse at dinner concerning the change of men's humours and fashions touching meats, Mr. Ashburnham told us, that he remembers since the only fruit in request, and eaten by the King and Queen at table as the best fruit, was the Katharine payre,[2] though they knew at the time other fruits of France and our own country. After dinner comes in

[1] Hugh May.

[2] A small variety of pear.

> "For streaks of red were mingled there
> Such as are on a Catherine pear,
> The side that's next the sun."
>
> *Suckling.*

Mr. Townsend; and there I was witness of a horrid rateing, which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the Grooms of the King's Bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the King's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it, and that the King his father, would have hanged his Wardrobe-man should he have been served so: the King having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend answered want of money, and the owing of the linen-draper £5,000; and that he hath of late got many rich things made — beds, and sheets, and saddles, and all without money, and he can go no further: but still this old man, indeed, like an old loving servant, did cry out for the King's person to be neglected. But, when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want: for, whether the King can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the King get more as he can. All the company gone, Sir G. Carteret and I to talk: and it is pretty to observe how already he says that he did always look upon the Chancellor indeed as his friend, though he never did do him any service at all, nor ever got any thing by him, nor was he a man apt, and that, I think, is true, to do any man any kindness of his own nature; though I do know that he was believed by all the world to be the greatest support of Sir G. Carteret with the King of any man in England: but so little is now made of it! He observes that my Lord Sandwich will lose a great friend in him; and I think so too, my Lord Hinchingbroke being about a match calculated purely out of respect to my Lord Chancellor's family.[1] By and by Sir G. Carteret, and Townsend, and I, to consider of an answer to the Commissioners of the Treasury about my Lord Sandwich's profits in the Wardrobe; which seem, as we make them, to be very small, not £1,000 a-year; but only the difference in measure at which he buys and delivers out to the King, and then *6d.* in the pound from the tradesmen for what money he receives for him; but this, it is believed, these Commissioners will

[1] See April 29th, 1667.

endeavour to take away. From him I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke,[1] against Bab. May and the elder Chichly; where the King was, and Court; and it seems are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steele-yard carried to him, and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing: and this day he lost 4½ lbs. Thence home and took my wife out to Mile End Green, and there I drank, and so home, having a very fine evening. Then home, and I to Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and there discoursed of Sir W. Coventry's leaving the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren's succeeding him. They told me both seriously, that they had long cut me out for Secretary to the Duke of York, if ever [Sir] W. Coventry left him; which, agreeing with what I have heard from other hands heretofore, do make me not only think that something of that kind hath been thought on, but do comfort me to see that the world hath such an esteem of my qualities as to think me fit for any such thing. Though I am glad, with all my heart, that I am not so; for it would never please me to be forced to the attendance that that would require, and leave my wife and family to themselves, as I must do in such a case; thinking myself now in the best place that ever man was in to please his own mind in, and, therefore, I will take care to preserve it. So to bed, my cold remaining though not so much upon me. This day Nell, an old tall maid, come to live with us, a cook maid recommended by Mr. Batelier.

3rd. All the morning, business at the office, dined at home, then in the afternoon set my wife down at the Exchange, and I to St. James's, and there attended the Duke of York about the list of ships that we propose to sell: and here there attended Mr. Wren the first time, who

[1] Captain Thomas Cooke was master of the Tennis Court at Whitehall, which probably was a reproduction of the one at Hampton Court (Julian Marshall's "Annals of Tennis," 1878, p. 88).

hath not yet, I think, received the Duke of York's seal and papers. At our coming hither, we found the Duke and Duchesse all alone at dinner, methought melancholy; or else I thought so, from the late occasion of the Chancellor's fall, who, they say, however, takes it very contentedly. Thence I to White Hall a little, and so took up my wife at the 'Change, and so home, and at the office late, and so home to supper and to bed, our boy ill.

4th. By coach to White Hall to the Council-chamber; and there met with Sir W. Coventry going in, who took me aside, and told me that he was just come from delivering up his seal and papers to Mr. Wren; and told me he must now take his leave of me as a naval man, but that he shall always bear respect to his friends there,[1] and particularly to myself, with great kindness; which I returned to him with thanks, and so, with much kindness parted: and he into the Council. I met with Sir Samuel Morland, who shewed me two orders upon the Exchequer, one of £600, and another of £400, for money assigned to him, which he would have me lend him money upon, and he would allow 12 per cent. I would not meddle with them, though they are very good; and would, had I not so much money out already on public credit. But I see by this his condition all trade will be bad. I staid and heard Alderman Barker's case of his being abused by the Council of Ireland, touching his lands there: all I observed there is the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business:[2] and what he said was mighty weak; but my Lord Keeper I observe to be a mighty able man. The business broke off without any end to it, and so I home, and thence with my wife and W. Hewer to Bartholomew fayre, and there Polichinelli, where we saw Mrs. Clerke and all her crew; and so to a private house, and sent for a

[1] The officers of the Navy Board.

[2] Lord Rochester wrote:

> "His very dog at council board
> Sits grave and wise as any lord."
>
> *Poems*, 1697, p. 150.

The king's dogs were constantly stolen from him, and he advertised for their return. Some of these amusing advertisements are printed in "Notes and Queries" (seventh series, vol. vii., p. 26).

side of pig, and eat it at an acquaintance of W. Hewer's, where there was some learned physic and chymical books, and among others, a natural "Herball"[1] very fine. Here we staid not, but to the Duke of York's play house, and there saw "Mustapha," which, the more I see, the more I like; and is a most admirable poem, and bravely acted; only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like. Thence home, where Batelier and his sister Mary come to us and sat and talk, and so, they gone, we to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where we sat till noon, and then I home to dinner, where Mary Batelier and her brother dined with us, who grows troublesome in his talking so much of his going to Marseilles, and what commissions he hath to execute as a factor, and a deal of do of which I am weary After dinner, with Sir W. Pen, my wife, and Mary Batelier to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Heraclius," which is a good play; but they did so spoil it with their laughing, and being all of them out, and with the noise they made within the theatre, that I was ashamed of it, and resolve not to come thither again a good while, believing that this negligence, which I never observed before, proceeds only from their want of company in the pit, that they have no care how they act. My wife was ill, and so I was forced to go out of the house with her to Lincoln's Inn walks, and there in a corner she did her business, and was by and by well, and so into the house again, but sick of their real acting. So home and to the office, where busy late, then home to supper and to bed. This morning was told by Sir W. Batten, that he do hear from Mr. Grey, who hath good intelligence, that our Queen is to go into a nunnery, there to spend her days; and that my Lady Castlemayne is going into France, and is to have a pension of £4,000 a-year. This latter I do more believe than the other, it being very wise in her to do it, and save all she hath, besides easing the King and kingdom of a burden and reproach.

[1] Evidently a *Hortus siccus.* — B.

6th. Up, and to Westminster to the Exchequer, and then into the Hall, and there bought "Guillim's Heraldry"[1] for my wife, and so to the Swan, and thither come Doll Lane, and je did toucher her, and drank, and so away, I took coach and home, where I find my wife gone to Walthamstow by invitation with Sir W. Batten, and so I followed, taking up Mrs. Turner, and she and I much discourse all the way touching the baseness of Sir W. Pen and sluttishness of his family, and how the world do suspect that his son Lowther, who is sick of a sore mouth, has got the pox. So we come to Sir W. Batten's, where Sir W. Pen and his Lady, and we and Mrs. Shipman, and here we walked and had an indifferent good dinner, the victuals very good and cleanly dressed and good linen, but no fine meat at all. After dinner we went up and down the house, and I do like it very well, being furnished with a great deal of very good goods. And here we staid, I tired with the company, till almost evening, and then took leave, Turner and I together again, and my wife with [Sir] W. Pen. At Aldgate I took my wife into our coach, and so to Bartholomew fair, and there, it being very dirty, and now night, we saw a poor fellow, whose legs were tied behind his back, dance upon his hands with his arse above his head, and also danced upon his crutches, without any legs upon the ground to help him, which he did with that pain that I was sorry to see it, and did pity him and give him money after he had done. Then we to see a piece of clocke-work made by an Englishman — indeed, very good, wherein all the several states of man's age, to 100 years old, is shewn very pretty and solemne; and several other things more cheerful, and so we ended, and took a link, the women resolving to be dirty, and walked up and down to get a coach; and my wife, being a little before me, had

[1] John Guillim (1565-1621) published in 1610 his famous work, entitled, "A Display of Heraldry," which went through many editions. It has been asserted that Guillim's work was really written by the Rev. John Barkham, but assertions of this character are usually untrustworthy, and an inspection of Guillim's manuscript has proved that the charge is unjust. See "Dict. of Nat. Biog." (John Barkham and John Guillim). Scott well represents the use made of the "Heraldry" in many families, when he says old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston took up Guillim for Sunday reading.

been like to be taken up by one, whom we saw to be Sam Hartlib. My wife had her vizard on: yet we cannot say that he meant any hurt; for it was as she was just by a coach-side, which he had, or had a mind to take up; and he asked her, "Madam, do you go in this coach?" but, soon as he saw a man come to her (I know not whether he knew me) he departed away apace. By and by did get a coach, and so away home, and there to supper, and to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Goodgroome was teaching my wife, and dined with us, and I did tell him of my intention to learn to trill, which he will not promise I shall obtain, but he will do what can be done, and I am resolved to learn. All the afternoon at the office, and towards night out by coach with my wife, she to the 'Change, and I to see the price of a copper cisterne for the table, which is very pretty, and they demand £6 or £7 for one; but I will have one. Then called my wife at the 'Change, and bought a nightgown for my wife: cost but 24*s.*, and so out to Mile End to drink, and so home to the office to end my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th (Lord's day) Up, and walked to St. James's; but there I find Sir W. Coventry gone from his chamber, and Mr. Wren not yet come thither. But I up to the Duke of York, and there, after being ready, my Lord Bruncker and I had an audience, and thence with my Lord Bruncker to White Hall, and he told me, in discourse, how that, though it is true that Sir W. Coventry did long since propose to the Duke of York the leaving his service, as being unable to fulfill it, as he should do, now he hath so much public business, and that the Duke of York did bid him to say nothing of it, but that he would take time to please himself in another to come in his place; yet the Duke's doing it at this time, declaring that he hath found out another, and this one of the Chancellor's servants, he cannot but think was done with some displeasure, and that it could not well be otherwise, that the Duke of York should keep one in that place, that had so eminently opposed him in the defence of his father-in-law, nor could the Duchesse ever endure the sight of him, to be sure. But he thinks that the Duke of York and he are parted upon clear terms of friend-

ship. He tells me he do believe that my Lady Castlemayne is compounding with the King for a pension, and to leave the Court; but that her demands are mighty high: but he believes the King is resolved, and so do every body else I speak with, to do all possible to please the Parliament; and he do declare that he will deliver every body up to them to give an account of their actions: and that last Friday, it seems, there was an Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office, and to keep out any from coming in. I went to the King's Chapel to the closet, and there I hear Cresset[1] sing a tenor part along with the Church musick very handsomely, but so loud that people did laugh at him, as a thing done for ostentation. Here I met Sir G. Downing, who would speak with me, and first to inquire what I paid for my kid's leather gloves I had on my hand, and shewed me others on his, as handsome, as good in all points, cost him but *12d.* a pair, and mine me *2s.* He told me he had been seven years finding out a man that could dress English sheepskin as it should be — and, indeed, it is now as good, in all respects, as kid, and he says will save £100,000 a-year, that goes out to France for kid's skins. Thus he labours very worthily to advance our own trade, but do it with mighty vanity and talking. But then he told me of our base condition, in the treaty with Holland and France, about our prisoners, that whereas before we did clear one another's prisoners, man for man, and we upon the publication of the peace did release all our's, 300 at Leith, and others in other places for nothing, the Dutch do keep theirs, and will not discharge them with-[out] paying their debts according to the Treaty. That his instruments in Holland, writing to our Embassadors about this to Bredagh, they answer them that they do not know of any thing that they have done therein, but left it just as it was before. To which, when they answer, that by the treaty their Lordships had [not] bound our countrymen to pay their debts in prison, they answer they cannot help it, and we must get them off as cheap as we can. On

[1] This was most likely Francis Cresset, a Shropshire gentleman, whose father and brother had fallen in the king's service during the Civil War, and he was on that account strongly recommended to Charles II. at the Restoration (Kennet's "Register"). — B.

this score, they demand £1,100 for Sir G. Ascue, and £5,000 for the one province of Zealand, for the prisoners that we have therein. He says that this is a piece of shame that never any nation committed, and that our very Lords here of the Council, when he related this matter to them, did not remember that they had agreed to this article; and swears that all their articles are alike, as the giving away Polleroon, and Surinam, and Nova Scotia, which hath a river 300 miles up the country, with copper mines more than Swedeland, and Newcastle coals[1] the only place in America that hath coals that we know of; and that Cromwell did value those places, and would for ever have made much of them; but we have given them away for nothing, besides a debt to the King of Denmarke. But, which is most of all, they have discharged those very particular demands of merchants of the Guinny Company and others, which he, when he was there, had adjusted with the Dutch, and come to an agreement in writing, and they undertaken to satisfy, and that this was done in black and white under their hands; and yet we have forgiven all these, and not so much as sent to Sir G. Downing to know what he had done, or to confer with him about any one point of the treaty, but signed to what they would have, and we here signed to whatever in grosse was brought over by Mr. Coventry. And [Sir G. Downing] tells me, just in these words, "My Lord Chancellor had a mind to keep himself from being questioned by clapping up a peace upon any terms." When I answered that there was other privy-councillors to be advised with besides him, and that, therefore, this whole peace could not be laid to his charge, he answered that nobody durst say any thing at the council-table but himself, and that the King was as much afeard of saying any thing there as the meanest privy-councillor; and says more, that at this day the King, in familiar talk, do call the Chancellor "the insolent man," and says that he would not let him speak himself in Council: which is very high, and do shew that the Chancellor is like to be in a bad state, unless

[1] Nova Scotia is rich in minerals. The coalfields are valuable and productive, and there are immense deposits of bituminous shale. Gold is found in workable quantities, and iron abounds. Veins of copper, silver, lead, and galena also exist.

he can defend himself better than people think. And yet Creed tells me that he do hear that my Lord Cornbury[1] do say that his father do long for the coming of the Parliament, in order to his own vindication, more than any one of his enemies. And here it comes into my head to set down what Mr. Rawlinson, whom I met in Fenchurch Street on Friday last, looking over his ruins there, told me, that he was told by one of my Lord Chancellor's gentlemen lately (—— by name), that a grant coming to him to be sealed, wherein the King hath given her [Lady Castlemaine], or somebody by her means, a place which he did not like well of, he did stop the grant; saying, that he thought this woman would sell every thing shortly: which she hearing of, she sent to let him know that she had disposed of this place, and did not doubt, in a little time, to dispose of his. This Rawlinson do tell me my Lord Chancellor's own gentleman did tell him himself. Thence, meeting Creed, I with him to the Parke, there to walk a little, and to the Queen's Chapel and there hear their musique, which I liked in itself pretty well as to the composition, but their voices are very harsh and rough that I thought it was some instruments they had that made them sound so. So to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner; and observe (which I never did before), the formality, but it is but a formality, of putting a bit of bread wiped upon each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish;[2] but it should be in the sauce. Here were some Russes come to see the King at dinner: among others, the interpreter, a comely Englishman, in the Envoy's own clothes; which the Envoy, it seems, in vanity did send to show his fine clothes upon this man's back, which is one, it seems, of a comelier presence than himself: and yet it is said that none of their clothes are their own, but taken out of the King's own Wardrobe; and which they dare not bring back dirty or spotted, but clean, or are in danger of being beaten,

[1] Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, born June 2nd, 1638, eldest son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, to whose title he succeeded in 1674. He was made Lord Privy Seal on the accession of James II., and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in December, 1685. He died 1709.

[2] A vestige of the old custom of tasting, or assay. — B.

as they say: insomuch that, Sir Charles Cotterell[1] says, when they are to have an audience they never venture to put on their clothes till he appears to come to fetch them; and, as soon as ever they come home, put them off again. I to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law, Judge Richardson,[2] and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscoat. Upon this, he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.[3] Here was a gentleman, one Sheres, one come lately from my Lord Sandwich, with an express; but, Lord! I was almost ashamed to see him, lest he should know that I have not yet wrote one letter to my Lord since his going. I had no discourse with him, but after dinner Sir G. Carteret and I to talk about some business of his, and so I to Mrs. Martin, where was Mrs. Burroughs, and also fine Mrs. Noble, my partner in the christening of Martin's child, did come to see it, and there we sat and talked an hour, and then all broke up and I by coach home, and there find Mr. Pelling

[1] Master of the Ceremonies from 1641 to 1686, when he resigned in favour of his son.—B.

[2] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Beaumont, of Staughton in Leicestershire, widow of Sir John Ashburnham, and mother of John Ashburnham and William Ashburnham, the Cofferer, re-married Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. She was, in 1629, created Baroness Cramond, in Scotland, for her life only, *with remainder to the heirs male of her second husband by a former wife.* No reason is assigned for this strange limitation of the patent.

[3] This anecdote is confirmed in Chief Justice Treby's "Notes to Dyer's Reports," folio edition, P. 188, b. "Richardson, Ch. Just. de C. Banc. al Assises at Salisbury, in summer 1631, fuit assault per prisoner la condemne pur felony; que puis son condemnation, ject un brickbat a le dit Justice, qui narrowly mist; et pur ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn, per Noy [the Attorney General], onvers le prisoner, et son dexter manus ampute, and fix at gibbet, sur que luy meme immèdiatement hange in presence de Court." The Chief Justice happened to be leaning low on his elbow when the stone was thrown, so it flew too high, and only took off his hat. Soon after, some friends congratulating him on his escape, he replied (as his fashion was to make a jest of everything), "If I had been an *upright* Judge, I had been slain."—Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions.*—B.

and Howe, and we to sing and good musique till late, and then to supper, and Howe lay at my house, and so after supper to bed with much content, only my mind a little troubled at my late breach of vowes, which however I will pay my forfeits, though the badness of my eyes, making me unfit to read or write long, is my excuse, and do put me upon other pleasures and employment which I should refrain from in observation of my vowes.

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon comes Creed to dine with me. After dinner, he and I and my wife to the Bear-Garden, to see a prize fought there. But, coming too soon, I left them there and went on to White Hall, and there did some business with the Lords of the Treasury; and here do hear, by Tom Killigrew and Mr. Progers, that for certain news is come of Harman's having spoiled nineteen of twenty-two French ships, somewhere about the Barbadoes, I think they said; but wherever it is, it is a good service, and very welcome. Here I fell in talk with Tom Killigrew about musick, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best musick in England (of which, indeed, he is master), and that is two Italians and Mrs. Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any: says that Knepp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage, that no man or woman in the House do the like! Thence I by water to the Bear-Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afeard to be seen among them, but got into the ale-house, and so by a back-way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afeard I was among the bears, too; but by and by the door opened, and I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there. Thence carried Creed to White Hall, and there my wife and I took coach and home, and both of us to Sir W. Batten's, to invite them to dinner on Wednesday next,

having a whole buck come from Hampton Court, by the warrant which Sir Stephen Fox did give me. And so home to supper and to bed, after a little playing on the flageolet with my wife, who do outdo therein whatever I expected of her.

10th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where little to do but bemoan ourselves under the want of money; and indeed little is, or can be done, for want of money, we having not now received one penny for any service in many weeks, and none in view to receive, saving for paying of some seamen's wages. At noon sent to by my Lord Brunckor to speak with him, and it was to dine with him and his Lady Williams (which I have not now done in many months at their own table) and Mr. Wren, who is come to dine with them, the first time he hath been at the office since his being the Duke of York's Secretary. Here we sat and eat and talked and of some matters of the office, but his discourse is as yet but weak in that matter, and no wonder, he being new in it, but I fear he will not go about understanding with the impatience that Sir W. Coventry did. Having dined, I away, and with my wife and Mercer, set my wife down at the 'Change, and the other at White Hall, and I to St. James's, where we all met, and did our usual weekly business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! methinks both he and we are mighty flat and dull over what we used to be, when Sir W. Coventry was among us. Thence I into St. James's Park, and there met Mr. Povy; and he and I to walk an hour or more in the Pell Mell, talking of the times. He tells me, among other things, that this business of the Chancellor do breed a kind of inward distance between the King and the Duke of York, and that it cannot be avoided; for though the latter did at first move it through his folly, yet he is made to see that he is wounded by it, and is become much a less man than he was, and so will be: but he tells me that they are, and have always been, great dissemblers one towards another; and that their parting heretofore in France[1] is never to be thoroughly reconciled between them. He tells me that he

[1] In 1652. See an account of it in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xiii., and of Sir John Berkeley's part in the matter, to which he is said to have owed his peerage.—B.

believes there is no such thing like to be, as a composition with my Lady Castlemayne, and that she shall be got out of the way before the Parliament comes; for he says she is as high as ever she was, though he believes the King is as weary of her as is possible, and would give any thing to remove her, but he is so weak in his passion that he dare not do it; that he do believe that my Lord Chancellor will be doing some acts in the Parliament which shall render him popular; and that there are many people now do speak kindly of him that did not before; but that, if he do do this, it must provoke the King, and that party that removed him. He seems to doubt what the King of France will do, in case an accommodation shall be made between Spain and him for Flanders, for then he will have nothing more easy to do with his army than to subdue us. Parted with him at White Hall, and there I took coach and took up my wife and Mercer, and so home and I to the office, where ended my letters, and then to my chamber with my boy to lay up some papers and things that lay out of order against to-morrow, to make it clear against the feast that I am to have. Here Mr. Pelling come to sit with us, and talked of musique and the musicians of the town, and so to bed, after supper.

11th. Up, and with Mr. Gawden to the Exchequer. By the way, he tells me this day he is to be answered whether he must hold Sheriffe or no; for he would not hold unless he may keep it at his office, which is out of the city (and so my Lord Mayor must come with his sword down, whenever he comes thither), which he do, because he cannot get a house fit for him in the city, or else he will fine for it. Among others that they have in nomination for Sheriffe, one is little Chaplin,[1] who was his servant, and a very young man to undergo that place; but as the city is now, there is no great honour nor joy to be had, in being a public officer. At the Exchequer I looked after my business, and when done went home to the 'Change, and there bought a case of knives for dinner, and a dish of fruit for 5*s.*, and bespoke other things, and then home, and here I

[1] Francis Chaplin, cloth-worker, son of Robert Chaplin of Bury St. Edmund's; Sheriff of London in 1668, knighted, Alderman of Vintry Ward, and Lord Mayor in 1677.

find all things in good order, and a good dinner towards. Anon comes Sir W. Batten and his lady, and Mr. Griffith, their ward, and Sir W. Pen and his lady, and Mrs. Lowther, who is grown, either through pride or want of manners, a fool, having not a word to say almost all dinner; and, as a further mark of a beggarly, proud fool, hath a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a sixpenny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back; and Sir John Chichly in their company, and Mrs. Turner. Here I had an extraordinary good and handsome dinner for them, better than any of them deserve or understand, saving Sir John Chichly and Mrs. Turner, and not much mirth, only what I by discourse made, and that against my genius. After dinner I took occasion to break up the company soon as I could, and all parted, Sir W. Batten and I by water to White Hall, there to speak with the Commissioners of the Treasury, who are mighty earnest for our hastening all that may be the paying off of the Seamen, now there is money, and are considering many other things for easing of charge, which I am glad of, but vexed to see that J. Duncomb should be so pressing in it as if none of us had like care with him. Having done there, I by coach to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw part of "The Ungratefull Lovers;" [1] and sat by Beck Marshall, who is very handsome near hand. Here I met Mrs. Turner and my wife as we agreed, and together home, and there my wife and I part of the night at the flageolet, which she plays now any thing upon almost at first sight and in good time. But here come Mr. Moore, and sat and discoursed with me of publique matters: the sum of which is, that he do doubt that there is more at the bottom than the removal of the Chancellor; that is, he do verily believe that the King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, and that we shall soon see it. This I do not think the Duke of York will endure without blows; but his poverty, and being lessened by having the Chancellor fallen and [Sir] W. Coventry gone from him, will disable him from being able to do any thing almost, he

[1] "The Ungrateful Lovers" is an odd title; and no play of that name has been traced. It probably is intended for Davenant's "Unfortunate Lovers," first published in 1643.

being himself almost lost in the esteem of people; and will be more and more, unless my Lord Chancellor, who is already begun to be pitied by some people, and to be better thought of than was expected, do recover himself in Parliament. He would seem to fear that this difference about the Crowne (if there be nothing else) will undo us. He do say that, that is very true, that my Lord [Chancellor] did lately make some stop of some grants of £2,000 a-year to my Lord Grandison,[1] which was only in his name, for the use of my Lady Castlemaine's children; and that this did incense her, and she did speak very scornful words, and sent a scornful message to him about it. He gone, after supper, I to bed, being mightily pleased with my wife's playing so well upon the flageolet, and I am resolved she shall learn to play upon some instrument, for though her eare be bad, yet I see she will attain any thing to be done by her hand.

12th. Up, and at the office all the morning till almost noon, and then I rode from the office (which I have not done five times I think since I come thither) and to the Exchequer for some tallies for Tangier; and that being done, to the Dog taverne, and there I spent half a piece upon the clerks, and so away, and I to Mrs. Martin's, but she not at home, but staid and drunk with her sister and landlady, and by that time it was time to go to a play, which I did at the Duke's house, where "Tu Quoque"[2] was the first time acted, with some alterations of Sir W. Davenant's; but the play is a very silly play, methinks; for I, and others that sat by me, Mr. Povy and Mr. Progers, were weary of it; but it will please the citizens. My wife also was there, I having sent for her to meet me there, and W. Hewer. After the play we home, and there I to the office and despatched my business, and then home, and mightily pleased with my wife's playing on the flageolet, she taking

[1] George Villiers, fourth Viscount Grandison, and younger brother of Lady Castlemaine's father, who had died without issue male.—B.

[2] This play, which was called "Greene's Tu Quoque, or the City Gallant," on account of the celebrity of the actor, Thomas Greene, in the part of Bubble, was written by John Cooke, and first printed in 1614, having been edited by the well-known dramatist, Thomas Heywood. It is reprinted in all the editions of Dodsley's "Old Plays."

out any tune almost at first sight, and keeping time to it, which pleases me mightily. So to supper and to bed.

13th. Called up by people come to deliver in ten chaldron of coals, brought in one of our prizes from Newcastle. The rest we intend to sell, we having above ten chaldron between us. They sell at about 28*s*. or 29*s*. per chaldron; but Sir W. Batten hath sworn that he was a cuckold that sells under 30*s*., and that makes us lay up all but what we have for our own spending, which is very pleasant; for I believe we shall be glad to sell them for less. To the office, and there despatched business till ten o'clock, and then with Sir W. Batten and my wife and Mrs. Turner by hackney-coach to Walthamstow, to Mr. Shipman's to dinner, where Sir W. Pen and my Lady and Mrs. Lowther (the latter of which hath got a sore nose, given her, I believe, from her husband, which made me I could not look upon her with any pleasure), and here a very good and plentifull wholesome dinner, and, above all thing, such plenty of milk meats, she keeping a great dairy, and so good as I never met with. The afternoon proved very foul weather, the morning fair. We staid talking till evening, and then home, and there to my flageolet with my wife, and so to bed without any supper, my belly being full and dinner not digested. It vexed me to hear how Sir W. Pen, who come alone from London, being to send his coachman for his wife and daughter, and bidding his coachman in much anger to go for them (he being vexed, like a rogue, to do anything to please his wife), his coachman Tom was heard to say a pox, or God rot her, can she walk hither? These words do so mad me that I could find in my heart to give him or my Lady notice of them.

14th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon comes Mr. Pierce and dined with me to advise about several matters of his relating to the office and his purse, and here he told me that the King and Duke of York and the whole Court is mighty joyful at the Duchesse of York's being brought to bed this day, or yesterday, of a son;[1]

[1] Edgar Stuart, fourth son of James, Duke of York, born September 14th, 1667; created Baron of Dantrey and Earl and Duke of Cambridge, October 7th. He was the third son of James who had borne the title of Duke of Cambridge, and died June 8th, 1671.

which will settle men's minds mightily. And he tells me that he do think that what the King do, of giving the Duke of Monmouth the command of his Guards, and giving my Lord Gerard £12,000 for it, is merely to find an employment for him upon which he may live, and not out of any design to bring him into any title to the Crowne; which Mr. Moore did the other day put me into great fear of. After dinner, he gone, my wife to the King's playhouse to see "The Northerne Castle,"[1] which I think I never did see before. Knipp acted in it, and did her part very extraordinary well; but the play is but a mean, sorry play; but the house very full of gallants. It seems, it hath not been acted a good while. Thence to the Exchange for something for my wife, and then home and to the office, and then home to our flageolet, and so to bed, being mightily troubled in mind at the liberty I give myself of going to plays upon pretence of the weakness of my eyes, that cannot continue so long together at work at my office, but I must remedy it.

15th (Lord's day). Up to my chamber, there to set some papers to rights. By and by to church, where I stood, in continual fear of Mrs. Markham's coming to church, and offering to come into our pew, to prevent which, soon as ever I heard the great door open, I did step back, and clap my breech to our pew-door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in; but as God would have it, she did not come. Mr. Mills preached, and after sermon, by invitation, he and his wife come to dine with me, which is the first time they have been in my house, I think, these five years, I thinking it not amiss, because of their acquaintance in our country, to shew them some respect. Mr. Turner and his wife, and their son the Captain, dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them, and very merry, and after dinner, he [Mr. Mills] was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepney, to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling, with two men,[2] by promise, one Wallington and

[1] Nothing is known of this play except what is told us by Pepys.

[2] These three persons were members of the late Music Society, in the Old Jewry, to whom Playford dedicated his "Catch that Catch can; or the Metrical Companion." Some of Wallington's compositions are

Piggott, the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good things, but I am more and more confirmed that singing with many voices is not singing, but a sort of instrumental musique, the sense of the words being lost by not being heard, and especially as they set them with Fuges of words, one after another, whereas singing properly, I think, should be but with one or two voices at most and the counterpoint. They supped with me, and so broke up, and then my wife and I to my chamber, where, through the badness of my eyes, she was forced to read to me, which she do very well, and was Mr. Boyle's discourse upon the style of the Scripture,[1] which is a very fine piece, and so to bed.

16th. Up, and several come to me, among others Mr. Yeabsly of Plymouth, to discourse about their matters touching Tangier, and by and by Sir H. Cholmly, who was with me a good while; who tells me that the Duke of York's child is christened, the Duke of Albemarle and the Marquis of Worcester[2] godfathers, and my Lady Suffolke godmother; and they have named it Edgar, which is a brave name. But it seems they are more joyful in the Chancellor's family, at the birth of this Prince, than in wisdom they should, for fear it should give the King cause of jealousy. Sir H. Cholmly do not seem to think there is any such thing can be in the King's intention as that of raising the Duke of Monmouth to the Crowne, though he thinks there may possibly be some persons that would, and others that would be glad to have the Queen removed to some monastery, or somewhere or other, to make room for

in that work, and in a collection called "New Ayres and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Vyols." London, 1678, 8vo. — B.

[1] The Hon. Robert Boyle's work, entitled, "Some Considerations touching the style of the Holy Scriptures," was published in 1661, and a fourth edition appeared in 1675. It was translated into Latin, and the translation published at Oxford in 1665, "Cogitationes de S. Scripturæ stylo."

[2] Henry, Lord Herbert, only son of Edward, second Marquis of Worcester, whom he succeeded in the title in April, 1667. He was created Duke of Beaufort on December 2nd, 1682, and died January 21st, 1699. He refused to take the oaths under William III.

a new wife; for they will all be unsafe under the Duke of York. He says the King and Parliament will agree; that is, that the King will do any thing that they will have him. We together to the Exchequer about our Tangier orders, and so parted at the New Exchange,[1] where I staid reading Mrs. Phillip's poems till my wife and Mercer called me to Mrs. Pierce's, by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick, only here I met with a Fourth Advice to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war, that made my heart ake to read, it being too sharp, and so true. Here I also saw a printed account of the examinations taken, touching the burning of the City of London, shewing the plot of the Papists therein; which, it seems, hath been ordered and to have been burnt by the hands of the hangman, in Westminster Palace. I will try to get one of them. After dinner she showed us her closet, which is pretty, with her James's picture done by Hales, but with a mighty bad hand, which is his great fault that he do do negligently, and the drapery also not very good. Being tired of being here, and sick of their damned sluttish dinner, my wife and Mercer and I away to the King's play-house, to see the "Scornfull Lady;" but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we would not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see "Tu Quoque" again, where there is pretty store of company, and going with a prejudice the play appeared better to us. Here we saw Madam Morland,[2] who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. But one of the best parts of our sport was a mighty pretty lady that sat behind us, that did laugh so heartily and constantly, that it did me good to hear her. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play, and so to the coach again, and to the Cock alehouse, and there drank in our coach, and so home, and

[1] At Herringman's. See August 10th, 1667, *ante*.

[2] Sir Samuel Morland's first wife, Susanna, daughter of Daniel de Milleville, Baron of Boissay in Normandy, whom he married in 1657.

my wife read to me as last night, and so to bed vexed with our dinner to-day, and myself more with being convinced that Mrs. Pierce paints, so that henceforth to be sure I shall loathe her.

17th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where Mr. Wren come to us and sat with us, only to learn, and do intend to come once or twice a week and sit with us. In the afternoon I walked to the Old Swan, the way mighty dirty, and there called at Michell's, and there had opportunity para kiss su moher, but elle did receive it with a great deal of seeming regret, which did vex me. But however I do not doubt overcoming her as I did the moher of the monsieur at Deptford. So thence by water to Westminster, to Burgess, and there did receive my orders for £1,500 more for Tangier. Thence to the Hall, and there talked a little with Mrs. Michell, and so to Mrs. Martin's to pay for my cuffs and drink with her. . . . And by and by away by coach and met with Sir H. Cholmly, and with him to the Temple, and there in Playford's shop did give him some of my Exchequer orders and took his receipts, and so parted and home, and there to my business hard at the office, and then home, my wife being at Mrs. Turner's, who and her husband come home with her, and here staid and talked and staid late, and then went away and we to bed. But that which vexed me much this evening is that Captain Cocke and Sir W. Batten did come to me, and sat, and drank a bottle of wine, and told me how Sir W. Pen hath got an order for the "Flying Greyhound"[1] for himself, which is so false a thing, and the part of a knave, as nothing almost can be more. This vexed me; but I resolve to bring it before the Duke, and try a pull for it.

18th. Up betimes and to Captain Cocke, in his coach which he sent for me, and he not being ready I walked in the Exchange, which is now made pretty, by having windows and doors before all their shops, to keep out the cold. By and by to him, and he being ready, he and I out in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's; there to Mr. Wren's chamber, who did tell us the whole of Sir W. Pen's hav-

[1] The "Flying Greyhound" is frequently mentioned in the Calendar of State Papers.

ing the order for this ship of ours, and we went with him to St. James's, and there I did see the copy of it, which is built upon a suggestion of his having given the King a ship of his, "The Prosperous," wherein is such a cheat as I have the best advantage in the world over him, and will make him do reason, or lay him on his back. This I was very glad of, and having done as far as I could in it we returned, and I home, and there at the office all the morning, and at noon with my Lord Bruncker to the Treasurer's office to look over the clerks who are there making up the books, but in such a manner as it is a shame to see. Then home to dinner, and after dinner, my mind mighty full of this business of Sir W. Pen's, to the office, and there busy all the afternoon. This evening Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen and I met at [Sir] W. Batten's house, and there I took an opportunity to break the business, at which [Sir] W. Pen is much disturbed, and would excuse it the most he can, but do it so basely, that though he do offer to let go his pretence to her, and resign up his order for her, and come in only to ask his share of her (which do very well please me, and give me present satisfaction), yet I shall remember him for a knave while I live. But thus my mind is quieted for the present more than I thought I should be, and am glad that I shall have no need of bidding him open defiance, which I would otherwise have done, and made a perpetual war between us. So to the office, and there busy pretty late, and so home and to supper with my wife, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, W. Hewer and I and my wife, when comes my cozen, Kate Joyce, and an aunt of ours, Lettice, formerly Haynes, and now Howlett, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her armes, a very pretty little boy. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state, to be familiar with. She tells me how the lifeguard, which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winch-

combe,[1] to spoil the tobacco there, which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law, and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled, as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place. They gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and at night, when my eyes were weary of the light, I and my wife to walk in the garden, and then home to supper and pipe, and then to bed.

20th. At the office doing business all the morning. At noon expected Creed to have come to dine with me and brought Mr. Sheres (the gentleman lately come from my Lord Sandwich) with him, but they come not, so there was a good dinner lost. After dinner my wife and Jane about some business of hers abroad, and then I to the office, where, having done my business, I out to pay some debts: among others to the taverne at the end of Billiter Lane, where my design was to see the pretty mistress of the house, which I did, and indeed is, as I always thought, one of the modestest, prettiest, plain women that ever I saw. Thence was met in the street by Sir W. Pen, and he and I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mad Couple,"[2] which I do not remember that I have seen; it is a pretty

[1] Winchcombe St. Peter, a market-town in Gloucestershire. Tobacco was first cultivated in this parish, after its introduction into England, in 1583, and it proved a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants, till the trade was placed under restrictions. The cultivation was first prohibited during the Commonwealth, and various acts were passed in the reign of Charles II. for the same purpose. Among the king's pamphlets in the British Museum is a tract entitled "Harry Hangman's Honour, or Glostershire Hangman's Request to the Smokers and Tobacconists of London," dated June 11th, 1655. The author writes: "The very planting of tobacco hath proved the decay of my trade, for since it hath been planted in Glostershire, especially at Winchcomb, my trade hath proved nothing worth." He adds: "Then 'twas a merry world with me, for indeed before tobacco was there planted, there being no kind of trade to employ men, and very small tillage, necessity compelled poor men to stand my friends by stealing of sheep and other cattel, breaking of hedges, robbing of orchards, and what not."

[2] "All Mistaken; or, the Mad Couple," a comedy by the Hon. James Howard, published in 1672. Hart and Nell Gwyn acted Philidor and Mirida, the mad couple.

pleasant play. Thence home, and my wife and I to walk in the garden, she having been at the same play with Jane, in the 18*d.* seat, to shew Jane the play, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. All the morning at the office, dined at home, and expected Sheres again, but he did not come, so another dinner lost by the folly of Creed. After having done some business at the office, I out with my wife to Sheres's lodging and left an invitation for him to dine with me to-morrow, and so back and took up my wife at the Exchange, and then kissed Mrs. Smith's pretty hand, and so with my wife by coach to take some ayre (but the way very dirty) as far as Bow, and so drinking (as usual) at Mile End of Byde's ale, we home and there busy at my letters till late, and so to walk by moonshine with my wife, and so to bed. The King, Duke of York, and the men of the Court, have been these four or five days a-hunting at Bagshot.

22nd (Lord's day). At my chamber all the morning making up some accounts, to my great content. At noon comes Mr. Sheres, whom I find a good, ingenious man, but do talk a little too much of his travels. He left my Lord Sandwich well, but in pain to be at home for want of money, which comes very hardly. Most of the afternoon talking of Spain, and informing him against his return how things are here, and so spent most of the afternoon, and then he parted, and then to my chamber busy till my eyes were almost blind with writing and reading, and I was fain to get the boy to come and write for me, and then to supper, and Pelling come to me at supper, and then to sing a Psalm with him, and so parted and to bed, after my wife had read some thing to me (to save my eyes) in a good book. This night I did even my accounts of the house, which I have to my great shame omitted now above two months or more, and therefore am content to take my wife's and mayd's accounts as they give them, being not able to correct them, which vexes me; but the fault being my own, contrary to my wife's frequent desires, I cannot find fault, but am resolved never to let them come to that pass again. The truth is, I have indulged myself more in pleasure for these last two months than ever I did in my life before, since I come to be a person concerned in business; and I

doubt, when I come to make up my accounts, I shall find it so by the expence.

23rd. Up, and walked to the Exchange, there to get a coach, but failed, and so was forced to walk a most dirty walk to the Old Swan, and there took boat, and so to the Exchange, and there took coach to St. James's and did our usual business with the Duke of York. Thence I walked over the Park to White Hall and took water to Westminster, and there, among other things, bought the examinations of the business about the Fire of London, which is a book that Mrs. Pierce tells me hath been commanded to be burnt.[1] The examinations indeed are very plain. Thence to the Excise office, and so to the Exchange, and did a little business, and so home and took up my wife, and so carried her to the other end, where I 'light at my Lord Ashly's,[2] by invitation, to dine there, which I did, and Sir H. Cholmly, Creed, and Yeabsly, upon occasion of the business of Yeabsly, who, God knows, do bribe him very well for it; and it is pretty to see how this great man do condescend to these things, and do all he can in his examining of his business to favour him, and yet with great cunning not to be discovered but by me that am privy to it. At table it is worth remembering that my Lord tells us that the House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make, upon a poynt of interpretation of the law, and that therein they are above the Judges; and that he did assert this in the Lords' House upon the late occasion of the quarrel between my Lord Bristoll and the Chancellor, when the former did accuse the latter of treason, and the Judges did bring it in not to be treason: my Lord Ashly did declare that the judgment of the Judges was nothing in the presence of their Lordships, but only as far as they were the properest men to bring precedents; but not to interpret

[1] The tract alluded to was called "A True and Faithful Account of the several Informations exhibited to the Honourable Committee appointed by the Parliament to enquire into the late dreadful burning of the City of London," 1667. Reprinted in the "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. i., p. 123.—B.

[2] Lord Ashley (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury) resided in a house on the east side of Aldersgate Street, which was built by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Thanet, and was long known as Thanet House.

the law to their Lordships, but only the inducements of their persuasions: and this the Lords did concur in. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashly's[1] speaking of the bad qualities of glass-coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear, that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass, and cut all her forehead![2] After dinner, before we fell to the examination of Yeabsly's business, we were put into my Lord's room before he could come to us, and there had opportunity to look over his state of his accounts of the prizes; and there saw how bountiful the King hath been to several people: and hardly any man almost, Commander of the Navy of any note, but hath had some reward or other out of it; and many sums to the Privy-purse, but not so many, I see, as I thought there had been: but we could not look quite through it. But several Bedchamber-men and people about the Court had good sums; and, among others, Sir John Minnes and Lord Bruncker have £200 a-piece for looking to the East India prizes, while I did their work for them. By and by my Lord come, and we did look over Yeabsly's business a little; and I find how prettily this cunning Lord can be partial and dissemble it in this case, being privy to the bribe he is to receive. This done, we away, and with Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-hunting. They come to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and that all being drunk, Armerer[3] did come to the King, and swore to him, "By God, Sir," says he,

[1] Margaret, sixth daughter of William, second Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, was third wife of Lord Ashley. She died 1694. Dugdale mistakenly styles her his second wife.

[2] "Coaches with glasses were then a late invention, the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons to the conveniences of modern coaches." — *Grammont Memoirs*, chap. vii.

[3] Sir William Armorer, Equerry to the King.

"you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be." — "Not I ?" says the King. "Why so ?" — "Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health." — "Why, let us," says the King. Then he fell on his knees, and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. "Nay, Sir," says Armerer, "by God you must do it on your knees!" So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King: and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmly tells me, that the King hath this good luck, that the next day he hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer any body to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality. Parted with Sir H. Cholmly at White Hall, and there I took coach and took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so out for ayre, it being a mighty pleasant day, as far as Bow, and so drank by the way, and home, and there to my chamber till by and by comes Captain Cocke about business; who tells me that Mr. Bruncker is lost for ever, notwithstanding my Lord Bruncker hath advised with him, Cocke, how he might make a peace with the Duke of York and Chancellor, upon promise of serving him in the Parliament: but Cocke says that is base to offer, and will have no success neither. He says that Mr. Wren hath refused a present of Tom Wilson's for his place of Store-keeper of Chatham, and is resolved never to take any thing; which is both wise in him, and good to the King's service. He stayed with me very late, here being Mrs. Turner and W. Batelier drinking and laughing, and then to bed.

24th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning very busy. At noon home, where there dined with me Anthony Joyce and his wife, and Will and his wife, and my aunt Lucett, that was here the other day, and Sarah Kite, and I had a good dinner for them, and were as merry as I could be in that company where W. Joyce is, who is still the same impertinent fellow that ever he was. After dinner I away to St. James's, where we had an audience of the Duke of York of many things of weight, as the confirming an establishment of the numbers of men on ships in peace and

other things of weight, about which we stayed till past candle-light, and so Sir W. Batten and W. Pen and I fain to go all in a hackney-coach round by London Wall, for fear of cellars, this being the first time I have been forced to go that way this year, though now I shall begin to use it. We tired one coach upon Holborne-Conduit Hill, and got another, and made it a long journey home. Where to the office and then home, and at my business till twelve at night, writing in short hand the draught of a report to make to the King and Council to-morrow, about the reason of not having the book of the Treasurer made up. This I did finish to-night to the spoiling of my eyes, I fear. This done, then to bed. This evening my wife tells me that W. Batelier hath been here to-day, and brought with him the pretty girl he speaks of, to come to serve my wife as a woman, out of the school at Bow. My wife says she is extraordinary handsome, and inclines to have her, and I am glad of it — at least, that if we must have one, she should be handsome. But I shall leave it wholly to my wife, to do what she will therein.

25th. Up as soon as I could see and to the office to write over fair with Mr. Hater my last night's work, which I did by nine o'clock, and got it signed, and so with Sir H. Cholmly, who come to me about his business, to White Hall: and thither come also my Lord Bruncker: and we by and by called in, and our paper read; and much discourse thereon by Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Anglesey, Sir W. Coventry, and my Lord Ashly, and myself: but I could easily discern that they none of them understood the business; and the King at last ended it with saying lazily, "Why," says he, "after all this discourse, I now come to understand it; and that is, that there can nothing be done in this more than is possible," which was so silly as I never heard: "and therefore," says he, "I would have these gentlemen to do as much as possible to hasten the Treasurer's accounts; and that is all." And so we broke up: and I confess I went away ashamed, to see how slightly things are advised upon there. Here I saw the Duke of Buckingham sit in Council again, where he was re-admitted, it seems, the last Council-day: and it is wonderful to see how this man is come again to his places, all of them, after the

reproach and disgrace done him: so that things are done in a most foolish manner quite through. The Duke of Buckingham did second Sir W. Coventry in the advising the King that he would not concern himself in the owning or not owning any man's accounts, or any thing else, wherein he had not the same satisfaction that would satisfy the Parliament; saying, that nothing would displease the Parliament more than to find him defending any thing that is not right, nor justifiable to the utmost degree: but methought he spoke it but very poorly. After this, I walked up and down the Gallery till noon; and here I met with Bishop Fuller, who, to my great joy, is made, which I did not hear before, Bishop of Lincoln.[1] At noon I took coach, and to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to the house that is my Lord's, which my Lord lets him have: and this is the first day of dining there. And there dined with him and his lady my Lord Privy-seale,[2] who is indeed a very sober man; who, among other talk, did mightily wonder at the reason of the growth of the credit of banquiers, since it is so ordinary a thing for citizens to break, out of knavery. Upon this we had much discourse; and I observed therein, to the honour of this City, that I have not heard of one citizen of London broke in all this war, this plague, this fire, and this coming up of the enemy among us; which he owned to be very considerable.[3] After dinner I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them. The play was a new play; and infinitely full: the King and all the Court almost there. It is "The Storme," a play of Fletcher's;[4] which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies, in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily. So, it

[1] See July 29th (*ante*).

[2] John, Lord Robartes. See August 21st, 1660.

[3] This remarkable fact is confirmed by Evelyn, in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, September 27th, 1666. See "Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 345, edit. 1879.

[4] "The Sea Voyage," a play borrowed from Shakespeare's "Tempest," and first acted in 1622. Published in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647.

being a mighty wet day and night, I with much ado got a coach, and, with twenty stops which he made, I got him to carry me quite through, and paid dear for it, and so home, and there comes my wife home from the Duke of York's playhouse, where she hath been with my aunt and Kate Joyce, and so to supper, and betimes to bed, to make amends for my last night's work and want of sleep.

26th. Up, and to my chamber, whither Jonas Moore comes, and, among other things, after our business done, discoursing of matters of the office, I shewed him my varnished things, which he says he can outdo much, and tells me the mighty use of Napier's bones;[1] so that I will have a pair presently. To the office, where busy all the morning sitting, and at noon home to dinner, and then with my wife abroad to the King's playhouse, to shew her yesterday's new play, which I like as I did yesterday, the principal thing extraordinary being the dance, which is very good. So to Charing Cross by coach, about my wife's business, and then home round by London Wall, it being very dark and dirty, and so to supper, and, for the ease of my eyes, to bed, having first ended all my letters at the office.

27th. Up, and to the office, where very busy all the morning. While I was busy at the Office, my wife sends for me to come home, and what was it but to see the pretty girl which she is taking to wait upon her: and though she seems not altogether so great a beauty as she had before told me, yet indeed she is mighty pretty; and so pretty, that I find I shall be too much pleased with it, and therefore could be contented as to my judgement, though not to my passion, that she might not come, lest I may be found too much minding her, to the discontent of my wife. She is to come next week. She seems, by her discourse, to be grave beyond her bigness and age, and exceeding well bred

[1] John Napier or Neper (1550-1617), laird of Merchiston (now swallowed up in the enlarged Edinburgh of to-day, although the old castle still stands), and the inventor of logarithms. He published his "Rabdologiæ seu numerationis per virgulas libri duo" in 1617, and the work was reprinted and translated into Italian (1623) and Dutch (1626). In 1667 William Leybourn published "The Art of Numbering by Speaking Rods, vulgarly termed Napier's Bones."

as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years. To the office again, my head running on this pretty girl, and there till noon, when Creed and Sheres come and dined with me; and we had a great deal of pretty discourse of the ceremoniousness of the Spaniards, whose ceremonies are so many and so known, that, Sheres tells me, upon all occasions of joy or sorrow in a Grandee's family, my Lord Embassador is fain to send one with an *en hora buena*, if it be upon a marriage, or birth of a child, or a *pesa me*, if it be upon the death of a child, or so. And these ceremonies are so set, and the words of the compliment, that he hath been sent from my Lord, when he hath done no more than send in word to the Grandee that one was there from the Embassador; and he knowing what was his errand, that hath been enough, and he never spoken with him: nay, several Grandees having been to marry a daughter, have wrote letters to my Lord to give him notice, and out of the greatness of his wisdom to desire his advice, though people he never saw; and then my Lord he answers by commending the greatness of his discretion in making so good an alliance, &c., and so ends. He says that it is so far from dishonour to a man to give private revenge for an affront, that the contrary is a disgrace; they holding that he that receives an affront is not fit to appear in the sight of the world till he hath revenged himself; and therefore, that a gentleman there that receives an affront oftentimes never appears again in the world till he hath, by some private way or other, revenged himself: and that, on this account, several have followed their enemies privately to the Indys, thence to Italy, thence to France and back again, watching for an opportunity to be revenged. He says my Lord was fain to keep a letter from the Duke of York to the Queen of Spain a great while in his hands, before he could think fit to deliver it, till he had learnt whether the Queen would receive it, it being directed to his cozen. He says that many ladies in Spain, after they are found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds or chambers till they are brought to bed: so ceremonious they are in that point also. He tells me of their wooing by serenades at the window, and that their friends do always make the match; but yet that they have oppor-

tunities to meet at masse at church, and there they make love: that the Court there hath no dancing, nor visits at night to see the King or Queen, but is always just like a cloyster, nobody stirring in it: that my Lord Sandwich wears a beard now, turned up in the Spanish manner. But that which pleases me most indeed is, that the peace which he hath made with Spain is now printed here, and is acknowledged by all the merchants to be the best peace that ever England had with them: and it appears that the King thinks it so, for this is printed before the ratification is gone over; whereas that with France and Holland was not in a good while after, till copys come over of it in English out of Holland and France, that it was a reproach not to have it printed here. This I am mighty glad of; and is the first and only piece of good news, or thing fit to be owned, that this nation hath done several years. After dinner I to the office, and they gone, anon comes Pelling, and he and I to Gray's-Inne Fields, thinking to have heard Mrs. Knight[1] sing at her lodgings, by a friend's means of his; but we come too late; so must try another time. So lost our labour, and I by coach home, and there to my chamber, and did a great deal of good business about my Tangier accounts, and so with pleasure discoursing with my wife of our journey shortly to Brampton, and of this little girle, which indeed runs in my head, and pleases me mightily, though I dare not own it, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, having slept not so much to-night as I used to do, for my thoughts being so full of this pretty little girle that is coming to live with us, which pleases me mightily. All the morning at the Office, busy upon an Order of Council, wherein they are mightily at a loss what to advise about our discharging of seamen by ticket, there being no money to pay their wages before January, only there is

[1] Mrs. Knight, a celebrated singer and mistress of Charles II. There is in Waller's "Poems" a song sung by her to the queen on her birthday. In her portrait, engraved by Faber, after Kneller, she is represented in mourning, and in a devout posture before a crucifix. Evelyn refers to her singing as incomparable, and adds that she had "the greatest reach of any English woman; she had been lately roaming in Italy, and was much improv'd in that quality" ("Diary," December 2nd, 1674).

money to pay them since January, provided by the Parliament, which will be a horrid disgrace to the King and Crowne of England that no man shall reckon himself safe, but where the Parliament takes care. And this did move Mr. Wren at the table to-day to say, that he did believe if ever there be occasion more to raise money, it will become here, as it is in Poland, that there are two treasurers — one for the King, and the other for the kingdom. At noon dined at home, and Mr. Hater with me, and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, dropped in, who I feared did come to bespeak me to be godfather to his son, which I am unwilling now to be, having ended my liking to his wife, since I find she paints. After dinner comes Sir Fr. Hollis to me about business; and I with him by coach to the Temple, and there I 'light; all the way he telling me romantic lies of himself and his family, how they have been Parliament-men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this 140 years; and his father is now: and himself, at this day, stands for to be, with his father,[1] by the death of his fellow-burgess; and that he believes it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in ale, and £52 in buttered ale; which I believe is one of his devilish lies. Here I 'light and to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Sir Martin Marrall," with great delight, though I have seen it so often, and so home, and there busy late, and so home to my supper and bed.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and put off first my summer's silk suit, and put on a cloth one. Then to church, and so home to dinner, my wife and I alone to a good dinner. All the afternoon talking in my chamber with my wife, about my keeping a coach the next year, and doing some things to my house, which will cost money — that is, furnish our best chamber with tapestry, and other rooms with pictures. In the evening read good books — my wife to me; and I did even my kitchen accounts. Then to supper, and so to bed.

30th. By water to White Hall, there to a committee of Tangier, but they not met yet, I went to St. James's, there

[1] He succeeded Sir Henry Bellassis, who had been returned for Grimsby on the death of Sir Adrian Scrope, and who had been killed in the duel with Porter.

thinking to have opportunity to speak to the Duke of York about the petition I have to make to him for something in reward for my service this war, but I did waive it. Thence to White Hall, and there a Committee met, where little was done, and thence to the Duke of York to Council, where we the officers of the Navy did attend about the business of discharging the seamen by tickets, where several of the Lords spoke and of our number none but myself, which I did in such manner as pleased the King and Council. Speaking concerning the difficulty of pleasing of seamen and giving them assurance to their satisfaction that they should be paid their arrears of wages, my Lord Ashly did move that an assignment for money on the Act might be put into the hands of the East India Company, or City of London, which he thought the seamen would believe. But this my Lord Anglesey did very handsomely oppose, and I think did carry it that it will not be: and it is indeed a mean thing that the King should so far own his own want of credit as to borrow their's in this manner. My Lord Anglesey told him that this was the way indeed to teach the Parliament to trust the King no more for the time to come, but to have a kingdom's Treasurer distinct from the King's. Home at noon to dinner, where I expected to have had our new girle, my wife's woman, but she is not yet come. I abroad after dinner to White Hall, and there among other things do hear that there will be musique to-morrow night before the King. So to Westminster, where to the Swan . . . and drank and away to the Hall, and thence to Mrs. Martin's to bespeak some linen, and there je did avoir all with her, and drank, and away, having first promised my god-daughter a new coat — her first coat. So by coach home, and there found our pretty girl Willet come, brought by Mr. Batelier, and she is very pretty, and so grave as I never saw a little thing in my life. Indeed I think her a little too good for my family, and so well carriaged as I hardly ever saw. I wish my wife may use her well. Now I begin to be full of thought for my journey the next week, if I can get leave, to Brampton. To-night come and sat with me Mr. Turner and his wife, and tell me of a design of sending their son Franke to the East Indy Companys' service if they can get him entertainment, which they are promised by Sir

Andr. Rickard, which I do very well like of. So the company broke up and to bed.

October 1st. All the morning busy at the office, pleased mightily with my girle that we have got to wait on my wife. At noon dined with Sir G. Carteret and the rest of our officers at his house in Broad Street, they being there upon his accounts. After dinner took coach and to my wife, who was gone before into the Strand, there to buy a nightgown, where I found her in a shop with her pretty girle, and having bought it away home, and I thence to Sir G. Carteret's again, and so took coach alone, it now being almost night, to White Hall, and there in the Boarded-gallery did hear the musick with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the master of his musick; both instrumentall — I think twenty-four violins — and vocall; an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me! I never was so little pleased with a concert of musick in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocall musick being lost by it. Here was a great press of people; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental musick he had brought by practice to play very just. So thence late in the dark round by the wall home by coach, and there to sing and sup with my wife, and look upon our pretty girle, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and very busy all the morning, upon my accounts of Tangier, to present to the Commissioners of the Treasury in the afternoon, and the like upon the accounts of the office. This morning come to me Mr. Gawden about business, with his gold chain about his neck, as being Sheriffe of the City this year. At noon to the Treasury Office again, and there dined and did business, and then by coach to the New Exchange, and there met my wife and girl, and took them to the King's house to see "The Traytour," which still I like as a very good play; and thence, round by the wall, home, having drunk at the Cock alehouse, as I of late have used to do, and so home and to my chamber to read, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and going out of doors, I understand that Sir W. Batten is gone to bed on a sudden again this morning,

being struck very ill, and I confess I have observed him for these last two months to look very ill and to look worse and worse. I to St. James's (though it be a sitting day) to the Duke of York, about the Tangier Committee, which met this morning, and he come to us, and the Charter for the City of Tangier was read and the form of the Court Merchant. That being done Sir W. Coventry took me into the gallery, and walked with me an hour, discoursing of Navy business, and with much kindness to, and confidence in, me still; which I must endeavour to preserve, and will do; and, good man! all his care how to get the Navy paid off, and that all other things therein may go well. He gone, I thence to my Lady Peterborough, who sent for me; and with her an hour talking about her husband's pension, and how she hath got an order for its being paid again; though, I believe, for all that order, it will hardly be; but of that I said nothing; but her design is to get it paid again: and how to raise money upon it, to clear it from the engagement which lies upon it to some citizens, who lent her husband money, without her knowledge, upon it, to vast loss. She intends to force them to take their money again, and release her husband of those hard terms. The woman is a very wise woman, and is very plain in telling me how her plate and jewels are at pawne for money, and how they are forced to live beyond their estate, and do get nothing by his being a courtier. The lady I pity, and her family. Having done with her, and drunk two glasses of her meade, which she did give me, and so to the Treasurer's Office, and there find my Lord Bruncker and [Sir] W. Pen at dinner with Sir G. Carteret about his accounts, where I dined and talked and settled some business, and then home, and there took out my wife and Willet, thinking to have gone to a play, but both houses were begun, and so we to the 'Change, and thence to my tailor's, and there, the coachman desiring to go home to change his horses, we went with him into a nasty end of all St. Giles's, and there went into a nasty room, a chamber of his, where he hath a wife and child, and there staid, it growing dark too, and I angry thereat, till he shifted his horses, and then home apace, and there I to business late, and so home, to supper, and walk in the garden with my wife and girle, with whom we

are mightily pleased, and after talking and supping, to bed. This noon, going home, I did call on Will Lincolne[1] and agree with him to carry me to Brampton.

4th. Up, and to White Hall to attend the Council about Commissioner Pett's business, along with my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen, and in the Robe-chamber the Duke of York come to us, the officers of the Navy, and there did meet together about Navy business, where Sir W. Coventry was with us, and among other things did recommend his Royal Highness, now the prizes were disposing, to remember Sir John Harman to the King, for some bounty, and also for my Lady Minnes, which was very nobly done of him. Thence all of us to attend the Council, where we were anon called on, and there was a long hearing of Commissioner Pett, who was there, and there were the two Masters Attendant[2] of Chatham called in, who do deny their having any order from Commissioner Pett about bringing up the great ships, which gives the lie to what he says; but, in general, I find him to be but a weak, silly man, and that is guilty of horrid neglect in this business all along. Here broke off without coming to an issue, but that there should be another hearing on Monday next. So the Council rose, and I staid walking up and down the galleries till the King went to dinner, and then I to my Lord Crew's to dinner; but he having dined, I took a very short leave, confessing I had not dined; and so to an ordinary hard by the Temple-gate, where I have heretofore been, and there dined — cost me 10*d.* And so to my Lord Ashly's, where after dinner Sir H. Cholmly, Creed and I, with his Lordship, about Mr. Yeabsly's business, where having come to agreement with him abating him £1,000 of what he demands for ships lost, I to Westminster, to Mrs. Martin's lodging, whither I sent for her, and there hear that her husband is come from sea, which is sooner than I expected; and here I staid and drank, and so did toucher elle and away, and so by coach to my tailor's, and thence to my Lord Crew's, and there did stay with him an hour till almost night, discoursing about the ill state of my Lord Sandwich, that he can neither

[1] Lincoln was a stable-keeper in Cow Lane.

[2] About this time Captain John Brooke and Captain William Rand were Masters Attendant at Chatham.

be got to be called home, nor money got to maintain him there;[1] which will ruin his family. And the truth is, he do almost deserve it, for by all relation he hath, in a little more than a year and a half, spent £20,000 of the King's money, and the best part of £10,000 of his own; which is a most prodigious expence, more than ever Embassador spent there, and more than these Commissioners of the Treasury will or do allow. And they demand an account before they will give him any more money; which puts all his friends to a loss what to answer. But more money we must get him, or to be called home. I offer to speak to Sir W. Coventry about it; but my Lord will not advise to it, without consent of Sir G. Carteret. So home, and there to see Sir W. Batten, who fell sick yesterday morning. He is asleep: and so I could not see him; but in an hour after, word is brought me that he is so ill, that it is believed he cannot live till to-morrow, which troubles me and my wife mightily, partly out of kindness, he being a good neighbour — and partly because of the money he owes me, upon our bargain of the late prize.[2] So home and to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and to the Office; and there all the morning; none but my Lord Anglesey and myself; but much surprized with the news of the death of Sir W. Batten, who died this morning, having been but two days sick. Sir W. Pen and I did dispatch a letter this morning to Sir W. Coventry, to recommend Colonel Middleton, who we think a most honest and understanding man, and fit for that place. Sir G. Carteret did also come this morning, and walked with me in the garden; and concluded not to concern [himself] or have any advice made to Sir W. Coventry, in behalf of my Lord Sandwich's business; so I do rest satisfied, though I do think they are all mad, that they will judge Sir. W. Coventry an enemy, when he is indeed no such man to any body, but is severe and just, as he ought to be, where he sees things ill done. At noon home, and by coach to Temple Bar to a India shop, and there bought a gown and sash, which cost me 26*s.*, and so she [Mrs. Pepys] and Willet away to the 'Change, and I to my Lord Crew, and there met my Lord Hinchingbroke and Lady Jemimah, and

[1] In Spain. [2] See August 14th (*ante*).

there dined with them and my Lord, where pretty merry, and after dinner my Lord Crew and Hinchingbroke and myself went aside to discourse about my Lord Sandwich's business, which is in a very ill state for want of money, and so parted, and I to my tailor's, and there took up my wife and Willet, who staid there for me, and to the Duke of York's playhouse, but the house so full, it being a new play, "The Coffee House,"[1] that we could not get in, and so to the King's house: and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figary's"[2] which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good, but my belly was full of what I had seen in the house, and so, after the play done, away home, and there to the writing my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and dressed myself, and so walked out with the boy to Smithfield to Cow Lane, to Lincolne's, and there spoke with him, and agreed upon the hour to-morrow, to set out towards Brampton; but vexed that he is not likely to go himself, but sends another for him. Here I took a hackney coach, and to White Hall, and there met

[1] "Tarugo's Wiles, or, The Coffee House," a comedy by Thomas St. Serfe; printed in 1668. Great part of the plot is founded on the Spanish comedy, "No puede ser." See the Earl of Dorset's lines on this play, printed in his "Works."

[2] See note, August 8th, 1664.

Sir W. Coventry, and discoursed with him, and then with my Lord Bruncker, and many others, to end my matters in order to my going into the country to-morrow for five or six days, which I have not done for above three years. Walked with Creed into the Park a little, and at last went into the Queen's side, and there saw the King and Queen, and saw the ladies, in order to my hearing any news stirring to carry into the country, but met with none, and so away home by coach, and there dined, and W. How come to see me, and after dinner parted, and I to my writing to my Lord Sandwich, which is the greatest business I have to do before my going into the country, and in the evening to my office to set matters to rights there, and being in the garden Sir W. Pen did come to me, and fell to discourse about the business of "The Flying Greyhound," wherein I was plain to him and he to me, and at last concluded upon my writing a petition to the Duke of York for a certain ship, The Maybolt Gallyott,[1] and he offers to give me £300 for my success, which, however, I would not oblige him to, but will see the issue of it by fair play, and so I did presently draw a petition, which he undertakes to proffer to the Duke of York, and solicit for me, and will not seem to doubt of his success. So I wrote, and did give it him, and left it with him, and so home to supper, where Pelling comes and sits with me, and there tells us how old Mr. Batelier is dead this last night in the night, going to bed well, which I am mightily troubled for, he being a good man. Supper done, and he gone, I to my chamber to write my journal to this night, and so to bed.

7th. Up betimes, and did do several things towards the settling all matters both of house and office in order for my journey this day, and did leave my chief care, and the key of my closet, with Mr. Hater, with directions what papers to secure, in case of fire or other accident; and so, about nine o'clock, I, and my wife, and Willet, set out in a coach I have

[1] Dinah Dunster wrote to the Navy Commissioners, September 13th, 1667, asking them "to send somebody to look after the Maybolt galliot, her husband the late master being dead, and the mate and seamen sick" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 461). Captain Henry Southwood was in command of the "Maybolt" in November, 1667 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, pp. 31, 37).

hired, with four horses; and W. Hewer and Murford rode by us on horseback; and so my wife and she in their morning gowns, very handsome and pretty, and to my great liking. We set out, and so out at Allgate, and so to the Green Man, and so on to Enfield, in our way seeing Mr. Lowther and his lady in a coach, going to Walthamstow; and he told us that he would overtake us at night, he being to go that way. So we to Enfield, and there bayted, it being but a foul, bad day, and there Lowther and Mr. Burford, an acquaintance of his, did overtake us, and there drank and eat together; and, by and by, we parted, we going before them, and very merry, my wife and girle and I talking, and telling tales, and singing, and before night come to Bishop Stafford,[1] where Lowther and his friend did meet us again, and carried us to the Raynedeere, where Mrs. Aynsworth,[2] who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live. It was the woman that, among other things, was great with my cozen Barnston, of Cottenham, and did use to sing to him, and did teach me "Full forty times over," a very lewd song: a woman they are very well acquainted with, and is here what she was at Cambridge, and all the good fellows of the country come hither. Lowther and his friend stayed and drank,

[1] Bishops Stortford, a town of some antiquity in Hertfordshire, 32¼ miles N.N.E. of London.

[2] Elizabeth Aynsworth, here mentioned, was a noted procuress at Cambridge, banished from that town by the university authorities for her evil courses. She subsequently kept the Rein Deer Inn at Bishops Stortford, at which the Vice-Chancellor, and some of the heads of colleges, had occasion to sleep, in their way to London, and were nobly entertained, their supper being served off plate. The next morning their hostess refused to make any charge, saying, that she was still indebted to the Vice-Chancellor, who, by driving her out of Cambridge, had made her fortune. No tradition of this woman has been preserved at Bishops Stortford; but it appears, from the register of that parish, that she was buried there 26th of March, 1686. It is recorded in the "History of Essex," vol. iii., p. 130, 8vo., 1770, and in a pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled, "Boteler's Case," that she was implicated in the murder of Captain Wood, a Hertfordshire gentleman, at Manuden, in Essex, and for which offence a person named Boteler was executed at Chelmsford, September 10th, 1667, and that Mrs. Aynsworth, tried at the same time as an accessory before the fact, was acquitted for want of evidence; though in her way to the jail she endeavoured to throw herself into the river, but was prevented. See *postea*, May 25th, 1668.—B.

and then went further this night; but here we stayed, and supped, and lodged. But, as soon as they were gone, and my supper getting ready, I fell to write my letter to my Lord Sandwich, which I could not finish before my coming from London; so did finish it to my good content, and a good letter, telling him the present state of all matters, and did get a man to promise to carry it to-morrow morning, to be there, at my house, by noon, and I paid him well for it; so, that being done, and my mind at ease, we to supper, and so to bed, my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well, but there was so much tearing company in the house, that we could not see my landlady; so I had no opportunity of renewing my old acquaintance with her, but here we slept very well.

8th. Up pretty betimes, though not so soon as we intended, by reason of Murford's not rising, and then not knowing how to open our door, which, and some other pleasant simplicities of the fellow, did give occasion to us to call him Sir Martin Marrall,[1] and W. Hewer being his helper and counsellor, we did call him, all this journey, Mr. Warner, which did give us good occasion of mirth now and then. At last, rose, and up, and broke our fast, and then took coach, and away, and at Newport did call on Mr. Lowther, and he and his friend, and the master of the house, their friend, where they were, a gentleman, did presently get a-horseback and overtook us, and went with us to Audley-End, and did go along with us all over the house and garden: and mighty merry we were. The house indeed do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me; particularly the ceilings[2] are not so good as I always took them

[1] From the Duke of Newcastle's play, which was altered and prepared for the stage by Dryden.

[2] Mr. George T. Robinson, F.S.A., in a paper on "Decorative Plaster-Work," read before the Society of Arts in April, 1891, refers to the ceilings at Audley End as presenting an excellent idea of the state of the stuccoer's art in the middle of James I.'s reign, and adds, "Few houses in England can show so fine a series of the same date. . . . The great hall has medallions in the square portions of the ceiling formed by its dividing timber beams. The large saloon on the principal floor — a room about 66 feet long by 30 feet wide — has a very remarkable ceiling of the pendentive type, which presents many peculiarities, the most notable of which, that these not only depend from the ceiling,

to be, being nothing so well wrought as my Lord Chancellor's are; and though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good, yet the stayre-case is exceeding poor; and a great many pictures, and not one good one in the house but one of Harry the Eighth, done by Holben;[1] and not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things, such as I would not give the hanging-up of in my house; and the other furniture, beds and other things, accordingly. Only the gallery is good, and, above all things, the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor; and indeed the cellars are fine: and here my wife and I did sing to my great content. And then to the garden, and there eat many grapes, and took some with us: and so away thence, exceeding well satisfied, though not to that degree that, by my old esteem of the house, I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me. Here we parted with Lowther and his friends, and away to Cambridge, it being foul, rainy weather, and there did take up at the Rose, for the sake of Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter, which is mentioned in the play of Sir Martin Marrall. Here we had a good chamber, and bespoke a good supper; and then I took my wife, and W. Hewer, and Willet, it holding up a little, and shewed them Trinity College and St. John's Library, and went to King's College Chapel, to see the outside of it only; and so to our inne, and with much pleasure did this, they walking in their pretty morning gowns, very handsome, and I proud to find myself in condition to do this; and so home to our lodging, and there, by and by, to supper, with much good sport, talking with the Drawers concerning matters of the town, and persons whom I remember, and so, after supper, to cards; and then to bed, lying, I in one bed, and my wife and girl in another, in the same room, and very

but the outside ones spring from the walls in a natural and structural manner. This is a most unusual circumstance in the stucco-work of the time, the reason for the omission of this reasonable treatment evidently being the unwillingness of the stuccoer to omit his elaborate frieze in which he took such delight" ("Jour. Soc. of Arts," vol. xxxix., p. 449).

[1] This portrait of Henry VIII., and many other pictures formerly at Audley-End, passed into the hands of the Skeffington family; they were dispersed at the auction at Skeffington Hall, many years ago (see Nichols's "Leicestershire"). — B.

merry talking together, and mightily pleased both of us with the girl. Saunders, the only violin in my time, is, I hear, dead of the plague in the late plague there.

9th. Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach: and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town musique did also come and play: but, Lord! what sad music they made! However, I was pleased with them, being all of us in very good humour, and so through the town, and observed at our College of Magdalene the posts new painted, and understand that the Vice-Chancellor[1] is there this year. And so away for Huntingdon mightily pleased all along the road to remember old stories; and come to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well: and here laid up our things, and up and down to see the garden with my father, and the house, and do altogether find it very pretty; especially the little parlour and the summer-houses in the garden, only the wall do want greens upon it, and the house is too low-roofed; but that is only because of my coming from a house with higher ceilings. But altogether is very pretty; and I bless God that I am like to have such a pretty place to retire to: and I did walk with my father without doors, and do find a very convenient way of laying out money there in building, which will make a very good seat, and the place deserves it, I think, very well. By and by to dinner, and after dinner I walked up to Hinchingbroke, where my Lady expected me; and there spent all the afternoon with her: the same most excellent, good, discreet lady that ever she was; and, among other things, is mightily pleased with the lady that is like to be her son Hinchingbroke's wife, which I am mightily glad of. By and by my wife comes with Willet, my wife in her velvett vest, which is mighty fine, and becomes her exceedingly. I am pleased with my Lady Paulina and Anne,[2] who both are grown very proper ladies,

[1] John Howarth, D.D., Prebendary of Peterborough and Master of Magdalene, was Vice-Chancellor, 1666–67.

[2] She became the wife of Sir Richard Edgecumbe, and by him had a son, Richard, created an English baron in 1742. She married, secondly, the Hon. Christopher Montagu, elder brother of Charles, Lord Halifax. — B.

and handsome enough. But a thousand questions my Lady asked me, till she could think of no more almost, but walked up and down the house with me. But I do find, by her, that they are reduced to great straits for money, having been forced to sell her plate, 8 or £900 worth; and she is now going to sell a suit of her best hangings, of which I could almost wish to buy a piece or two, if the pieces will be broke. But the house is most excellently furnished, and brave rooms and good pictures, so that it do please me infinitely beyond Audley End. Here we staid till night walking and talking and drinking, and with mighty satisfaction my Lady with me alone most of the day talking of my Lord's bad condition to be kept in Spayne without money and at a great expense, which (as we will save the family) we must labour to remove. Night being come, we took leave with all possible kindness, and so home, and there Mr. Shepley staid with us and supped, and full of good country discourse, and when supper done took his leave, and we all to bed, only I a little troubled that my father tells me that he is troubled that my wife shows my sister no countenance, and him but very little, but is as a stranger in the house; and I do observe she do carry herself very high; but I perceive there was some great falling out when she was here last, but the reason I have no mind to enquire after, for vexing myself, being desirous to pass my time with as much mirth as I can while I am abroad. So all to bed. My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet in the trundle bed,[1] which she desired to lie in, by us.

10th. Waked in the morning with great pain of the collique, by cold taken yesterday, I believe, with going up and down in my shirt, but with rubbing my belly, keeping of it warm, I did at last come to some ease, and rose, and up to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments: about a husband for my sister, whereof

[1] A low bedstead moving on wheels or castors, which ran in under the principal bed.

> "With a chain and a trundle-bed following at th' heels,
> And will they not cry then, the world runs a-wheels?"
>
> Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight.*

The same as truckle bed.

there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly: then for my brother; and resolve he shall stay here this winter, and then I will either send him to Cambridge for a year, till I get him some church promotion, or send him to sea as a chaplain, where he may study, and earn his living. Then walked round about our Greene, to see whether, in case I cannot buy out my uncle Thomas and his son's right in this house, that I can buy another place as good thereabouts to build on, and I do not see that I can. But this, with new building, may be made an excellent pretty thing, and I resolve to look after it as soon as I can, and Goody Gorum dies. By this time it was almost noon, and then my father and I and wife and Willet abroad, by coach round the towne of Brampton, to observe any other place as good as ours, and find none; and so back with great pleasure; and thence went all of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good, but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon, and anon the two twins[1] were sent for from schoole, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked children. Then in to my Lady again, and staid till it was almost night again, and then

[1] The twins were the third and fourth sons of Lord Sandwich: Oliver Montagu, afterwards M.P. for Huntingdon, and in 1685 Solicitor-General to the Queen; he died unmarried in 1693: and John Montagu, made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1683, and Dean of Durham, 1699, who also died a bachelor in 1728–29. — B.

took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge,[1] and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window, and their hearing also, being close by: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he begun the work, when he laid the money, but that do not excuse it to me. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceive the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by the candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper: and then, all people going to bed,

[1] Nun's Bridge is still in existence, and known by that name. It is at the foot of Hinchingbrooke Hill, and adjoining to some old ponds which belonged to the house when a nunnery. — B.

W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and basins, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then begun to tell [them]; and by a note which I had of the value of the whole in my pocket, do find that there was short above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not suppose we could speak one to another in the garden at the place where the gold lay — especially my father being deaf — but they must know what we had been doing on, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them: and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. And then to bed, and I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight.

11th. And then rose and called W. Hewer, and he and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses, just as they do for dyamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did with much trouble by nine o'clock (and by the time we emptied several pails and could not find one), we did make the last night's forty-five up seventy-nine: so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some: so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that it is so well,[1] and do leave my father to make a second examina-

[1] About the year 1842, in removing the foundation of an old wall, adjoining a mansion at Brampton, always considered the quondam residence of the Pepys family, an iron pot, full of silver coins, was discovered, and taken to the Earl of Sandwich, the owner of the house, in whose possession they still remain. The pot was so much corroded, that a small piece of it only could be preserved. The coins were chiefly half-crowns of Elizabeth and the two elder Stuarts, and all of a date anterior

tion of the dirt, which he promises he will do, and, poor man, is mightily troubled for this accident, but I declared myself very well satisfied, and so indeed I am; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident, which is unusual; and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was how to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London: and so got all my gold put up in bags. And so having the last night wrote to my Lady Sandwich to lend me John Bowles to go along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, that it was only to secure my gold, we to breakfast, and then about ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willet, and W. Hewer, and Murford and Bowles (whom my Lady lent me), and my brother John on horseback; and with these four I thought myself pretty safe. But, before we went out, the Huntingdon musick come to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge. Here I took leave of my father, and did give my sister 20*s*. She cried at my going; but whether it was at her unwillingness for my going, or any unkindness of my wife's, or no, I know not; but, God forgive me! I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her; but only [she] is my sister, and must be provided for. My gold I put into a basket, and set under one of the seats; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well; and I did ride in great fear all the day, but it was a pleasant day, and good company, and I mightily contented. Mr. Shepley saw me beyond St. Neots, and there parted, and we straight to Stevenage, through Bald Lanes, which are already very bad; and at Stevenage we come well before night, and all sat, and there with great care I got the gold up to the chamber, my wife carrying one bag, and the girl another, and W. Hewer the rest in the basket, and set it all under a bed in our chamber, and then sat down to talk, and were very pleasant, satisfying myself, among other things, from John Bowles, in some terms of

to the Restoration. Although Pepys states that the treasure which he caused to be buried was gold exclusively, it is very probable that, in the confusion, a pot full of silver money was packed up with the rest; but, at all events, the coincidence appeared too singular to pass over without notice. — B.

hunting, and about deere, bucks, and does. And so anon to supper, and very merry we were, and a good supper, and after supper to bed. Brecocke alive still, and the best host I know almost.

12th. Up, and eat our breakfast, and set out about nine o'clock, and so to Barnett, where we staid and baited, the weather very good all day and yesterday, and by five o'clock got home, where I find all well; and did bring my gold, to my heart's content, very safe home, having not this day carried it in a basket, but in our hands: the girl took care of one, and my wife another bag, and I the rest, I being afraid of the bottom of the coach, lest it should break, and therefore was at more ease in my mind than I was yesterday. At home we find that Sir W. Batten's burial was to-day carried from hence, with a hundred or two of coaches, to Walthamstow, and there buried. Here I hear by Mr. Pierce the surgeon, and then by Mr. Lewes, and also by Mr. Hater, that the Parliament hath met on Thursday last, and adjourned to Monday next. The King did make them a very kind speech,[1] promising them to leave all to them to do, and call to account what and whom they pleased; and declared by my Lord Keeper how many, thirty-six, actes he had done since he saw them; among others, disbanding the army, and putting all Papists out of employment, and displacing persons that had managed their business ill, that the Parliament is mightily pleased with the King's speech, and voted giving him thanks for what he said and hath done; and, among things, would by name thank him for displacing my Lord Chancellor, for which a great many did speak in the House, but it was opposed by some, and particularly Harry Coventry, who got that it should be put to a Committee to consider what particulars to mention in their thanks to the King, saying that it was too soon to give thanks for the displacing of a man, before they knew or had examined what was the cause of his displacing. And so it rested; but this do shew that they are and will be very high; and Mr. Pierce do tell

[1] At the meeting of Parliament on October 10th, 1667, the king made a speech of about ten lines, in which he said, "The other reasons of that prorogation [eleven weeks before], and some other matters with which I would acquaint you, I have commanded my Lord Keeper to declare unto you" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 115).

me that he fears, and do hear, that it hath been said among them, that they will move for the calling my Lord Sandwich home, to bring him to account; which do trouble me mightily; but I trust it will not be so. Anon comes home Sir W. Pen from the burial, and he and I to walk in the garden, where he did confirm the most of this news, and so to talk of our particular concernments, and among the rest he says that Lady Batten and her children-in-law are all broke in pieces, and that there is but £800 found in the world, of money; and is in great doubt what we shall do towards the doing ourselves right with them, about the prize-money. This troubles me, but we will fall to work upon that next week close. Then he tells me he did deliver my petition into the hands of Sir W. Coventry, who did take it with great kindness and promised to present it to the Duke of York, and that himself has since seen the Duke of York, but it was in haste, and thinks the Duke of York did tell him that the thing was done, but he is confident that it either is or will be done. This do please me mightily. So after a little talk more I away home to supper with John Bowles and brother and wife (who, I perceive, is already a little jealous of my being fond of Willet, but I will avoid giving her any cause to continue in that mind, as much as possible), and before that did go with Sir W. Pen to my Lady Batten, whom I had not seen since she was a widow, which she took unkindly, but I did excuse it; and the house being full of company, and of several factions, she against the children, and they against one another and her, I away, and home to supper, and after supper to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, but he was gone out, so I to St. James's, and there to the Duke of York's chamber: and there he was dressing; and many Lords and Parliament-men come to kiss his hands, they being newly come to town. And there the Duke of York did of himself call me to him, and tell me that he had spoke to the King, and that the King had granted me the ship I asked for; and did, moreover, say that he was mightily satisfied with my service, and that he would be willing to do anything that was in his power for me: which he said with mighty kindness; which I did return him thanks for, and departed with

mighty joy, more than I did expect. And so walked over the Park to White Hall, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, who walked with me, and told me most of the news I heard last night of the Parliament; and thinks they will do all things very well, only they will be revenged of my Lord Chancellor; and says, however, that he thinks there will be but two things proved on him; and that one is, that he may have said to the King, and to others, words to breed in the King an ill opinion of the Parliament — that they were factious, and that it was better to dissolve them: and this, he thinks, they will be able to prove; but what this will amount to, he knows not. And next, that he hath taken money for several bargains that have been made with the Crown; and did instance one that is already complained of: but there are so many more involved in it, that, should they unravel things of this sort, every body almost will be more or less concerned. But these are the two great points which he thinks they will insist on, and prove against him. Thence I to the Chapel, and there heard the sermon and a pretty good anthem, and so home by water to dinner, where Bowles and brother, and a good dinner, and in the afternoon to make good my journal to this day, and so by water again to White Hall, and thence only walked to Mrs. Martin's, and there sat with her and her sister and Borroughs . . . and there drank and talked and away by water home, and there walked with Sir W. Pen, and told him what the Duke of York told me to-day about the ship I begged; and he was knave enough, of his own accord, but, to be sure, in order to his own advantage, to offer me to send for the master of the vessel, "The Maybolt Galliott," and bid him to get her furnished as for a long voyage, and I to take no notice of it, that she might be the more worth to me: so that here he is a very knave to the King, and I doubt not his being the same to me on occasion. So in a doors and supped with my wife and brother, W. Hewer, and Willett, and so evened with W. Hewer for my expenses upon the road this last journey, and do think that the whole journey will cost me little less than £18 or £20, one way or other; but I am well pleased with it, and so after supper to bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence walked to St. James's, and there to Mr. Wren's; and he

told me that my business was done about my warrant on the Maybolt Galliott; which I did see, and though it was not so full in the reciting of my services as the other was in that of Sir W. Pen's, yet I was well pleased with it, and do intend to fetch it away anon. Thence with Sir Thomas Allen, in a little sorry coach which he hath set up of late, and Sir Jeremy Smith, to White Hall, and there I took water and went to Westminster Hall, and there hear that the House is this day again upon the business of giving the King the thanks of the House for his speech, and, among other things, for laying aside of my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to Mrs. Martin's, where by appointment comes to me Mrs. Howlett, which I was afraid was to have told me something of my freedom with her daughter, but it was not so, but only to complain to me of her son-in-law, how he abuses and makes a slave of her, and his mother is one that encourages him in it, so that they are at this time upon very bad terms one with another, and desires that I would take a time to advise him and tell him what it becomes him to do, which office I am very glad of, for some ends of my own also con sa fille, and there drank and parted, I mightily satisfied with this business, and so home by water with Sir W. Warren, who happened to be at Westminster, and there I pretty strange to him, and little discourse, and there at the office Lord Bruncker, W. Pen, T. Hater and I did some business, and so home to dinner, and thence I out to visit Sir G. Carteret and ladies there; and from him do understand that the King himself (but this he told me as a great secret) is satisfied that this thanks which he expects from the House, for the laying aside of my Lord Chancellor, is a thing irregular; but, since it is come into the House, he do think it necessary to carry it on, and will have it, and hath made his mind known to be so, to some of the House But Sir G. Carteret do say he knows nothing of what my Lord Bruncker told us to-day, that the King was angry with the Duke of York yesterday, and advised him not to hinder what he had a mind to have done, touching this business; which is news very bad, if true. Here I visited my Lady Carteret, who hath been sick some time, but now pretty well, but laid on her bed. Thence to my Lord Crew, to see him after my coming out

of the country, and he seems satisfied with some steps they have made in my absence towards my Lord Sandwich's relief for money: and so I have no more to do, nor will trouble myself more about it till they send for me. He tells me also that the King will have the thanks of the House go on: and commends my Lord Keeper's speech for all but what he was forced to say, about the reason of the King's sending away the House so soon the last time, when they were met, but this he was forced to do. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked with Mr. Scowen, who tells me that it is at last carried in the House that the thanks shall be given to the King — among other things, particularly for the removal of my Lord Chancellor; but he tells me it is a strange act, and that which he thinks would never have been, but that the King did insist upon it, that, since it come into the House, it might not be let fall. After walking there awhile I took coach and to the Duke of York's House, and there went in for nothing into the pit, at the last act, to see Sir Martin Marr-all, and met my wife, who was there, and my brother, and W. Hewer and Willett, and carried them home, still being pleased with the humour of the play, almost above all that ever I saw. Home, and there do find that John Bowles is not yet come thither. I suppose he is playing the good fellow in the town. So to the office a while, and then home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and to the office, where, Sir W. Pen being ill of the gout, we all of us met there in his parlour and did the business of the office, our greatest business now being to manage the pay of the ships in order and with speed to satisfy the Commissioners of the Treasury. This morning my brother set out for Brampton again, and is gone. At noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I and Willet to the Duke of York's house, where, after long stay, the King and Duke of York come, and there saw "The Coffee-house,"[1] the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it. But here, before the play begun, my wife begun to complain to me of Willet's confidence in sitting cheek by jowl by us, which was a poor thing; but I perceive she is already jeal-

[1] See October 5th, 1667.

ous of my kindness to her, so that I begin to fear this girle is not likely to stay long with us. The play done, we home by coach, it being moonlight, and got well home, and I to my chamber to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and at home most of the morning with Sir H. Cholmly, about some accounts of his; and for news he tells me that the Commons and Lords have concurred, and delivered the King their thanks, among other things, for his removal of the Chancellor; who took their thanks very well, and, among other things, promised them, in these words, never, in any degree, to entertain the Chancellor any employment again. And he tells me that it is very true, he hath it from one that was by, that the King did give the Duke of York a sound reprimand; told him that he had lived with him with more kindness than ever any brother King lived with a brother, and that he lived as much like a monarch as himself, but advised him not to cross him in his designs about the Chancellor; in which the Duke of York do very wisely acquiesce, and will be quiet as the King bade him, but presently commands all his friends to be silent in the business of the Chancellor, and they were so: but that the Chancellor hath done all that is possible to provoke the King, and to bring himself to lose his head by enraging of people. He gone, I to the office, busy all the morning. At noon to Broad Street to Sir G. Carteret and Lord Bruncker, and there dined with them, and thence after dinner with Bruncker to White Hall, where the Duke of York is now newly come for this winter, and there did our usual business, which is but little, and so I away to the Duke of York's house, thinking as we appointed, to meet my wife there, but she was not; and more, I was vexed to see Young (who is but a bad actor at best) act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick: but, Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and everybody else agreed in disliking this fellow. Thence home, and there find my wife gone home; because of this fellow's acting of the part, she went out of the house again. There busy at my chamber with Mr. Yeabsly, and then with Mr. Lewes, about public business late, and so to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and being sent for by my Lady Batten, I to

her, and there she found fault with my not seeing her since her being a widow,[1] which I excused as well as I could, though it is a fault, but it is my nature not to be forward in visits. But here she told me her condition, which is good enough, being sole executrix, to the disappointment of all her husband's children, and prayed my friendship about the accounts of the prizes, which I promised her. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands, and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world taking place of all other passions. Thence to the office, where all the morning busy, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. John Andrews and his wife come and dined with me, and pretty merry we were, only I out of humour the greatest part of the dinner, by reason that my people had forgot to get wine ready, I having none in my house, which I cannot say now these almost three years, I think, without having two or three sorts, by which we were fain to stay a great while, while some could be fetched. When it come I begun to be merry, and merry we were, but it was an odd, strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and [he] eats it so at nights also. Here most of our discourse is of the business of the Parliament, who run on mighty furiously, having yesterday been almost all the morning complaining against some high proceedings of my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, that the gentlemen of the country did complain against him in the House, and run very high. It is the man that did fall out with my cozen Roger Pepys,[2] once, at the Assizes there, and would have laid him by the heels; but, it seems, a very able lawyer.[3] After din-

[1] He seems to have forgotten his visit on the 12th. — B.

[2] "At the Cambridge Assizes, held before Justice Kelynge, March 9th, 1664, Roger Pepys, the Recorder, was bound over to his good behaviour for speaking slightly of Lord Chief Justice Hyde at the Town Sessions, on an appeal by Dr. Eade against a poor-rate." — Cooper's *Cambridge Annals*, vol. iii., p. 516. See *postea*, December 13th, 1667. — B.

[3] Sir John Kelyng, Sergeant, 1660, and engaged on the part of the crown to advise with the judges relative to the proceedings to be

ner I to the office, where we all met with intent to proceed to the publique sale of several prize ships, but upon discourse my Lord Anglesey did discover (which troubled me that he that is a stranger almost should do more than we ourselves could) that the appraisements made by our officers were not above half of what he had been offered for one of them, and did make it good by bringing a gentleman to give us £700 for the Wildboare,[1] which they valued but at £276, which made us all startle and stop the sale, and I did propose to acquaint the Duke of York with it, and accordingly we did agree on it, and I wrote a severe letter about it, and we are to attend him with it to-morrow about it. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that the House of Commons have this morning run into the inquiry in many things; as, the sale of Dunkirke, the dividing of the fleete the last year, the business of the prizes with my Lord Sandwich, and many other things; so that now they begin to fall close upon it, and God knows what will be the end of it, but a Committee they have chosen to inquire into the miscarriages of the war. Having done, and being a little

adopted against the regicides. Returned as Member of Parliament for Bedford in May, 1661, he prepared the Act of Uniformity passed in 1662. Appointed judge of the King's Bench in 1663 and Chief Justice in 1665. No special record of the "high proceedings" referred to by Pepys is to be found in the Parliamentary History; but his conduct was complained of, and the House of Commons voted his proceedings to be illegal and tending to the introduction of arbitrary government. His conduct as a judge was considered to be harsh and insulting. He died at his home in Hatton Garden, May 9th, 1671 (Foss's "Judges"). See December 13th.

[1] Captain Henry Nicoll petitioned the king, October 17th, 1667, "for an abatement in the price of the 'Sea Fortune,' of Amsterdam, and the 'Wild Boar,' which was purchased for £1,000, to bring timber from Ireland for the rebuilding of London" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 531). Petition of Mayor Henry Nicoll to the king, "for a grant of the 'Golden Hand' flyboat, with all her furniture and apparel, at the same price as he paid for the 'Wildboar,' and for orders to the Duke of York and the Navy Commissioners to give him possession thereof forthwith, they taking the same security as was ordered for the 'Wildboar' . . . [he] asked for the 'Wildboar' prize-ship at a reasonable price and convenient time for payment, which was granted, but after being at great charge in rigging and setting her forth to sea, she foundered on her voyage, and 15 men perished in her, whereby he was deprived of the means of bringing over the timber, or of paying his debts" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 110).

tired, Sir W. Pen and I in his coach out to Mile End Green, and there drank a cup of Byde's ale, and so talking about the proceedings of Parliament, and how little a thing the King is become to be forced to suffer it, though I declare my being satisfied that things should be enquired into, we back again home, and I to my office to my letters, and so home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and by coach with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York; but first we find him to spend above an hour in private in his closet with Sir W. Coventry; which I was glad to see, that there is so much confidence between them. By and by we were called in and did our usual business, and complained of the business yesterday discovered of our officers abusing the King in the appraisement of the prizes. Here it was worth observing that the Duke of York, considering what third rate ships to keep abroad, the Rupert was thought on, but then it was said that Captain Hubbert[1] was Commander of her and that the King had a mind for Spragg to command the ship, which would not be well to be by turning out Hubbert, who is a good man, but one the Duke of York said he did not know whether he did so well conforme, as at this time to please the people and Parliament. Sir W. Coventry answered, and the Duke of York merrily agreed to it, that it was very hard to know what it was that the Parliament would call conformity at this time, and so it stopped, which I only observe to see how the Parliament's present temper do amuse them all. Thence to several places to buy a hat, and books, and neckcloths, and several errands I did before I got home, and, among others, bought me two new pair of spectacles of Turlington, who, it seems, is famous for them; and his daughter, he being out of the way, do advise me two very young sights, as that that will help me most, and promises me great ease from them, and I will try them. At the Exchange I met Creed, and took him home with me, and dined, and among other things he tells me that Sir Robert Brookes is the man that did mention the business in Parliament yesterday about my Lord Sandwich, but that it was seconded by nobody, but the matter will fall before the Committee for miscarriages. Thence, after dinner, my

[1] Captain John Hubbard.

wife and he, and I, and Willet to the King's house, and saw "Brenoralt," which is a good tragedy, that I like well, and parted after the play, and so home, and there a little at my office, and so to my chamber, and spent this night late in telling over all my gold, and putting it into proper bags and my iron chest, being glad with my heart to see so much of it here again, but cannot yet tell certainly how much I have lost by Gibson in his journey, and my father's burying of it in the dirt. At this late but did it to my mind, and so to supper and to bed.

19th. At the office all the morning, where very busy, and at noon home to a short dinner, being full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince,"[1] the first time it is acted; where, though we come by two o'clock, yet there was no roóm in the pit, but we were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4*s.* a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box come, by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] and his lady;[2] but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat; and this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York was there. By and by the play begun, and in it nothing particular but a very fine dance for variety of figures, but a little too long. But, as to the contrivance, and all that was witty (which, indeed, was much, and very witty), was almost the same that had been in his two former plays of "Henry the 5th" and "Mustapha," and the same points and turns of wit in both, and in this very same play often repeated, but in excellent language, and were so excellent that the whole house was mightily pleased with it all along till towards the end he comes to discover the chief of the plot of the play by the reading of a long letter,[3] which was so

[1] "The Black Prince," by Roger, Earl of Orrery, is styled a tragedy, although the play ends happily. It was first published in 1669.

[2] Lady Berkeley was Christiana, daughter of Sir Andrew Rickard, and widow of Henry Rich, Lord Kensington. — B.

[3] It occurs in the fifth act, and is certainly very long. It was read by Hart, but was afterwards omitted in the acting. See October 23rd, 1667. — B.

long and some things (the people being set already to think too long) so unnecessary that they frequently begun to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that, had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage. But I must confess that, as my Lord Barkeley says behind me, the having of that long letter was a thing so absurd, that he could not imagine how a man of his parts could possibly fall into it; or, if he did, if he had but let any friend read it, the friend would have told him of it; and, I must confess, it is one of the most remarkable instances that ever I did or expect to meet with in my life of a wise man's not being wise at all times, and in all things, for nothing could be more ridiculous than this, though the letter of itself at another time would be thought an excellent letter, and indeed an excellent Romance, but at the end of the play, when every body was weary of sitting, and were already possessed with the effect of the whole letter, to trouble them with a letter a quarter of an hour long, was a most absurd thing. After the play done, and nothing pleasing them from the time of the letter to the end of the play, people being put into a bad humour of disliking (which is another thing worth the noting), I home by coach, and could not forbear laughing almost all the way home, and all the evening to my going to bed, at the ridiculousness of the letter, and the more because my wife was angry with me, and the world, for laughing, because the King was there, though she cannot defend the length of the letter. So after having done business at the office, I home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new tunique of velvett; which is very plain, but good. This morning is brought to me an order for the presenting the Committee of Parliament to-morrow with a list of the commanders and ship's names of all the fleetes set out since the war, and particularly of those ships which were divided[1] from the

[1] This question of the division of the fleet in May, 1666, was one over which endless controversy as to responsibility was raised. When Prince Rupert, with twenty ships, was detached to prevent the junction of the French squadron with the Dutch, the Duke of Albemarle was left with fifty-four ships against eighty belonging to the Dutch. Albemarle's tactics are praised by Captain Mahan.

fleete with Prince Rupert; which gives me occasion to see that they are busy after that business, and I am glad of it. So I alone to church, and then home, and there Mr. Deane comes and dines with me by invitation, and both at and after dinner he and I spent all the day till it was dark in discourse of business of the Navy and the ground of the many miscarriages, wherein he do inform me in many more than I knew, and I had desired him to put them in writing, and many indeed they are and good ones; and also we discoursed of the business of shipping, and he hath promised me a draught of the ship he is now building, wherein I am mightily pleased. This afternoon comes to me Captain O'Bryan,[1] about a ship that the King hath given him; and he and I to talk of the Parliament; and he tells me that the business of the Duke of York's slackening sail[2] in the first fight, at the beginning of the war, is brought into question, and Sir W. Pen and Captain Cox are to appear to-morrow about it; and it is thought will at last be laid upon Mr. Bruncker's giving orders from the Duke of York (which the Duke of York do not own) to Captain Cox to do it; but it seems they do resent this very highly, and are mad in going through all business, where they can lay any fault. I am glad to hear, that in the world I am as kindly spoke of as any body; for, for aught I see, there is bloody work like to be, Sir W. Coventry having been forced to produce a letter in Parliament wherein the Duke of Albemarle did from Sheernesse write in what good posture all things were at Chatham, and that the chain was so well placed that he

[1] Captain Ch. O'Brien. "Warrant to the Duke of York to deliver to Capt. O'Brian the prize-ship St. Mary of St. Jean de Luz, as a free gift in consideration of service, Nov. 20, 1667" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 31).

[2] The slackening of sail owing to the directions of Henry Brouncker, in contravention of the Duke of York's order, is commented upon and discussed in the Rev. J. S. Clarke's "Life of James II." (1816, vol. i., pp. 415-17, 421). It is there stated that Brouncker's arguments to Cox and Harman were at first rejected, but Harman at last shortened sail, being imposed upon by Brouncker's false message from the duke. The duke was kept in ignorance of what had been done, and it is said that a strange concurrence of accidents kept the duke in ignorance. Brouncker was expelled from the House of Commons on account of his conduct, but he does not appear to have lost the favour of the king or of the duke.

feared no attempt of the enemy: so that, among other things, I see every body is upon his own defence, and spares not to blame another to defend himself, and the same course I shall take. But God knows where it will end! He gone, and Deane, I to my chamber for a while, and then comes Pelling the apothecary to see us, and sat and supped with me (my wife being gone to bed sick of the cholique), and then I to bed, after supper. Pelling tells me that my Lady Duchesse Albemarle was at Mrs. Turner's this afternoon, she being ill, and did there publickly talk of business, and of our Office; and that she believed that I was safe, and had done well; and so, I thank God! I hear every body speaks of me; and indeed, I think, without vanity, I may expect to be profited rather than injured by this inquiry, which the Parliament makes into business.

21st. Up, and betimes got a coach at the Exchange, and thence to St. James's, where I had forgot that the Duke of York and family were gone to White Hall, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked a little, finding the Parliament likely to be busy all this morning about the business of Mr. Bruncker for advising Cox and Harman to shorten sail when they were in pursuit of the Dutch after the first great victory. I went away to Mr. Creed's chamber, there to meet Sir H. Cholmly, about business of Mr. Yeabsly, where I was delivered of a great fear that they would question some of the orders for payment of money which I had got them signed at the time of the plague, when I was here alone, but all did pass. Thence to Westminster again, and up to the lobby, where many commanders of the fleete were, and Captain Cox, and Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon; the last of whom hath been in the House, and declared that he heard Bruncker advise, and give arguments to, Cox, for the safety of the Duke of York's person, to shorten sail,[1] that they

[1] The Duke of York's shortening sail in the Dutch fight is attributed, ironically, by Sir John Denham, to his Duchess's anxiety for his safety:

> "She therefore the Duke's person recommends
> To Brouncker, Pen, and Coventry, her friends;
> To Pen much, Brouncker more, most Coventry;
> For they, she knew, were all more 'fraid than he.
> * * * * * *
> When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
> And with soft diadems his temples crown:

might not be in the middle of the enemy in the morning alone; and Cox denying to observe his advice, having received the Duke of York's commands over night to keep within cannon-shot (as they then were) of the enemy, Bruncker did go to Harman, and used the same arguments, and told him that he was sure it would be well pleasing to the King that care should be taken of not endangering the Duke of York; and, after much persuasion, Harman was heard to say, "Why, if it must be, then lower the topsail." And so did shorten sail, to the loss, as the Parliament will have it, of the greatest victory that ever was, and which would have saved all the expence of blood, and money, and honour, that followed; and this they do resent, so as to put it to the question, whether Bruncker should not be carried to the Tower: who do confess that, out of kindness to the Duke of York's safety, he did advise that they should do so, but did not use the Duke of York's name therein; and so it was only his error in advising it, but the greatest theirs in taking it, contrary to order. At last, it ended that it should be suspended till Harman comes home; and then the Parliament-men do all tell me that it will fall heavy, and, they think, be fatal to Bruncker or him. Sir W. Pen tells me he was gone to bed, having been all day labouring, and then not able to stand, of the goute, and did give order for the keeping the sails standing, as they then were, all night. But, which I wonder at, he tells me that he did not know the next day that they had shortened sail, nor ever did enquire into it till about ten days ago, that this begun to be mentioned; and, indeed, it is charged privately as a fault on the Duke of York, that he did not presently examine the reason of the breach of his orders, and punish it. But Cox tells me that he did finally refuse it; and what prevailed with Harman he knows not, and do think that we might have done considerable service

And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And *they* the *foe*, whilst *he* a *nap* doth catch:
But lo, Brouncker, by a secret instinct,
Slept on, nor heeded; he all day had winked.
The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel.
So ere *He* waked, both Fleets were innocent,
And *Brouncker* member is of Parliament." — B.

on the enemy the next day, if this had not been done. Thus this business ended to-day, having kept them[1] till almost two o'clock; and then I by coach with Sir W. Pen as far as St. Clement's, talking of this matter, and there set down; and I walked to Sir G. Carteret's, and there dined with him and several Parliament-men, who, I perceive, do all look upon it as a thing certain that the Parliament will enquire into every thing, and will be very severe where they can find any fault. Sir W. Coventry, I hear, did this day make a speech, in apology for his reading the letter of the Duke of Albemarle, concerning the good condition which Chatham was in before the enemy come thither: declaring his simple intention therein, without prejudice to my Lord.[2] And I am told that he was also with the Duke of Albemarle yesterday to excuse it; but this day I do hear, by some of Sir W. Coventry's friends, that they think he hath done himself much injury by making this man, and his interest, so much his enemy. After dinner, I away to Westminster, and up to the Parliament-house, and there did wait with great patience, till seven at night, to be called in to the Committee, who sat all this afternoon, examining the business of Chatham; and at last was called in, and told, that the least they expected from us Mr. Wren had promised them, and only bade me to bring all my fellow-officers thither to attend them to-morrow afternoon. Sir Robert Brookes in the chair: methinks a sorry fellow to be there, because a young man; and yet he seems to speak very well. I gone thence, my cozen Pepys comes out to me, and walks in the Hall with me, and bids me prepare to answer to every thing; for they do seem to lodge the business of Chatham upon the Commissioners of the Navy, and they are resolved to lay the fault heavy somewhere, and to punish it: and prays me to prepare to save myself, and gives me hints what to prepare against; which I am obliged to him for, and do begin to mistrust lest some unhappy slip or other after all my diligence and pains may not be found (which I can [not] foresee) that may prove as fatal to a man as the constant course of negligence and unfaithfulness

[1] The House of Commons.

[2] Sir William Coventry's speech is not printed in the reports of the Debates.

of other men. Here we parted, and I to White Hall to Mr. Wren's chamber, there to advise with him about the list of ships and commanders which he is to present to the Parliament, and took coach (little Michell being with me, whom I took with me from Westminster Hall), and setting him down in Gracious street home myself, where I find my wife and the two Mercers and Willett and W. Batelier have been dancing, but without a fidler. I had a little pleasure in talking with these, but my head and heart full of thoughts between hope and fear and doubts what will become of us and me particularly against a furious Parliament. Then broke up and to bed, and there slept pretty well till about four o'clock, and from that time could not, but my thoughts running on speeches to the Parliament to excuse myself from the blame which by other men's negligence will 'light, it may be, upon the office. This day I did get a list of the fourteen particular miscarriages which are already before the Committee to be examined; wherein, besides two or three that will concern this Office much, there are those of the prizes, and that of Bergen, and not following the Dutch ships, against my Lord Sandwich; that, I fear, will ruine him, unless he hath very good luck, or they may be in better temper before he can come to be charged: but my heart is full of fear for him and his family. I hear that they do prosecute the business against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling with great severity.

22nd. Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament: therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning, touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And, having done this, and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner; and so all in my Lord Bruncker's coach, that is to say, Bruncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, and myself, talking of the other great matter with which they charge us, that is, of discharging men by ticket, in order to our defence in case that should be asked. We come to the Parliament-door, and there, after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in: Sir W. Pen went in and sat as a Member; and my Lord Bruncker would not at first go in,

expecting to have a chair set for him, and his brother had bid him not go in, till he was called for; but, after a few words, I had occasion to mention him, and so he was called in, but without any more chair or respect paid him than myself: and so Bruncker, and T. Harvy, and I, were there to answer: and I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon: and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the Office touching the matter, and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our Office: and then Commissioner Pett (who was by at all my discourse, and this held till within an hour after candle-light, for I had candles brought in to read my papers by) was to answer for himself, we having lodged all matters with him for execution. But, Lord! what a tumultuous thing this Committee is, for all the reputation they have of a great council, is a strange consideration; there being as impertinent questions, and as disorderly proposed, as any man could make. But Commissioner Pett, of all men living, did make the weakest defence for himself: nothing to the purpose, nor to satisfaction, nor certain; but sometimes one thing and sometimes another, sometimes for himself and sometimes against him; and his greatest failure was, that I observed, from his [not] considering whether the question propounded was his part to answer or no, and the thing to be done was his work to do: the want of which distinction will overthrow him; for he concerns himself in giving an account of the disposal of the boats,[1] which he had no reason at all to do, or take any blame upon him for them. He charged the not carrying up of "The Charles" upon the Tuesday, to the Duke of Albemarle; but I see the House is mighty favourable to the Duke of Albemarle, and would give little weight to it. And something of want of armes he spoke, which Sir J. Duncomb answered with great imperiousness and earnestness; but, for all that, I do see the House is resolved to be better satisfied in the business of the unreadiness of Sherenesse, and want of armes and ammunition there and every where: and all their officers[2]

[1] See *ante*, June 13th, 1667.
[2] Of the Ordnance.

were here to-day attending, but only one called in, about armes for boats, to answer Commissioner Pett. None of my brethren said anything but me there, but only two or three silly words my Lord Bruncker gave, in answer to one question about the number of men there were in the King's Yard at the time. At last, the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourne the debate till Friday next: and my cozen Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but yet not secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not. So, with our hearts very light, Sir W. Pen and I in his coach home, it being now near eight o'clock, and so to the office, and did a little business by the post, and so home, hungry, and eat a good supper, and so, with my mind well at ease, to bed. My wife not very well of those.

23rd. Up, and Sir W. Pen and I in his coach to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York; but come a little too late, and so missed it: only spoke with him, and heard him correct my Lord Barkeley, who fell foul on Sir Edward Spragg, who, it seems, said yesterday to the House, that if the Officers of the Ordnance had done as much work at Shereness in ten weeks as "The Prince" did in ten days, he could have defended the place against the Dutch: but the Duke of York told him that every body must have liberty, at this time, to make their own defence, though it be to the charging of the fault upon any other, so it be true; so I perceive the whole world is at work in blaming one another. Thence Sir W. Pen and I back into London; and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new building of the Exchange;[1] which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see: but, with Sir

[1] "Oct. 23, 1667. This day having been appointed for the laying of the foundation of the Royal Exchange in the place where it formerly stood, His Majesty was pleased to be present, and assisting at the solemnity; and accordingly went on horseback, attended by several persons of quality of the Court, to the place, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and a Committee of the Mercers' Company, waited to receive him. His Majesty, with the usual ceremonies, placed the first stone, and was afterwards entertained on the place with an ex-

W. Pen, to Captain Cocke's to drink a dram of brandy, and so he to the Treasury office about Sir G. Carteret's accounts, and I took coach and back again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being newly gone; and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine, for the King, who, it seems, did it;[1] and so a great many people, as Tom Killigrew, and others of the Court there, and there I did eat a mouthful and drink a little, and do find Mr. Gawden in his gowne as Sheriffe, and understand that the King hath this morning knighted him upon the place, which I am mightily pleased with; and I think the other Sheriffe, who is Davis,[2] the little fellow, my schoolfellow, the bookseller, who was one of Audley's[3] Executors, and now become Sheriffe; which is a strange turn, methinks. Here mighty merry (there being a good deal of good company) for a quarter of an hour, and so I away and to Westminster Hall, where I come just as the House rose; and there, in the Hall, met with Sir W. Coventry, who is in pain to defend himself in the business of tickets, it being said that the paying of the ships at Chatham by ticket was by his direction, and he hath wrote to me to find his letters, and shew them him, but I find none; but did there argue the case with him, and I think no great blame can be laid on us for that matter, only I see he is fearfull. And he tells me his mistake in the House the other day, which occasions him much trouble, in shewing of the House the Duke of Albemarle's letter about the good condition of Chatham, which he is sorry

cellent treat, where he was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on the two sheriffs, Mr. Dennis Gauden and Mr. Thomas Davis."— Rugge's *Diurnal*. This (the second) building for the Royal Exchange was designed by Edward Jarman. It was burnt January 10th, 1838.

[1] *i.e.* laid the stone.

[2] Thomas Davies (or Davis), bookseller, was son of John Davies, of London, and Lord Mayor in 1676–77. He was born in 1631, and educated at St. Paul's School. Died in 1679, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow Hill, where there is a monument to his memory (see note, November 23rd, 1662).

[3] Hugh Audley, the usurer. See November 23rd, 1662. He held an office in the Court of Wards, and is said to have lost £100,000 by its abolition.

for, and owns as a mistake, the thing not being necessary to have been done; and confesses that nobody can escape from such error, some times or other. He says the House was well satisfied with my Report yesterday; and so several others told me in the Hall that my Report was very good and satisfactory, and that I have got advantage by it in the House: I pray God it may prove so! And here, after the Hall pretty empty, I did walk a few turns with Commissioner Pett, and did give the poor weak man some advice for his advantage how to better his pleading for himself, which I think he will if he can remember and practise, for I would not have the man suffer what he do not deserve, there being enough of what he do deserve to lie upon him. Thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there staid till two o'clock, and drank and talked, and did give her £3 to buy my god-daughter her first new gowne . . . . and so away homeward, and in my way met Sir W. Pen in Cheapside, and went into his coach, and back again and to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Black Prince" again: which is now mightily bettered by that long letter being printed, and so delivered to every body at their going in, and some short reference made to it in heart in the play, which do mighty well; but, when all is done, I think it the worst play of my Lord Orrery's. But here, to my great satisfaction, I did see my Lord Hinchingbroke and his mistress,[1] with her father and mother; and I am mightily pleased with the young lady, being handsome enough — and, indeed, to my great liking, as I would have her. I could not but look upon them all the play, being exceeding pleased with my good hap to see them, God bring them together! and they are now already mighty kind to one another, and he is as it were one of their family. The play done I home, and to the office a while, and then home to supper, very hungry, and then to my chamber, to read the true story, in Speed, of the Black Prince, and so to bed.[2] This day, it was moved in the House that a day might be appointed to bring in an impeachment against the Chancellor, but it was decried as being irregular; but that, if there was ground for complaint, it might be brought to the Com-

[1] See April 29th, 1667.
[2] Speed's "Historie of Great Britaine," book ix., chap. xii.

mittee for miscarriages, and, if they thought good, to present it to the House; and so it was carried. They did also vote this day thanks to be given to the Prince[1] and Duke of Albemarle, for their care and conduct in the last year's war, which is a strange act; but, I know not how, the blockhead Albemarle hath strange luck to be loved, though he be, and every man must know it, the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country. This evening late, Mr. Moore come to me to prepare matters for my Lord Sandwich's defence; wherein I can little assist, but will do all I can; and am in great fear of nothing but the damned business of the prizes, but I fear my Lord will receive a cursed deal of trouble by it.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning very busy, and at noon took Mr. Hater home with me to dinner, and instantly back again to write what letters I had to write, that I might go abroad with my wife, who was not well, only to jumble her, and so to the Duke of York's playhouse; but there Betterton not being yet well, we would not stay, though since I hear that Smith[2] do act his part in "The Villaine," which was then acted, as well or better than he, which I do not believe; but to Charing Cross, there to see Polichinelli. But, it being begun, we in to see a Frenchman, at the house, where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine,[3] which he do beyond belief; and, the truth is, it do so far

[1] Rupert.

[2] William Smith was an actor with a commanding person. He occupied a prominent position on the stage, and retired between 1684 and 1688. Betterton's part in "The Villain" was Monsieur Brisac; Maligni, the villain, was taken by Sandford. See note, October 20th, 1662.

[3] The trumpet marine is a stringed instrument having a triangular-shaped body or chest and a long neck, a single string raised on a bridge and running along the body and neck. It was played with a bow. Hawkins refers very fully to the trumpet marine, and quotes an extract from the "London Gazette" (February 4th, 1674) giving an account of "a concert of four Trumpets marine, never heard of before in England." Pepys's reference proves this statement to be wrong. There is a paper on the musical notes of the trumpet and trumpet marine by Francis Roberts in the "Philosophical Transactions" (No. 193, 1692). The trumpet marine was a favourite instrument of Mons. Jourdain ("Bourgeois Gentilhomme").

outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true, and it is most admirable and at first was a mystery to me that I should hear a whole concert of chords together at the end of a pause, but he showed me that it was only when the last notes were 5ths or 3rds, one to another, and then their sounds like an Echo did last so as they seemed to sound all together. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it, but I was mightily pleased with it, and he did take great pains to shew me all he could do on it, which was very much, and would make an excellent concert, two or three of them, better than trumpets can ever do, because of their want of compass. Here we also saw again the two fat children come out of Ireland, and a brother and sister of theirs now come, which are of little ordinary growth, like other people. But, Lord! how strange it is to observe the difference between the same children, come out of the same little woman's belly! Thence to Mile-End Greene, and there drank, and so home, bringing home night with us, and so to the office a little, and then to bed.

25th. Up, and all the morning close till two o'clock, till I had not time to eat my dinner, to make our answer ready for the Parliament this afternoon, to shew how Commissioner Pett was singly concerned in the executing of all orders from Chatham, and that we did properly lodge all orders with him. Thence with Sir W. Pen to the Parliament Committee, and there we all met, and did shew, my Lord Bruncker and I, our commissions under the Great Seal in behalf of all the rest, to shew them our duties, and there I had no more matters asked me, but were bid to withdraw, and did there wait, I all the afternoon till eight at night, while they were examining several about the business of Chatham again, and particularly my Lord Bruncker did meet with two or three blurs that he did not think of. One from Spragg, who says that "The Unity" was ordered up contrary to his order, by my Lord Bruncker and Commissioner Pett. Another by Crispin, the waterman, who said he was upon "The Charles;" and spoke to Lord Bruncker coming by in his boat, to know whether they should carry up "The Charles," they being a great many naked men without armes, and he told them she was well

as she was. Both these have little in them indeed, but yet both did stick close against him; and he is the weakest man in the world to make his defence, and so is like to have much fault laid on him therefrom. Spragg was in with them all the afternoon, and hath much fault laid on him for a man that minded his pleasure, and little else of his whole charge. I walked in the lobby, and there do hear from Mr. Chichly that they were (the Commissioners of the Ordnance) shrewdly put to it yesterday, being examined with all severity and were hardly used by them, much otherwise than we, and did go away with mighty blame; and I am told by every body that it is likely to stick mighty hard upon them: at which every body is glad, because of Duncomb's pride, and their expecting to have the thanks of the House; whereas they have deserved, as the Parliament apprehends, as bad as bad can be. Here is great talk of an impeachment brought in against my Lord Mordaunt, and that another will be brought in against my Lord Chancellor in a few days. Here I understand for certain that they have ordered that my Lord Arlington's letters, and Secretary Morrice's letters of intelligence, be consulted, about the business of the Dutch fleete's coming abroad, which is a very high point, but this they have done, but in what particular manner I cannot justly say, whether it was not with the King's leave first asked. Here late, as I have said, and at last they broke up, and we had our commissions again, and I do hear how Birch[1] is the high man that do examine and trouble every body with his questions, and they say that he do labour all he can to clear Pett, but it seems a witness has come in to-night, C. Millett, who do declare that he did deliver a message from the Duke of Albemarle time enough for him to carry up "The Charles,"

[1] Colonel John Birch, M.P. for Penryn (see note, August 21st, 1660). Burnet says of Birch: he "was a man of a peculiar character. He had been a carrier at first, and retained still, even to an affectation, the clownishness of his education. He got up in the progress of the war to be a colonel, and to be concerned in the excise. And at the Restoration he was found to be so useful in managing the excise that he was put in a good post. He was the roughest and boldest speaker in the house, and talked in the language and phrases of a carrier, but with a beauty and eloquence that was always acceptable. He spoke always with much life and heat, but judgment was not his talent."

and he neglected it, which will stick very hard, it seems, on him. So Sir W. Pen and I in his coach home, and there to supper, a good supper, and so weary, and my eyes spent, to bed.

26th. Up, and we met all this morning at Sir W. Pen's roome, the office being fowle with the altering of our garden door. There very busy, and at noon home, where Mrs. Pierce and her daughter's husband and Mr. Corbet dined with me. I had a good dinner for them, and mighty merry. Pierce and I very glad at the fate of the officers of Ordnance, that they are like to have so much blame on them. Here Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the King's house are Stephen Marshall's,[1] the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly[2] and Beck Marshall, falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's whore. Nell answered then, "I was but one man's whore, though I was brought up in a bawdy-house to fill strong waters to the guests; and you are a whore to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter!" which was very pretty. Mrs. Pierce is still very pretty, but paints red on her face, which makes me hate her, that I thank God I take no pleasure in her at all more. After much mirth and good company at dinner, I to the office and left them, and Pendleton also, who come in to see my wife and talk of dancing, and there I at the office all the afternoon very busy, and did much business, with my great content to see it go off of hand, and so home, my eyes spent, to supper and to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office, there, with W. Hewer, to dictate a long letter to the Duke of York, about the bad state of the office, it being a work I do think fit for the office to do, though it be to no purpose but for their vindication in these bad times; for I do now learn many things tending to our safety which I did not wholly

[1] Colonel Chester proved that this story was incorrect (see note, February 1st, 1663–64). Sir Peter Lycester, who married a daughter of Lord Gerard, of Bromley, observes, in his "History of Cheshire," that "the two famous women-actors in London" were daughters of —— Marshall, chaplain to Lord G., by Elizabeth, bastard daughter of John Dutton, of Dutton. Sir Peter being connected by marriage with the Duttons, ought to have known the fact.

[2] Nell Gwyn.

forget before, but do find the fruits of, and would I had practised them more, as, among other things, to be sure to let our answers to orders bear date presently after their date, that we may be found quick in our execution. This did us great good the other day before the Parliament. All the morning at this, at noon home to dinner, with my own family alone. After dinner, I down to Deptford, the first time that I went to look upon "The Maybolt," which the King hath given me, and there she is; and I did meet with Mr. Uthwayte,[1] who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her, and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So, thereupon, I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to him, but desired him to take a strict inventory of her, that I might not be cheated by the master nor the company, when they come to understand that the vessel is gone away, which he hath promised me, and so away back again home, reading all the way the book of the collection of oaths in the several offices of this nation, which is worth a man's reading, and so away home, and there my boy and I to sing, and at it all the evening, and to supper, and so to bed. This evening come Sir J. Minnes to me, to let me know that a Parliament-man hath been with him, to tell him that the Parliament intend to examine him particularly about Sir W. Coventry's selling of places, and about my Lord Bruncker's discharging the ships at Chatham by ticket: for the former of which I am more particularly sorry that that business of [Sir] W. Coventry should come up again; though this old man tells me, and, I believe, that he can say nothing to it.

28th. Up, and by water to White Hall (calling at Michell's and drank a dram of strong water, but it being early I did not see his wife), and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's lodging, but he was gone out, and so going towards St. James's I find him at his house which is fitting for him; and there I to him, and was with him above an hour alone, discoursing of the matters of the nation, and our Office, and himself. He owns that he is, at this day, the chief

[1] J. Uthwat, Clerk of the Survey at Deptford.

person aymed at by the Parliament — that is, by the friends of my Lord Chancellor, and also by the Duke of Albemarle, by reason of his unhappy shewing of the Duke of Albemarle's letter, the other day, in the House; but that he thinks that he is not liable to any hurt they can fasten on him for anything, he is so well armed to justify himself in every thing, unless in the old business of selling places, when he says every body did; and he will now not be forward to tell his own story, as he hath been; but tells me he is grown wiser, and will put them to prove any thing, and he will defend himself: besides that, he will dispute the statute, thinking that it will not be found to reach him. We did talk many things, which, as they come into my mind now, I shall set down without order: that he is weary of public employment; and neither ever designed, nor will ever, if his commission were brought to him wrapt in gold, would he accept of any single place in the State, as particularly Secretary of State; which, he says, the world discourses Morrice[1] is willing to resign, and he thinks the King might have thought of him, but he would not, by any means, now take it, if given him, nor anything, but in commission with others, who may bear part of the blame; for now he observes well, that whoever did do anything singly are now in danger, however honest and painful they were, saying that he himself was the only man, he thinks, at the council-board that spoke his mind clearly, as he thought, to the good of the King; and the rest, who sat silent, have nothing said to them, nor are taken notice of. That the first time the King did take him so closely into his confidence and ministry of affairs was upon the business of Chatham, when all the disturbances were there, and in the kingdom; and then, while everybody was fancying for himself, the King did find him to persuade him to call for the Parliament, declaring that it was against his own proper interest, forasmuch as [it was] likely they would find faults with him, as well as with others, but that he would prefer the service of the

[1] Sir William Morice (1602–1676) was related through his wife to the Duke of Albemarle, and helped him in bringing about the Restoration. In February, 1659–60, Charles II. bestowed upon Morice, with General Monk's approval, "the seal and signet of the secretary of state's office." According to Mr. W. P. Courtney ("Dict. Nat. Biog."), "his

King before his own: and, thereupon, the King did take him into his special notice, and, from that time to this, hath received him so; and that then he did see the folly and mistakes of the Chancellor in the management of things, and saw that matters were never likely to be done well in that sort of conduct, and did persuade the King to think fit of the taking away the seals from the Chancellor, which, when it was done, he told me that he himself, in his own particular, was sorry for it; for, while he stood, there was he and my Lord Arlington to stand between him and harm: whereas now there is only my Lord Arlington, and he is now down, so that all their fury is placed upon him: but that he did tell the King, when he first moved it, that, if he thought the laying of him, W. Coventry, aside, would at all facilitate the removing of the Chancellor, he would most willingly submit to it, whereupon the King did command him to try the Duke of York about it, and persuade him to it, which he did, by the King's command, undertake, and compass, and the Duke of York did own his consent to the King, but afterwards was brought to be of another mind for the Chancellor, and now is displeased with him, and [so is] the Duchesse, so that she will not see him; but he tells me the Duke of York seems pretty kind, and hath said that he do believe that W. Coventry did mean well, and do it only out of judgment. He tells me that he never was an intriguer in his life, nor will be, nor of any combination of persons to set up this, or fling down that, nor hath, in his own business, this Parliament, spoke to three members to say any thing for him, but will stand upon his own defence, and will stay by it, and thinks that he is armed against all they can [say], but the old business of selling places, and in that thinks they cannot hurt him. However, I do find him mighty willing to have his name used as little as he can, and he was glad when I did deliver him up a letter of his to me, which did give countenance to the discharging of men by ticket at Chatham, which is

friends endeavoured in 1666 to make out that he was principal secretary of state, above Lord Arlington, but failed in their attempt, and at Michaelmas, 1668, Morice found his position so intolerable that he resigned his office and retired to his property, where he spent the rest of his days in collecting a fine library and in studying literature."

now coming in question; and wherein, I confess, I am sorry to find him so tender of appearing, it being a thing not only good and fit, all that was done in it, but promoted and advised by him. But he thinks the House is set upon wresting anything to his prejudice that they can pick up. He tells me he did never, as a great many have, call the Chancellor rogue and knave, and I know not what; but all that he hath said, and will stand by, is, that his counsels were not good, nor the manner of his managing of things. I suppose he means suffering the King to run in debt; for by and by the King walking in the parke, with a great crowd of his idle people about him, I took occasion to say that it was a sorry thing to be a poor King, and to have others to come to correct the faults of his own servants, and that this was it that brought us all into this condition. He answered that he would never be a poor King, and then the other would mend of itself. "No," says he, "I would eat bread and drink water first, and this day discharge all the idle company about me, and walk only with two footmen; and this I have told the King, and this must do it at last." I asked him how long the King would suffer this. He told me the King must suffer it yet longer, that he would not advise the King to do otherwise; for it would break out again worse, if he should break them up before the core be come up. After this, we fell to other talk, of my waiting upon him hereafter, it may be, to read a chapter in Seneca, in this new house, which he hath bought, and is making very fine, when we may be out of employment, which he seems to wish more than to fear, and I do believe him heartily. Thence home, and met news from Mr. Townsend of the Wardrobe that old Young, the yeoman taylor, whose place my Lord Sandwich promised my father, is dead. Upon which, resolving presently that my father shall not be troubled with it, but I hope I shall be able to enable him to end his days where he is, in quiet, I went forth thinking to tell Mrs. Ferrers (Captain Ferrers's wife), who do expect it after my father, that she may look after it, but upon second thoughts forbore it, and so back again home, calling at the New Exchange, and there buying "The Indian Emperour," newly printed, and so home to dinner, where I had Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, and one of the

Auditor's clerks to discourse about the form of making up my accounts for the Exchequer, which did give me good satisfaction, and so after dinner, my wife, and Mercer, who grows fat, and Willett, and I, to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee," a play I like well, and so at night home and to the office, and so to my chamber about my accounts, and then to Sir W. Pen's to speak with Sir John Chichly, who desired my advice about a prize which he hath begged of the King, and there had a great deal of his foolish talk of ladies and love and I know not what, and so home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and at the office, my Lord Bruncker and I close together till almost 3 after noon, never stirring, making up a report for the Committee this afternoon about the business of discharging men by ticket, which it seems the House is mighty earnest in, but is a foolery in itself, yet gives me a great deal of trouble to draw up a defence for the Board, as if it was a crime; but I think I have done it to very good purpose. Then to my Lady Williams's, with her and my Lord, and there did eat a snapp of good victuals, and so to Westminster Hall, where we find the House not up, but sitting all this day about the method of bringing in the charge against my Lord Chancellor; and at last resolved for a Committee to draw up the heads, and so rose, and no Committee to sit to-night. Here Sir W. Coventry and Lord Bruncker and I did in the Hall (between the two Courts at the top of the Hall) discourse about a letter of [Sir] W. Coventry's to Bruncker, whereon Bruncker did justify his discharging men by ticket, and insists on one word which Sir W. Coventry would not seem very earnest to have left out, but I did see him concerned, and did after labour to suppress the whole letter, the thing being in itself really impertinent, but yet so it is that [Sir] W. Coventry do not desire to have his name used in this business, and I have prevailed with Bruncker for it. Thence Bruncker and I to the King's House, thinking to have gone into a box above, for fear of being seen, the King being there, but the play being 3 acts done we would not give 4*s.*, and so away and parted, and I home, and there after a little supper to bed, my eyes ill, and head full of thoughts of the trouble this Parliament gives us.

30th. All the morning till past noon preparing over again our report this afternoon to the Committee of Parliament about tickets, and then home to eat a bit, and then with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we did a very little business with the Duke of York at our usual meeting, only I perceive that he do leave all of us, as the King do those about him, to stand and fall by ourselves, and I think is not without some cares himself what the Parliament may do in matters wherein his honour is concerned. Thence to the Parliament-house; where, after the Committee was sat, I was called in; and the first thing was upon the complaint of a dirty slut that was there, about a ticket which she had lost, and had applied herself to me for another. I did give them a short and satisfactory answer to that; and so they sent her away, and were ashamed of their foolery, in giving occasion to 500 seamen and seamen's wives to come before them, as there was this afternoon. But then they fell to the business of tickets, and I did give them the best answer I could, but had not scope to do it in the methodical manner which I had prepared myself for, but they did ask a great many broken rude questions about it, and were mightily hot whether my Lord Bruncker had any order to discharge whole ships by ticket, and because my answer was with distinction, and not direct, I did perceive they were not so fully satisfied therewith as I could wish they were. So my Lord Bruncker was called in, and they could fasten nothing on him that I could see, nor indeed was there any proper matter for blame, but I do see, and it was said publicly in the House by Sir T. Clerges that Sir W. Batten had designed the business of discharging men by ticket, and an order after the thing was done to justify my Lord Bruncker for having done it. But this I did not owne at all, nor was it just so, though he did indeed do something like it, yet had contributed as much to it as any man of the board by sending down of tickets to do it. But, Lord! to see that we should be brought to justify ourselves in a thing of necessity and profit to the King, and of no profit or convenience to us, but the contrary. We being withdrawn, we heard no more of it, but there staid late and do hear no more, only my cozen Pepys do tell me that he did hear one or two whisper as if they thought that

I do bogle at the business of my Lord Bruncker, which is a thing I neither did or have reason to do in his favour, but I do not think it fit to make him suffer for a thing that deserves well. But this do trouble me a little that anything should stick to my prejudice in any of them, and did trouble me so much that all the way home with Sir W. Pen I was not at good ease, nor all night, though when I come home I did find my wife, and Betty Turner, the two Mercers, and Mrs. Parker, an ugly lass, but yet dances well, and speaks the best of them, and W. Batelier, and Pembleton dancing; and here I danced with them, and had a good supper, and as merry as I could be, and so they being gone we to bed.

31st. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon Mr. Creed and Yeabsly dined with me (my wife gone to dine with Mrs. Pierce and see a play with her), and after dinner in comes Mr. Turner, of Eynsbury,[1] lately come to town, and also after him Captain Hill[2] of the "Coventry," who lost her at Barbadoes, and is come out of France, where he hath been long prisoner. After a great deal of mixed discourse, and then Mr. Turner and I alone a little in my closet, talking about my Lord Sandwich (who I hear is now ordered by the King to come home again), we all parted, and I by water, calling at Michell's, and saw and once kissed su wife, but I do think that he is jealous of her, and so she dares not stand out of his sight; so could not do more, but away by water to the Temple, and there, after spending a little time in my bookseller's shop, I to Westminster; and there at the lobby do hear by Commissioner Pett, to my great amazement, that he is in worse condition than before, by the coming in of the Duke of Albemarle's

[1] John Turner, B.D., whose ancestors were of Hemel Hemsted, had been a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and became rector of Eynesbury in 1649. He resigned the living, of which Lord Sandwich was the patron, to his son, Edward Turner, in 1689; and dying in 1705, aged eighty-four, had sepulture in the parish church. — B.

[2] Captain Edward Hill. "May 15th, 1667, M. Wren to the Navy Commissioners. Pray examine at once the men of the 'Coventry' as to the loss of that ship, as some of those are going on a voyage, and Captain Hill (formerly commander) will be in great distress, not knowing where to find others who were present at the loss of the ship" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 24).

and Prince Rupert's Narratives[1] this day; wherein the former do most severely lay matters upon him, so as the House this day have, I think, ordered him to the Tower again, or something like it; so that the poor man is likely to be overthrown, I doubt, right or wrong, so infinite fond they are of any thing the Duke of Albemarle says or writes to them! I did then go down, and there met with Colonel Reames and cozen Roger Pepys; and there they do tell me how the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince have laid blame on a great many, and particularly on our Office in general; and particularly for want of provision, wherein I shall come to be questioned again in that business myself; which do trouble me. But my cozen Pepys and I had much discourse alone: and he do bewail the constitution of this House, and says there is a direct caball and faction, as much as is possible between those for and those against the Chancellor, and so in other factions, that there is nothing almost done honestly and with integrity; only some few, he says, there are, that do keep out of all plots and combinations, and when their time comes will speak and see right done, if possible; and that he himself is looked upon to be a man that will be of no faction, and so they do shun to make him; and I am glad of it. He tells me that he thanks God he never knew what it was to be tempted to be a knave in his life, till he did come into the House of Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction, and private interest. Reames did tell me of a fellow last night (one Kelsy, a commander of a fire-ship, who complained for want of his money paid him) did say that he did see one of the Commissioners of the Navy bring in three waggon-loads of prize-goods into Greenwich one night; but that the House did take no notice of it, nor enquire; but this is me, and I must expect to be called to account, and answer what I did as well as I can. So thence

[1] "A Copy of ye Duke of Albemarle's Narrative brought in to ye House of Comons by Sir Robert Brooks, Octob. 21, 1667," commencing, "Being desired by the House of Comons to impart what I have observed or knowne of any miscarriages in the late Warr, and particularly concerning the devision of the Fleet in the year 1666, I shall herein relate all I can during my being at sea, with respect to the shortnesse of the time and the want of many of my papers occasioned by the losse

away home, and in Holborne, going round, it being dark, I espied Sir D. Gawden's coach, and so went out of mine into his; and there had opportunity to talk of the business of victuals, which the Duke of Albemarle and Prince did complain that they were in want of the last year: but we do conclude we shall be able to show quite the contrary of that; only it troubles me that we must come to contend with these great persons, which will overrun us. So with some disquiet in my mind on this account I home, and there comes Mr. Yeabsly, and he and I to even some accounts, wherein I shall be a gainer about £200, which is a seasonable profit, for I have got nothing a great while; and he being gone, I to bed.

November 1st. Up betimes, and down to the waterside (calling and drinking a dram of the bottle at Michell's, but saw not Betty), and thence to White Hall and to Sir W. Coventry's lodging, where he and I alone a good while, where he gives me the full of the Duke of Albemarle's and Prince's narratives, given yesterday by the House, wherein they fall foul of him and Sir G. Carteret in something about the dividing of the fleete, and the Prince particularly charging the Commissioners of the Navy with negligence, he says the Commissioners of the Navy whereof Sir W. Coventry is one. He tells me that he is prepared to answer any particular most thoroughly, but the quality of the persons do make it difficult for him, and so I do see is in great pain, poor man, though he deserves better than twenty such as either of them, for his abilities and true service to the King and kingdom. He says there is incoherences, he believes, to be found between their two reports, which will be pretty work to consider. The Duke of Albemarle charges W. Coventry that he should tell him, when he come down to the fleete with Sir G. Carteret, to consult about dividing the fleete,[1] that the Dutch would not be out in six weeks,

of Sir William Clarke, who attended me in the sea service and was slaine in it;" and "A Copy of Prince Rupert's Narrative brought in to y^e House of Comons by the Lord Ancram, Octob. 31, 1667," will be found in Harl. MS. 7170 (Brit. Mus.). The narratives are printed in "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 11.

[1] See April 4th and October 20th, 1667.

which W. Coventry says is as false as is possible, and he can prove the contrary by the Duke of Albemarle's own letters. The Duke of Albemarle says that he did upon sight of the Dutch call a council of officers, and they did conclude they could not avoid fighting the Dutch; and yet we did go to the enemy, and found them at anchor, which is a pretty contradiction. And he tells me that Spragg did the other day say in the House, that the Prince, at his going from the Duke of Albemarle with his fleete, did tell him that if the Dutch should come on, the Duke was to follow him, the Prince, with his fleete, and not fight the Dutch. Out of all this a great deal of good might well be picked. But it is a sad consideration that all this picking of holes in one another's coats — nay, and the thanks of the House to the Prince and the Duke of Albemarle, and all this envy and design to ruin Sir W. Coventry — did arise from Sir W. Coventry's unfortunate mistake the other day, in producing of a letter from the Duke of Albemarle, touching the good condition of all things at Chatham just before the Dutch come up, and did us that fatal mischiefe; for upon this they are resolved to undo him, and I pray God they do not. He tells me upon my demanding it that he thinks the King do not like this their bringing these narratives, and that they give out that they would have said more but that the King hath hindered them, that I suppose is about my Lord Sandwich. He is getting a copy of the Narratives, which I shall then have, and so I parted from him and away to White Hall, where I met Mr. Creed and Yeabsly, and discoursed a little about Mr. Yeabsly's business and accounts, and so I to chapel and there staid, it being All-Hallows day, and heard a fine anthem, made by Pelham [1] (who is come over) in France, of which there was great expectation, and indeed is a very good piece of musique, but still I cannot call the Anthem anything but

[1] Pelham Humfrey, who had been educated under Captain Henry Cooke, was admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1666, and distinguished himself so much as to excite the envy of his instructor, who is said to have died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him. Humfrey succeeded him as Master of the Children in 1672, but his career was very short; for he died at Windsor, July 14th, 1674, aged twenty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was sent

instrumentall musique with the voice, for nothing is made of the words at all. I this morning before chapel visited Sir G. Carteret, who is vexed to see how things are likely to go, but cannot help it, and yet seems to think himself mighty safe. I also visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, at his chamber at White Hall, where I found Mr. Turner, Moore, and Creed, talking of my Lord Sandwich, whose case I doubt is but bad, and, I fear, will not escape being worse, though some of the company did say otherwise. But I am mightily pleased with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sobriety and few words. After chapel I with Creed to the Exchange, and after much talk he and I there about securing of some money either by land or goods to be always at our command, which we think a thing advisable in this critical time, we parted, and I to the Sun Taverne with Sir W. Warren (with whom I have not drank many a day, having for some time been strange to him), and there did put it to him to advise me how to dispose of my prize, which he will think of and do to my best advantage. We talked of several other things relating to his service, wherein I promise assistance, but coldly, thinking it policy to do so, and so, after eating a short dinner, I away home, and there took out my wife, and she and I alone to the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, "The Taming of a Shrew,"[1] and so home and I to my office a little, and then home to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning; at noon home, and after dinner my wife and Willett and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth:" and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's[2] speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "What is Honour?" The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was

abroad by Charles II. in 1664, and received from secret service moneys £200 in 1664, £100 in 1665, and £150 in 1666, "to defray the charge of his journey into France and Italy." In Paris he was instructed by Lully, whose methods he introduced into England.

[1] See note, April 9th, 1667.

[2] William Cartwright, actor, who became a bookseller in Turnstile Alley during the period of the Commonwealth. He was after the Res-

observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again. After the play, we home, and I busy at the office late, and then home to supper and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and thither comes Roger Pepys to our pew, and thence home to dinner, whither comes by invitation Mr. Turner, the minister, and my cozen Roger brought with him Jeffrys, the apothecary at Westminster, who is our kinsman, and we had much discourse of Cottenhamshire,[1] and other things with great pleasure. My cozen Roger did tell me of a bargain which I may now have in Norfolke, that my she-cozen, Nan Pepys, is going to sell, the title whereof is very good, and the pennyworth is also good enough; but it is out of the way so of my life, that I shall never enjoy it, nor, it may be, see it, and so I shall have nothing to do with it. After dinner to talk, and I find by discourse Mr. Turner to be a man mighty well read in the Roman history, which is very pleasant. By and by Roger went, and Mr. Turner spent an hour talking over my Lord Sandwich's condition as to this Parliament, which we fear may be bad, and the condition of his family, which can be no better, and then having little to comfort ourselves but that this humour will not last always in the Parliament, and that [it] may well have a great many more as great men as he enquired into, and so we parted, and I to my chamber, and there busy all the evening, and then my wife and I to supper, and so to bed, with much discourse and pleasure one with another.

4th. Up betimes, and by water with Sir R. Ford (who is going to Parliament) to Westminster; and there landing at

toration one of Killigrew's company, at the original establishment in Drury Lane. He died in December, 1687, and by his will, dated 1686, he left his books, pictures, and furniture to Dulwich College, where also his portrait still remains.

[1] We have already seen that Pepys's ancestors were seated at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, from which place a late Lord Chancellor of that name derived his title. — B.

the New Exchange stairs, I to Sir W. Coventry: and there he read over to me the Prince's and the Duke of Albemarle's Narratives; wherein they are very severe against him and our Office. But [Sir] W. Coventry do contemn them; only that their persons and qualities are great, and so I do perceive [he] is afeard of them, though he will not confess it. But he do say that, if he can get out of these briars, he will never trouble himself with Princes nor Dukes again. He finds several things in their Narratives, which are both inconsistent and foolish, as well as untrue, especially as to what the Duke of Albemarle avers of his knowing of the enemy's being abroad sooner than he says it, which [Sir] W. Coventry will shew him his own letter against him, for I confess I do see so much, that, were I but well possessed of what I should have in the world, I think I could willingly retreat, and trouble myself no more with it. Thence home, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to the Excise Office to see what tallies are paying, and thence back to the Old Exchange, by the way talking of news, and he owning Sir. W. Coventry, in his opinion, to be one of the worthiest men in the nation, as I do really think he is. He tells me he do think really that they will cut off my Lord Chancellor's head, the Chancellor at this day showing as much pride as is possible to those few that venture their fortunes by coming to see him; and that the Duke of York is troubled much, knowing that those that fling down the Chancellor cannot stop there, but will do something to him, to prevent his having it in his power hereafter to avenge himself and father-in-law upon them. And this Sir H. Cholmly fears may be by divorcing the Queen and getting another, or declaring the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; which God forbid! He tells me he do verily believe that there will come in an impeachment of High Treason against my Lord of Ormond;[1] among other things, for ordering the quartering of soldiers in Ireland on free quarters; which, it seems, is High Treason in that country, and was one of the things that lost the Lord

[1] The Duke of Buckingham was his enemy, and there was a design to impeach the Duke of Ormond, but this was abandoned. There was great dissatisfaction in Ireland at his removal from the Lord Lieutenantship.

Strafford his head, and the law is not yet repealed; which, he says, was a mighty oversight of him not to have it repealed, which he might with ease have done, or have justified himself by an Act. From the Exchange I took a coach, and went to Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong my eyes more than for me to use reading-glasses, which do magnify much. Thence home, and there dined, and then abroad and left my wife and Willett at her tailor's, and I to White Hall, where the Commissioners of the Treasury do not sit, and therefore I to Westminster to the Hall, and there meeting with Col. Reames I did very cheaply by him get copies of the Prince's and Duke of Albemarle's Narratives, which they did deliver the other day to the House, of which I am mighty glad, both for my present information and for my future satisfaction. So back by coach, and took up my wife, and away home, and there in my chamber all the evening among my papers and my accounts of Tangier to my great satisfaction, and so to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and thence out with my wife and girle, and left them at her tailor's, and I to the Treasury, and there did a little business for Tangier, and so took them up again, and home, and when I had done at the office, being post night, I to my chamber, and there did something more, and so to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to Westminster, where to the Parliament door, and there spoke with Sir G. Downing, to see what was done yesterday at the Treasury for Tangier, and it proved as good as nothing, so that I do see we shall be brought to great straits for money there. He tells me here that he is passing a Bill to make the Excise and every other part of the King's Revenue assignable on the Exchequer, which indeed will be a very good thing. This he says with great glee as an act of his, and how poor a thing this was in the beginning, and with what envy he carried it on, and how my Lord Chancellor could never endure him for it since he first begun it. He tells me that the thing the House is just now upon is that of taking away the charter

from the Company of Woodmongers,[1] whose frauds, it seems, have been mightily laid before them. He tells me that they are like to fly very high against my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the House of Lords, and there first saw Dr. Fuller, as Bishop of Lincoln, to sit among the Lords. Here I spoke with the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle about Tangier; but methinks both of them do look very coldly one upon another, and their discourse mighty cold, and little to the purpose about our want of money. Thence homeward, and called at Allestry's,[2] the bookseller, who is bookseller to the Royal Society, and there did buy three or four books, and find great variety of French and foreign books. And so home and to dinner, and after dinner with my wife to a play, and the girl — "Macbeth," which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick. So home, troubled with the way and to get a coach, and so to supper and to bed. This day, in the Paynted-chamber, I met and walked with Mr. George Montagu, who thinks it may go hard with my Lord Sandwich, but he says the House is offended with Sir W. Coventry much, and that he do endeavour to gain them again in the most precarious manner in all things that is possible.

7th. Up, and at the office hard all the morning, and at noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves; and forced to sit in the side balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset[3] and a great

[1] The Fraternity of Woodmongers, or Fuellers, was incorporated by James I. on the 29th August, 1605, and the Woodmongers' Hall was situated in Duke's Place, Aldgate. In 1665 the company surrendered its charter, but by an act of the Common Council in 1694 it obtained the privilege of keeping one hundred and twenty carts. It is now merged in the Company of Carters. The House of Commons was much occupied about this time with the misdoings of the Woodmongers.

[2] James Allestry, bookseller, who lost his property in the Great Fire. His son Jacob Allestry was a poetical writer.

[3] Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. She was mother of the celebrated Lord Buckhurst.

many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique[1] in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play [has] no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays. Thence home with [Sir] W. Pen, and there all mightily pleased with the play; and so to supper and to bed, after having done at the office.

8th. Called up betimes by Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to good purpose most of the morning — I in my dressing-gown with him, on our Tangier accounts, and stated them well; and here he tells me that he believes it will go hard with my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the office, where met on some special business; and here I hear that the Duke of York is very ill; and by and by word brought us that we shall not need to attend to-day the Duke of York, for he is not well, which is bad news. They being gone, I to my workmen, who this day come to alter my office, by beating down the wall, and making me a fayre window both there, and increasing the window of my closet, which do give me some present trouble; but will be mighty pleasant. So all the whole day among them to very late, and so home weary, to supper, and to bed, troubled for the Duke of York his being sick.

9th. Up, and to my workmen, who are at work close again, and I at the office all the morning, and there do hear by a messenger that Roger Pepys would speak with me, so before the office up I to Westminster, and there find the House very busy, and like to be so all day, about my Lord Chancellor's impeachment,[2] whether treason or not, where every body is mighty busy. I spoke with my cozen Roger, whose business was only to give me notice that Carcasse hath been before the Committee; and to warn me

[1] Evidently the song sung by Ferdinand, wherein Ariel echoes "Go thy way" (act iii., sc. 4), from Davenant's and Dryden's adaptation of the "Tempest," published in 1674. The music was by Banister. — B.

[2] The "Heads of the Charges brought against Lord Clarendon in the House of Commons on the 26th day of October, 1667," are printed in "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 15, and in Lister's "Life of Clarendon," vol. iii., p. 530.

of it, which is a great courtesy in him to do, and I desire him to continue to do so. This business of this fellow, though it may be a foolish thing, yet it troubles me, and I do plainly see my weakness that I am not a man able to go through trouble, as other men, but that I should be a miserable man if I should meet with adversity, which God keep me from! He desirous to get back into the House, he having his notes in his hand, the lawyers being now speaking to the point of whether treason or not treason, the article of advising the King to break up the Parliament, and to govern by the sword. Thence I down to the Hall, and there met Mr. King,[1] the Parliament-man for Harwich, and there he did shew, and let me take a copy of, all the articles against my Lord Chancellor, and what members they were that undertook to bring witnesses to make them good, of which I was mighty glad, and so away home, and to dinner and to my workmen, and in the afternoon out to get Simpson the joyner to come to work at my office, and so back home and to my letters by the post to-night, and there, by W. Pen, do hear that this article was overvoted in the House not to be a ground of impeachment of treason, at which I was glad, being willing to have no blood spilt, if I could help it. So home to supper, and glad that the dirty bricklayers' work of my office is done, and home to supper and to bed.

10th (Lord's day). Mighty cold, and with my wife to church, where a lazy sermon. Here was my Lady Batten in her mourning at church, but I took no notice of her. At noon comes Michell and his wife to dine with us, and pretty merry. I glad to see her still. After dinner Sir W. Pen and I to White Hall, to speak with Sir W. Coventry; and there, beyond all we looked for, do hear that the Duke of York hath got, and is full of, the small-pox; and so we to his lodgings; and there find most of the family going to St. James's, and the gallery doors locked up, that nobody might pass to nor fro: and a sad house, I am sure. I am sad to consider the effects of his death, if he should miscarry; but Dr. Frazier tells me that he is in as good condition as a man can be in his case. The eruption appeared

[1] Thomas King.

last night; it seems he was let blood on Friday. Thence, not finding [Sir] W. Coventry, and going back again home, we met him coming with the Lord Keeper, and so returned and spoke with him in White Hall Garden, two or three turns, advising with him what he should do about Carcasse's bringing his letter into the Committee of Parliament, and he told us that the counsel he hath too late learned is, to spring nothing in the House, nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man: that this is the best way of dealing with a Parliament, and that he hath paid dear, and knows not how much more he may pay, for not knowing it sooner, when he did unnecessarily produce the Duke of Albemarle's letter about Chatham, which if demanded would have come out with all the advantages in the world to Sir W. Coventry, but, as he brought it out himself, hath drawn much evil upon him. After some talk of this kind, we back home, and there I to my chamber busy all the evening, and then to supper and to bed, my head running all night upon our businesses in Parliament and what examinations we are likely to go under before they have done with us, which troubles me more than it should a wise man and a man the best able to defend himself, I believe, of our own whole office, or any other, I am apt to think.

11th. Up, and to Simpson at work in my office, and thence with Sir G. Carteret (who come to talk with me) to Broad Streete, where great crowding of people for money, at which he blamed himself. Thence with him and Lord Bruncker to Captain Cocke's (he out of doors), and there drank their morning draught, and thence [Sir] G. Carteret and I toward the Temple in coach together; and there he did tell me how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor, and that notice is taken of every man about the King that is not seen to promote the ruine of the Chancellor; and that this being another great day in his business, he dares not but be there. He tells me that as soon as Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seale from my Lord Chancellor, Bab. May[1] fell upon his

[1] Baptist May, born in 1629, and said to be the son of Sir Humphrey May, but this is doubtful. Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II., and Registrar in the Court of Chancery. He died May 2nd, 1698.

knees, and catched the King about the legs, and joyed him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England, being freed from this great man: which was a most ridiculous saying. And he told me that, when first my Lord Gerard, a great while ago, come to the King, and told him that the Chancellor did say openly that the King was a lazy person and not fit to govern, which is now made one of the things in the people's mouths against the Chancellor, "Why," says the King, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so;" and made matter of mirth at it: but yet this light discourse is likely to prove bad to him. I 'light at the Temple, and went to my tailor's and mercer's about a cloake, to choose the stuff, and so to my bookseller's and bought some books, and so home to dinner, and Simpson my joyner with me, and after dinner, my wife, and I, and Willett, to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Indian Emperour," a good play, but not so good as people cry it up, I think, though above all things Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. Thence with great trouble and charge getting a coach (it being now and having been all this day a most cold and foggy, dark, thick day), we home, and there I to my office, and saw it made clean from top to bottom, till I feared I took cold in walking in a damp room while it is in washing, and so home to supper and to bed. This day I had a whole doe sent me by Mr. Hozier, which is a fine present, and I had the umbles of it for dinner. This day I hear Kirton, my bookseller, poor man, is dead, I believe, of grief for his losses by the fire.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning; and there hear the Duke of York do yet do very well with his smallpox: pray God he may continue to do so! This morning also, to my astonishment, I hear that yesterday my Lord Chancellor, to another of his Articles, that of betraying the King's councils to his enemies, is voted to have matter against him for an impeachment of High Treason, and that this day the impeachment is to be carried up to the House of Lords: which is very high, and I am troubled at it; for God knows what will follow, since they that do this must do more to secure themselves against any that will revenge this, if it ever come in their power! At noon

home to dinner, and then to my office, and there saw every thing finished, so as my papers are all in order again and my office twice as pleasant as ever it was, having a noble window in my closet and another in my office, to my great content, and so did business late, and then home to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and so to Westminster; where I find the House sitting, and in a mighty heat about Commissioner Pett, that they would have him impeached, though the Committee have yet brought in but part of their Report: and this heat of the House is much heightened by Sir Thomas Clifford telling them, that he was the man that did, out of his own purse, employ people at the out-ports to prevent the King of Scots to escape after the battle of Worcester. The House was in a great heat all this day about it; and at last it was carried, however, that it should be referred back to the Committee to make further enquiry. I here spoke with Roger Pepys, who sent for me, and it was to tell me that the Committee is mighty full of the business of buying and selling of tickets, and to caution me against such an enquiry (wherein I am very safe), and that they have already found out Sir Richard Ford's son to have had a hand in it, which they take to be the same as if the father had done it, and I do believe the father may be as likely to be concerned in it as his son. But I perceive by him they are resolved to find out the bottom of the business if it be possible. By and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man, in his condition of the smallpox. He, I perceive, is mightily concerned in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the impeachment against whom is gone up to the House of Lords; and great differences there are in the Lords' House about it, and the Lords are very high one against another. Thence home to dinner, and as soon as dinner done I and my wife and Willet to the Duke of York's house, and there saw the Tempest again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious. Thence home, and there to my chamber, and do begin anew to bind myself to keep my old vows, and among the rest not to see a play

till Christmas but once in every other week, and have laid aside £10, which is to be lost to the poor, if I do. This I hope in God will bind me, for I do find myself mightily wronged in my reputation, and indeed in my purse and business, by my late following of my pleasure for so long time as I have done. So to supper and then to bed. This day Mr. Chichly[1] told me, with a seeming trouble, that the House have stopped his son Jack (Sir John) his going to France, that he may be a witness against my Lord Sandwich: which do trouble me, though he can, I think, say little.

14th. At the office close all the morning. At noon, all my clerks with me to dinner, to a venison pasty; and there comes Creed, and dined with me, and he tells me how high the Lords were in the Lords' House about the business of the Chancellor, and that they are not yet agreed to impeach him. After dinner, he and I, and my wife and girl, the latter two to their tailor's, and he and I to the Committee of the Treasury, where I had a hearing, but can get but £6,000 for the pay of the garrison, in lieu of above £16,000; and this Alderman Backewell gets remitted there, and I am glad of it. Thence by coach took up my wife and girl, and so home, and set down Creed at Arundell House, going to the Royal Society, whither I would be glad to go, but cannot. Thence home, and to the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means, the nights, now-a-days, do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

15th. Up, and to Alderman Backewell's,[2] and there discoursed with him about the remitting of this £6,000 to Tangier, which he hath promised to do by the first post, and that will be by Monday next, the 18th, and he and I

[1] Thomas Chicheley (1618-94), Master-General of Ordnance, father of Captain Sir John Chicheley. He was knighted in 1670.

[2] Edward Backwell, goldsmith and alderman of the City of London. He was a man of considerable wealth during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration he negotiated Charles II.'s principal money transactions. He was M.P. for Wendover in the parliament of 1679, and in the Oxford parliament of 1680. According to the writer of the life in the "Dict. of Nat. Biog." his heirs did not ultimately suffer any pecuniary loss by the closure of the Exchequer. Mr. Hilton Price

agreed that I would take notice of it that so he may be found to have done his best upon the desire of the Lords Commissioners. From this we went to discourse of his condition, and he with some vain glory told me that the business of Sheernesse did make him quite mad, and indeed might well have undone him; but yet that he did the very next day pay here and got bills to answer his promise to the King for the Swedes Embassadors (who were then doing our business at the treaty at Breda), £7,000, and did promise the Bankers there, that if they would draw upon him all that he had of theirs and £10,000 more, he would answer it. He told me that Serjeant Maynard come to him for a sum of money that he had in his hands of his, and so did many others, and his answer was, What countrymen are you? And when they told him, why then, says he, here is a tally upon the Receiver of your country for so [much], and to yours for so much, and did offer to lay by tallies to the full value of all that he owed in the world, and £40,000 more for the security thereof, and not to touch a penny of his own till the full of what he owed was paid, which so pleased every body that he hath mastered all, so that he hath lent the Commissioners of the Treasury above £40,000 in money since that business, and did this morning offer to a lady who come to give him notice that she should need her money, £3,000, in twenty days, he bid her if she pleased send for it to-day and she should have it. Which is a very great thing, and will make them greater than ever they were, I am apt to think, in some time. Thence to Westminster, and there I walked with several, and do hear that there is to be a conference between the two Houses to-day; so I stayed: and it was only to tell the Commons that the Lords cannot agree to the confining or sequestring of the Earle of Clarendon from the Parliament, forasmuch as they do not specify any particular crime which they lay upon him and call Treason. This the House did receive, and so parted: at which, I hear, the Commons are like to grow very high, and will insist upon their privileges, and

stated that Backwell removed to Holland in 1676, and died there in 1679; but this is disproved by the pedigree in Lipscomb's "Hist. of Bucks," where the date of his death is given as 1683, as well as by the fact that he sat for Wendover in 1679 and 1680, as stated above.

the Lords will own theirs, though the Duke of Buckingham, Bristoll, and others, have been very high in the House of Lords to have had him committed. This is likely to breed ill blood. Thence I away home, calling at my mercer's and tailor's, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything, and everybody's skill but his own. The truth is, every body says he is very able, but to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, as Blagrave[1] and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus,[2] the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose: and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great! and that he hath already spoke to the King of Grebus would make a man piss. I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl, and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr. Cæsar on his French lute, and I on the viol, but made but mean musique, nor do I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo, but without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me. They gone, towards night, I to the office awhile, and then home and to my chamber, where busy till by and by comes Mr. Moore, and he staid and supped and talked with me about many things, and tells me his great fear that all things will go to ruin among us, for that the King hath, as he says Sir Thomas Crew told him, been heard to say that the quarrel is not between my Lord Chancellor and him, but his brother and him; which will make sad work among us if that be once promoted, as to be sure it will,

[1] Thomas Blagrave, Gentleman of the Chapel, Clerk of the Cheque, and one of Charles II.'s private band. A few of his songs are printed in "Select Ayres and Dialogues," folio, 1669. His portrait was in the Music School at Oxford. He died November 21st, 1688, and was buried in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey.

[2] "Warrant to pay to Lewis Grabu, master of the select band of violins, in place of John Bannister, £600 for himself and the band, with arrears to commence from Ladyday, 1667, with note that the whole establishment is to be made over again" ("Calendar of State Papers." 1667-68, p. 112).

Buckingham and Bristoll being now the only counsel the King follows, so as Arlington and Coventry are come to signify little. He tells me they are likely to fall upon my Lord Sandwich; but, for my part, sometimes I am apt to think they cannot do him much harm, he telling me that there is no great fear of the business of Resumption.[1] By and by, I got him to read part of my Lord Cooke's chapter of treason,[2] which is mighty well worth reading, and do inform me in many things, and for aught I see it is useful now to know what these crimes are. And then to supper, and after supper he went away, and so I got the girl to comb my head, and then to bed, my eyes bad. This day, Poundy, the waterman, was with me, to let me know that he was summonsed to bear witness against me to Prince Rupert's people (who have a commission to look after the business of prize-goods) about the business of the prize-goods I was concerned in: but I did desire him to speak all he knew, and not to spare me, nor did promise nor give him any thing, but sent him away with good words, to bid him say all he knew to be true. This do not trouble me much.

16th. At the office all the morning, and at noon took my Lord Bruncker into the garden, and there told him of his man Carcasse's proceedings against the Office in the House of Commons. I did [not] desire nor advise him any thing, but in general, that the end of this might be ruin to the Office, but that we shall be brought to fencing for ourselves, and that will be no profit to the office, but let it light where it would I thought I should be as well as any body. This I told him, and so he seeming to be ignorant of it, and not pleased with it, we broke off by Sir Thos. Harvy's coming to us from the Pay Office, whither we had sent a smart letter we had writ to him this morning about keeping the clerks

[1] Resumption, in a law sense, signifies the taking again into the king's hands such lands or tenements as before, upon false suggestions, or other error, he had delivered to the heir, or granted by letters patent to any man. The Bill for effecting these objects was brought into the House of Commons, but never passed. — B.

[2] Part III. of Sir Edward Coke's "Institutes of the Laws of England" deals with "High treason and other pleas of the Crown and criminal causes."

at work at the making up the books, which I did to place the fault somewhere, and now I let him defend himself. He was mighty angry, and particularly with me, but I do not care, but do rather desire it, for I will not spare him, that we shall bear the blame, and such an idle fellow as he have £500 a year for nothing. So we broke off, and I home to dinner, and then to the office, and having spent the afternoon on letters, I took coach in the evening, and to White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musique of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musique-room, where Captain Cocke and many others; and there I did hear the best and the smallest organ go that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have the next year, if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me. I never was so pleased in my life. Thence, it being too soon, I to Westminster Hall, it being now about 7 at night, and there met Mr. Gregory, my old acquaintance, an understanding gentleman; and he and I walked an hour together, talking of the bad prospect of the times; and the sum of what I learn from him is this: That the King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor, and all people that do not appear against him, and therefore is angry with the Bishops, having said that he had one Bishop on his side (Crofts[1]), and but one: that Buckingham and Bristoll are now his only Cabinet Council;[2] and that, before the Duke

[1] Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford, 1662-91.

[2] The term *Cabinet Council*, as stated by Clarendon, originated thus, in 1640: "The bulk and burden of the state affairs lay principally upon the shoulders of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Strafford, and the Lord Cottington; some others being joined to them, as the Earl of Northumberland for ornament, the Bishop of London for his place, the two Secretaries, Sir H. Vane and Sir Francis Windebank, for service and communication of intelligence: only the Marquis of Hamilton, indeed, by his skill and interest, bore as great a part as he had a mind to do, and had the skill to meddle no further than he had a mind. These persons made up the committee of state, which was reproachfully after called the *junto*, and enviously then in the Court *the Cabinet Council*" ("History of the Rebellion," vol. i., p. 211, edit. 1849). Dr. Murray ("New English Dictionary") says that the expression "he is of the cabinet" is used of Vane by Roe, 1630. See *ante*, November 9th, 1664, and August 26th, 1666, where Pepys refers to the "Cabinet."

of York fell sick, Buckingham was admitted to the King of his Cabinet, and there stayed with him several hours, and the Duke of York shut out. That it is plain that there is dislike between the King and Duke of York, and that it is to be feared that the House will go so far against the Chancellor, that they must do something to undo the Duke of York, or will not think themselves safe. That this Lord Vaughan,[1] that is so great against the Chancellor, is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sidly; and that he was heard to swear, God damn him, he would do my Lord Clarendon's business. That he do find that my Lord Clarendon hath more friends in both Houses than he believes he would have, by reason that they do see what are the hands that pull him down; which they do not like. That Harry Coventry was scolded at by the King severely the other day; and that his answer was that, if he must not speak what he thought in this business in Parliament, he must not come thither. And he says that by this very business Harry Coventry hath got more fame and common esteem than any gentleman in England hath at this day, and is an excellent and able person. That the King, who not long ago did say of Bristoll, that he was a man able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world, and lose all again in three months, do now hug him, and commend his parts every where, above all the world. How fickle is this man [the King], and how unhappy we like to be! That he fears some furious courses will be taken against the Duke of York; and that he hath heard that it was designed, if they cannot carry matters against the Chancellor, to impeach the Duke of York himself, which God forbid! That Sir Edward Nicholas, whom he

[1] John Vaughan, Lord Vaughan, eldest surviving son to Richard, Earl of Carberry, whom he succeeded. He was well versed in literature, and succeeded Pepys as President of the Royal Society, an office which he held from 1686 to 1689, and had been Governor of Jamaica. He was amongst Dryden's earliest patrons. Died January 16th, 1712-1713. Lord Clarendon in his Life draws an unflattering picture of Lord Vaughan. He writes: "A person of as ill a face as fame, his looks and his manner both extreme bad, asked for the paper that had been presented from the Committee, and with his own hand entered these words, 'That being a Privy Counsellor he [Clarendon] had betrayed the king's secrets to the enemy.'"

served while Secretary, is one of the best men in the world, but hated by the Queen-Mother, for a service he did the old King against her mind and her favourites; and that she and my Lady Castlemayne did make the King to lay him aside: but this man[1] says that he is one of the most perfect heavenly and charitable men in the whole world. That the House of Commons resolve to stand by their proceedings, and have chosen a Committee to draw up the reasons thereof to carry to the Lords; which is likely to breed great heat between them. That the Parliament, after all this, is likely to give the King no money; and, therefore, that it is to be wondered what makes the King give way to so great extravagancies, which do all tend to the making him less than he is, and so will, every day more and more: and by this means every creature is divided against the other, that there never was so great an uncertainty in England, of what would be the event of things, as at this day; nobody being at ease, or safe. Being full of his discourse, and glad of the rencontre, I to White Hall; and there got into the theater-room, and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick, where the little fellow[2] stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter, but quite the contrary in both sorts of musique. The composition I believe is very good, but no more of delightfulness to the eare or understanding but what is very ordinary. Here was the King and Queen, and some of the ladies; among whom none more jolly than my Lady Buckingham,[3] her Lord being once more a great man. Thence by coach home and to my office, ended my letters, and then home to supper, and, my eyes being bad, to bed.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and to church with my wife. A dull sermon of Mr. Mills, and then home, without strangers to dinner, and then my wife to read, and I to the office, enter my journall to this day, and so home with great content that it is done, but with sorrow to my eyes. Then home, and got my wife to read to me out of Fuller's Church History, when by and by comes Captain Cocke, who sat with me all the evening, talking, and I find by him, as by all others, that we are like to expect great confusions, and

[1] Gregory. [2] Pelham Humfrey.
[3] The daughter of Fairfax.

most of our discourse was the same, and did agree with that the last night, particularly that about the difference between the King and the Duke of York which is like to be. He tells me that he hears that Sir W. Coventry was, a little before the Duke of York fell sick, with the Duke of York in his closet, and fell on his knees, and begged his pardon for what he hath done to my Lord Chancellor; but this I dare not soon believe. But he tells me another thing, which he says he had from the person himself who spoke with the Duke of Buckingham, who, he says, is a very sober and worthy man, that he did lately speak with the Duke of Buckingham about his greatness now with the King, and told him — "But, sir, these things that the King do now, in suffering the Parliament to do all this, you know are not fit for the King to suffer, and you know how often you have said to me that the King was a weak man, and unable to govern, but to be governed, and that you could command him as you listed; why do you suffer him to go on in these things?" — "Why," says the Duke of Buckingham, "I do suffer him to do this, that I may hereafter the better command him." This he swears to me the person himself to whom the Duke of Buckingham said this did tell it him, and is a man of worth, understanding, and credit. He told me one odd passage by the Duke of Albemarle, speaking how hasty a man he is, and how for certain he would have killed Sir W. Coventry, had he met him in a little time after his shewing his letter in the House. He told me that a certain lady, whom he knows, did tell him that, she being certainly informed that some of the Duke of Albemarle's family did say that the Earl of Torrington[1] was a bastard, [she] did think herself concerned to tell the Duke of Albemarle of it, and did first tell the Duchesse,

[1] In 1652 General Monk was married, at the Church of St. George, Southwark, to Anne, daughter of his regimental farrier, John Clarges, and in the following year had by her a son, Christopher, the "Earl of Torrington" here mentioned. The child was suckled by Honour Mills, a vendor of apples and oysters, and succeeded his father as Duke of Albemarle in 1670; but dying in 1688, *s. p.*, all the honours and titles of the family became extinct. It came out, on a trial of trespass between William Sherwen, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants, at the bar of the King's Bench, November 15th, 1702, that Anne Clarges had married for her first husband Thomas Ratford, in

and was going to tell the old man, when the Duchesse pulled her back by the sleeve, and hindered her, swearing to her that if he should hear it, he would certainly kill the servant that should be found to have said it, and therefore prayed her to hold her peace. One thing more he told me, which is, that Garraway is come to town, and is thinking how to bring the House to mind the public state of the nation and to put off these particular piques against man and man, and that he propounding this to Sir W. Coventry, Sir W. Coventry did give no encouragement to it: which he says is that by their running after other men he may escape. But I do believe this is not true neither. But however I am glad that Garraway is here, and that he do begin to think of the public condition in reference to our neighbours that we are in, and in reference to ourselves, whereof I am mightily afeard of trouble. So to supper, and he gone and we to bed.

18th. Up, and all the morning at my office till 3 after noon with Mr. Hater about perfecting my little pocket market book of the office, till my eyes were ready to fall out of my head, and then home to dinner, glad that I had done so much, and so abroad to White Hall, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there did a little business with them, and so home, leaving multitudes of solicitors at their door, of one sort or other, complaining for want of such despatch as they had in my Lord Treasurer's time, when I believe more business was despatched, but it was in his manner to the King's wrong. Among others here was Gresham College coming about getting a grant of

1632, and was separated from him in 1649; but no certificate of his death had ever appeared. This fact would invalidate the legitimacy of the Earl of Torrington, and the suspicion is strengthened by the low origin and vulgar habits of the duchess, and the threats which she resorted to, to prevent the story being made public. One Pride, who, as the son of a daughter of an elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed to be heir to Duke George, brought an ejectment against the Earl of Bath (who claimed under a deed from Duke Christopher) in the King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 6 William III., attempting to bastardize Duke Christopher, on the ground mentioned in the note. After a long trial, the jury, not being satisfied with the evidence, found for the Earl of Bath This case, which is a different one from that given above, is reported in 1 Salkeld, 120, 3 Leving, 410, and Holt, 286. Leving was one of the counsel for the Earl of Bath. — B.

Chelsey College[1] for their Society, which the King, it seems, hath given them his right in; but they met with some other pretences, I think, to it, besides the King's. Thence took up my wife, whom I had left at her tailor's, and home, and there, to save my eyes, got my wife at home to read again, as last night, in the same book, till W. Batelier come and spent the evening talking with us, and supped with us, and so to bed.

19th. To the office, and thence before noon I, by the Board's direction, to the Parliament House to speak with Sir R. Brookes about the meaning of an order come to us this day to bring all the books of the office to the Committee. I find by him that it is only about the business of an order of ours for paying off the ships by ticket, which they think I on behalf of my Lord Bruncker do suppress, which vexes me, and more at its occasioning the bringing them our books. So home and to dinner, where Mr. Shepley with me, newly come out of the country, but I was at little liberty to talk to him, but after dinner with two contracts to the Committee, with Lord Bruncker and Sir T. Harvy, and there did deliver them, and promised at their command more, but much against my will. And here Sir R. Brookes did take me alone, and pray me to prevent their trouble, by discovering the order he would have. I told him I would suppress none, nor could, but this did not satisfy him, and so we parted, I vexed that I should bring on myself this suspicion. Here I did stand by unseen, and did hear their impertinent yet malicious examinations of some rogues about the business of Bergen, wherein they would wind in something against my Lord Sandwich (it was plain by their manner of examining, as Sir Thomas Crew did afterwards observe to me, who was there), but all amounted to little I think. But here Sir Thomas Crew and W. Hewer, who was there also, did tell me that they did hear Captain Downing give a cruel testimony against my Lord Bruncker, for his neglect, and doing nothing, in the time of straits at Chatham, when he was spoke to, and did tell the Committee that he, Downing,

[1] In 1667 "King Charles gave the ground and buildings of James's College at Chelsea" to the Royal Society, who sold them again to Sir Stephen Fox, for the Crown, in 1682, for £1,300.

did presently after, in Lord Bruncker's hearing, tell the Duke of Albemarle, that if he might advise the King, he should hang both my Lord Bruncker and Pett. This is very hard. Thence with W. Hewer and our messenger, Marlow, home by coach, and so late at letters, and then home to supper, and my wife to read and then to bed. This night I wrote to my father, in answer to a new match which is proposed (the executor of Ensum, my sister's former servant) for my sister, that I will continue my mind of giving her £500, if he likes of the match. My father did also this week, by Shepley, return me up a guinny, which, it seems, upon searching the ground, they have found since I was there. I was told this day that Lory Hide,[1] second son of my Lord Chancellor, did some time since in the House say, that if he thought his father was guilty but of one of the things then said against him, he would be the first that should call for judgement against him:[2] which Mr. Waller, the poet, did say was spoke like the old Roman, like Brutus, for its greatness and worthiness.

20th. Up, and all the morning at my office shut up with Mr. Gibson, I walking and he reading to me the order books of the office from the beginning of the war, for preventing the Parliament's having them in their hands before I have looked them over and seen the utmost that can be said against us from any of our orders, and to my great content all the morning I find none. So at noon home to dinner with my clerks, who have of late dined frequently

[1] Lawrence Hyde, second son of Lord Chancellor Clarendon (1641-1711). He held many important offices, and was First Lord of the Treasury, 1679-84; created Earl of Rochester in 1681, and K.G. 1685.

[2] On October 26th, during the proceedings relative to the impeachment of Lord Clarendon, Mr. Lawrence Hyde said: "I am sensible, the house may think me partial, but I shall endeavour to show myself not so much a son of the Earl of Clarendon as a member of this house, and I assure you that if he shall be found guilty, no man shall appear more against him than I; if not, I hope every one will be for him as much as I, let every man upon his conscience think what of this charge is true, for I believe that if one article be proved, he will own himself guilty of all" ("Parliamentary History of England," vol. iv., col. 374). Waller's speech is not reported in the Debates, although he was a frequent speaker. Burnet writes: "Waller was the delight of the house, and even at eighty he said the liveliest things of any among them. He was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded."

with me, and I do purpose to have them so still, by that means I having opportunity to talk with them about business, and I love their company very well. All the morning Mr. Hater and the boy did shut up themselves at my house doing something towards the finishing the abstract book of our contracts for my pocket, which I shall now want very much. After dinner I stayed at home all the afternoon, and Gibson with me; he and I shut up till about ten at night. We went through all our orders, and towards the end I do meet with two or three orders for our discharging of two or three little vessels by ticket without money, which do plunge me; but, however, I have the advantage by this means to study an answer and to prepare a defence, at least for myself. So he gone I to supper, my mind busy thinking after our defence in this matter, but with vexation to think that a thing of this kind, which in itself brings nothing but trouble and shame to us, should happen before all others to become a charge against us. This afternoon Mr. Mills come and visited me, and stayed a little with me (my wife being to be godmother to his child to-morrow), and among other talk he told me how fully satisfactory my first Report was to the House in the business of Chatham: which I am glad to hear; and the more, for that I know that he is a great creature of Sir R. Brookes's.

21st. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home, where my wife not very well, but is to go to Mr. Mills's child's christening, where she is godmother, Sir J. Minnes and Sir R. Brookes her companions. I left her after dinner (my clerks dining with me) to go with Sir J. Minnes, and I to the office, where did much business till after candlelight, and then my eyes beginning to fail me, I out and took coach to Arundell House, where the meeting of Gresham College was broke up; but there meeting Creed, I with him to the taverne in St. Clement's Churchyard, where was Deane Wilkins, Dr. Whistler, Dr. Floyd,[1] a divine admitted, I perceive, this day, and other brave

[1] No Dr. Floyd, or Lloyd, was admitted into the Royal Society at this time. At the meeting on November 21st Mons. Leyonberg, resident from the King of Sweden, and Mr. Soame were elected and admitted, and Count Ubaldini, Sir Charles Berkeley, and Mr. Oudart were elected.

men; and there, among other things of news, I do hear, that upon the reading of the House of Commons's Reasons of the manner of their proceedings in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the Reasons were so bad, that my Lord Bristoll himself did declare that he would not stand to what he had, and did still, advise the Lords to concur to, upon any of the Reasons of the House of Commons; but if it was put to the question whether it should be done on their Reasons, he would be against them; and indeed it seems the Reasons—however they come to escape the House of Commons, which shews how slightly the greatest matters are done in this world, and even in Parliaments—were none of them of strength, but the principle of them untrue; they saying, that where any man is brought before a Judge, accused of Treason in general, without specifying the particular, the Judge do there constantly and is obliged to commit him. Whereas the question being put by the Lords to my Lord Keeper, he said that quite the contrary was true: and then, in the Sixth Article (I will get a copy of them if I can) there are two or three things strangely asserted to the diminishing of the King's power, as is said, at least things that heretofore would not have been heard of. But then the question being put among the Lords, as my Lord Bristoll advised, whether, upon the whole matter and Reasons that had been laid before them, they would commit my Lord Clarendon, it was carried five to one against it; there being but three Bishops against him, of whom Cosens[1] and Dr. Reynolds[2] were two, and I know not the third.[3] This made the opposite Lords, as Bristoll and Buckingham, so mad, that they declared and protested against it,[4] speaking very broad that there was mutiny and

[1] John Cosin, Master of Peter House and Dean of Peterborough in the time of Charles I.; Bishop of Durham, 1660–72. Died January 13th, 1671–72, aged seventy-eight.

[2] Edward Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, 1661–76. He died July 28th, 1676, aged seventy-six.

[3] Probably Herbert Croft. See November 16 th.

[4] The protest made in the House of Lords (November 20th, 1667) to the negativing of the question for the committal of Lord Clarendon was signed by the Dukes of Buckingham and Albemarle and twenty-five other peers. Four reasons are given for the protest ("Protests of the Lords," ed. J. E. Thorold Rogers, 1875, vol. i., p. 34).

rebellion in the hearts of the Lords, and that they desired they might enter their dissents, which they did do, in great fury. So that upon the Lords sending to the Commons, as I am told, to have a conference for them to give their answer to the Commons's Reasons, the Commons did desire a free conference: but the Lords do deny it; and the reason is, that they hold not the Commons any Court, but that themselves only are a Court, and the Chief Court of Judicature, and therefore are not to dispute the laws and method of their own Court with them that are none, and so will not submit so much as to have their power disputed. And it is conceived that much of this eagerness among the Lords do arise from the fear some of them have, that they may be dealt with in the same manner themselves, and therefore do stand upon it now. It seems my Lord Clarendon hath, as is said and believed, had his horses several times in his coach, ready to carry him to the Tower, expecting a message to that purpose; but by this means his case is like to be laid by. From this we fell to other discourse, and very good; among the rest they discourse of a man that is a little frantic, that hath been a kind of minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church, that is poor and a debauched man, that the College[1] have hired for 20*s*. to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body;[2] and it is to be done on Saturday next. They pur-

[1] The Royal Society, meeting at Gresham College.

[2] This was Arthur Coga, who had studied at Cambridge, and was said to be a bachelor of divinity. He was indigent, and "looked upon as a very freakish and extravagant man." Dr. King, in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, remarks "that Mr. Coga was about thirty-two years of age; that he spoke Latin well, when he was in company, which he liked, but that his brain was sometimes a little too warm." The experiment was performed on November 23rd, 1667, by Dr. King, at Arundel House, in the presence of many spectators of quality, and four or five physicians. Coga wrote a description of his own case in Latin, and when asked why he had not the blood of some other creature, instead of that of a sheep, transfused into him, answered, "Sanguis ovis symbolicam quandam facultatem habet cum sanguine Christi, quia Christus est agnus Dei" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 214-16). Coga was the first person in England to be experimented upon; previous experiments were made by the transfusion of the blood of one dog into another. See November 14th, 1666.

pose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch. They differ in the opinion they have of the effects of it; some think it may have a good effect upon him as a frantic man by cooling his blood, others that it will not have any effect at all. But the man is a healthy man, and by this means will be able to give an account what alteration, if any, he do find in himself, and so may be usefull. On this occasion, Dr. Whistler told a pretty story related by Muffet,[1] a good author, of Dr. Caius, that built Keys College; that, being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry, fretful woman, was so himself; and then, being advised to take it of a good-natured, patient woman, he did become so, beyond the common temper of his age. Thus much nutriment, they observed, might do. Their discourse was very fine; and if I should be put out of my office, I do take great content in the liberty I shall be at, of frequenting these gentlemen's company. Broke up thence and home, and there to my wife in her chamber, who is not well (of those), and there she tells me great stories of the gossiping women of the parish — what this, and what that woman was; and, among the rest, how Mrs. Hollworthy is the veriest confident bragging gossip of them all, which I should not have believed; but that Sir R. Brookes, her partner,[2] was mighty civil to her, and taken with her, and what not. My eyes being bad I spent the evening with her in her chamber talking and inventing a cypher to put on a piece of plate, which I must give, better than ordinary, to the Parson's child, and so to bed, and through my wife's illness had a bad night of it, and she a worse, poor wretch!

22nd. Up betimes, and drinking my morning draught of strong water with Betty Michell, I had not opportunity para baiser la, I by water to White Hall, and there met Creed, and thence with him to Westminster Hall, where we talked long together of news, and there met with Cool-

[1] This anecdote of Dr. Caius is given in "Health's Improvement, or Rules [for] preparing all sorts of Food, by Thomas Muffett; corrected and enlarged by Christopher Bennet," 1655, p. 123.

[2] As sponsor at the christening.

ing,[1] my Lord Chamberlain's Secretary, and from him learn the truth of all I heard last night; and understand further, that this stiffness of the Lords is in no manner of kindness to my Lord Chancellor, for he neither hath, nor do, nor for the future likely can oblige any of them, but rather the contrary; but that they do fear what the consequence may be to themselves, should they yield in his case, as many of them have reason. And more, he shewed me how this is rather to the wrong and prejudice of my Lord Chancellor; for that it is better for him to come to be tried before the Lords, where he can have right and make interest, than, when the Parliament is up, be committed by the King, and tried by a Court on purpose made by the King, of what Lords the King pleases, who have a mind to have his head. So that my Lord [Cornbury] himself, his son, he tells me, hath moved, that if they have Treason against my Lord of Clarendon, that they would specify it and send it up to the Lords, that he might come to his trial; so full of intrigues this business is! Having now a mind to go on and to be rid of Creed, I could not, but was forced to carry him with me to the Excise Office, and thence to the Temple, and there walked a good while in the Temple church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one of his executors hath, who is buried by him,[2] and there I parted with him and took coach and home, where to dinner.

[1] Richard Cooling, Clerk of the Privy Council, and secretary to the Earl of Manchester when appointed Lord Chamberlain in 1660. He acted as secretary to the Earl of Arlington during his tenure of the office of Lord Chamberlain (1674-80). He died June 19th, 1697.

[2] Selden's executors were Matthew Hale, John Vaughan, and Rowland Jewkes, here alluded to, who was buried in the Temple Church in 1665. His monument is now in the triforium. Selden's monument, consisting of a slab of black marble, was removed in the summer of 1895 from the left of the altar to the south-west corner of the church, near where the "saint's bell" was once rung, as he was buried in this spot. The monument has been enclosed in a new alabaster frame. "His grave was about ten foot deepe or better, walled up a good way with brick, with which also the bottome was paved, but the sides at the bottome for about two foot high were of black polished marble, wherein his coffin (covered with black bayes) lyeth, and upon that wall of marble was presently let downe a huge black marble stone of great thicknesse, with this inscription: 'Hic jacet corpus Johannis Seldeni, qui obijt 30 die Novembris, 1654.'" (Aubrey's "Lives," vol. iii., p. 533.)

23rd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon also busy till late preparing things to fortify myself and the fellows against the Parliament; and particularly myself against what I fear is thought, that I have suppressed the Order of the Board by which the discharging the great ships off at Chatham by tickets was directed; whereas, indeed, there was no such Order. So home at night to supper and to bed.

24th (Lord's day). In my chamber all the morning (having lain long in bed) till Mr. Shepley come to dine with me, and there being to return to Hinchinbroke speedily, I did give him as good account how matters go here as I could. After dinner, he being gone, I to the office, and there for want of other of my clerks, sent to Mr. Gibbs, whom I never used till now, for the writing over of my little pocket Contract-book; and there I laboured till nine at night with him, in drawing up the history of all that hath passed concerning tickets, in order to the laying the whole, and clearing myself and Office, before Sir R. Brookes; and in this I took great pains, and then sent him away, and proceeded, and had W. Hewer come to me, and he and I till past twelve at night in the Office, and he, which was a good service, did so inform me in the consequences of my writing this report, and that what I said would not hold water, in denying this Board to have ever ordered the discharging out of the service whole ships by ticket, that I did alter my whole counsel, and fall to arme myself with good reasons to justify the Office in so doing, which hath been but rare, and having done this, I went, with great quiet in my mind, home, though vexed that so honest a business should bring me so much trouble; but mightily was pleased to find myself put out of my former design; and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. Up, and all the morning finishing my letter to Sir Robert Brookes, which I did with great content, and yet at noon when I come home to dinner I read it over again after it was sealed and delivered to the messenger, and read it to my clerks who dined with me, and there I did resolve upon some alteration, and caused it to be new writ, and so to the office after dinner, and there all the afternoon

mighty busy, and at night did take coach thinking to have gone to Westminster, but it was mighty dark and foul, and my business not great, only to keep my eyes from reading by candle, being weary, but being gone part of my way I turned back, and so home, and there to read, and my wife to read to me out of Sir Robert Cotton's book about warr,[1] which is very fine, showing how the Kings of England have raised money by the people heretofore upon the people, and how they have played upon the kings also. So after supper I to bed. This morning Sir W. Pen tells me that the House was very hot on Saturday last upon the business of liberty of speech in the House, and damned the vote in the beginning of the Long Parliament against it;[2] so that he fears that there may be some bad thing which they have a mind to broach, which they dare not do without more security than they now have. God keep us, for things look mighty ill!

26th. Up, all the morning at the office, and then home to dinner, where dined Mr. Clerke, solicitor, with me, to discourse about my Tangier accounts, which I would fain make up, but I have not time. After dinner, by coach as far as the Temple, and there saw a new book,[3] in folio, of all that suffered for the King in the late times, which I will buy, it seems well writ, and then back to the Old Exchange, and there at my goldsmith's bought a basin for my wife to give the Parson's child, to which the other day she was godmother. It cost me £10 14*s.*, besides graving, which I do with the cypher of the name, Daniel Mills, and so home to the office, and then home to supper and hear my wife read, and then to bed. This afternoon, after dinner, come to me Mr. Warren. and there did tell me that he

[1] "Warrs with Forregen (*sic*) Princes dangerous to our Commonwealth, or reasons for forreign wars answered. London, 1657." 8vo.

[2] The House resolved that the judgment given, 5th Car. I., against Sir John Elliot, Denzill Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine, in the King's Bench, was illegal, and against the freedom and privileges of Parliament. — B.

[3] David Lloyd's "Memoires of the Lives, Actions, Sufferings, and Deaths of those noble, reverend, and excellent personages who suffered by death, sequestration, decimation, or otherwise for the Protestant religion and the great principle thereof, allegiance to their soveraigne in our late intestine wars . . . . 1668."

come to pay his debt to me for the kindness I did him in getting his last ship out, which I must also remember was a service to the King, though I did not tell him so, as appeared by my advising with the board, and there writing to Sir W. Coventry to get the pass for the ship to go for it to Genoa. Now that which he had promised me for the courtesy was I take it 100 pieces or more, I think more, and also for the former courtesy I had done for the getting of his first ship out for this hemp he did promise me a consideration upon the return of the goods, but I never did to this day demand any thing of him, only about a month ago he told me that now his ship was come, and he would come out of my debt, but told me that whereas he did expect to have had some profit by the voyage, it had proved of loss to him, by the loss of some ships, or some accidents, I know not what, and so that he was not able to do what he intended, but told me that he would present me with sixty pieces in gold. I told him I would demand nothing of his promises, though they were much greater, nor would have thus much, but if he could afford to give me but fifty pieces, it should suffice me. So now he brought something in a paper, which since proves to be fifty pieces. But before I would take them I told him that I did not insist on anything, and therefore prayed him to consult his ability before he did part with them: and so I refused them once or twice till he did the third time offer them, and then I took them, he saying that he would present me with as many more if I would undertake to get him £500 paid on his bills. I told him I would by no means have any promise of the kind, nor would have any kindness from him for any such service, but that I should do my utmost for nothing to do him that justice, and would endeavour to do what I could for him, and so we parted, he owning himself mightily engaged to me for my kind usage of him in accepting of so small a matter in satisfaction of all that he owed me; which I enter at large for my justification if anything of this should be hereafter enquired after. This evening also comes to me to my closet at the Office Sir John Chichly, of his own accord, to tell me what he shall answer to the Committee, when, as he expects, he shall be examined about my Lord Sandwich; which is so little as

will not hurt my Lord at all, I know.[1] He do profess great generousness towards my Lord, and that this jealousy of my Lord's of him is without ground, but do mightily inveigh against Sir Roger Cuttance, and would never have my Lord to carry him to sea again, as being a man that hath done my Lord more hurt than ever he can repair by his ill advice, and disobliging every body. He will by no means seem to crouch to my Lord, but says that he hath as good blood in his veins as any man, though not so good a title, but that he will do nothing to wrong or prejudice my Lord, and I hope he will not, nor I believe can; but he tells me that Sir E. Spragg and Utber are the men that have done my Lord the most wrong, and did bespatter him the most at Oxford, and that my Lord was misled to believe that all that was there said was his, which indeed it was not, and says that he did at that time complain to his father of this his misfortune. This I confess is strange to me touching these two men, but yet it may well enough as the world goes, though I wonder I confess at the latter of the two, who always professes great love to my Lord. Sir Roger Cuttance was with me in the morning, and there gives me an account so clear about Bergen and the other business against my Lord, as I do not see what can be laid to my Lord in either, and tells me that Pen, however he now dissembles it, did on the quarter deck of my Lord's ship, after he come on board, when my Lord did fire a gun for the ships to leave pursuing the enemy, Pen did say, before a great many, several times, that his heart did leap in his belly for joy when he heard the gun, and that it was the best thing that could be done for securing the fleet. He tells me also that Pen was the first that did move and persuade my Lord to the breaking bulke, as a thing that was now the time to do right to the commanders of the great ships, who had no opportunity of getting anything by prizes, now his Lordship might distribute to everyone something, and he himself did write down before my Lord the proportions for each man. This I am glad of, though

[1] See November 15th, 1667. Sir John Chicheley was in command of the "Fairfax" in 1666, and of the "Rupert" in 1668. He subsequently was advanced to be rear-admiral, and he held several posts of importance. He died May, 1691.

it may be this dissembling fellow may, twenty to one, deny it.

27th. Up, and all the morning at my Lord Bruncker's lodgings with Sir J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Pen about Sir W. Warren's accounts, wherein I do not see that they are ever very likely to come to an understanding of them, as Sir J. Minnes hath not yet handled them. Here till noon, and then home to dinner, where Mr. Pierce comes to me, and there, in general, tells me how the King is now fallen in and become a slave to the Duke of Buckingham, led by none but him, whom he, Mr. Pierce, swears he knows do hate the very person of the King, and would, as well as will, certainly ruin him. He do say, and I think with right, that the King do in this do the most ungrateful part of a master to a servant that ever was done, in this carriage of his to my Lord Chancellor: that, it may be, the Chancellor may have faults, but none such as these they speak of; that he do now really fear that all is going to ruin, for he says he hears that Sir W. Coventry hath been, just before his sickness, with the Duke of York, to ask his forgiveness and peace for what he had done; for that he never could foresee that what he meant so well, in the councilling to lay by the Chancellor, should come to this. As soon as dined, I with my boy Tom to my bookbinder's, where all the afternoon long till 8 or 9 at night seeing him binding up two or three collections of letters and papers that I had of him, but above all things my little abstract pocket book of contracts, which he will do very neatly. Then home to read, sup, and to bed.

28th. Up, and at the office all this morning, and then home to dinner, and then by coach sent my wife to the King's playhouse, and I to White Hall, there intending, with Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir T. Harvy to have seen the Duke of York, whom it seems the King and Queen have visited, and so we may now well go to see him. But there was nobody could speak with him, and so we parted, leaving a note in Mr. Wren's chamber that we had been there, he being at the free conference of the two Houses about this great business of my Lord Chancellor's, at which they were at this hour, three in the afternoon, and there they say my Lord Anglesey do his part admirably ably, and each

of us taking a copy of the Guinny Company's defence to a petition against them to the Parliament the other day. So I away to the King's playhouse, and there sat by my wife, and saw "The Mistaken Beauty,"[1] which I never, I think, saw before, though an old play; and there is much in it that I like, though the name is but improper to it—at least, that name, it being also called "The Lyer," which is proper enough. Here I met with Sir Richard Browne, who wondered to find me there, telling me that I am a man of so much business, which character, I thank God, I have ever got, and have for a long time had and deserved, and yet am now come to be censured in common with the office for a man of negligence. Thence home and to the office to my letters, and then home to supper and to bed.

29th. Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased: and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so a great while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afeard; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afeard, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife: and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard any thing. Then (with fear, I confess), went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up,

[1] "The Mistaken Beauty; or, the Lyar," a comedy, taken from the "Menteur" of Corneille; printed, in 1661, by its second title only, and without any author's name. Afterwards published as "The Mistaken Beauty" in 1685.

and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "yes, and was afeard," but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimnies that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent, and their chimnies have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat[1] did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted. Glad to have this so well over, and indeed really glad in my mind, for I was much afeard. I dressed myself and to the office both forenoon and afternoon, mighty hard putting papers and things in order to my extraordinary satisfaction, and consulting my clerks in many things, who are infinite helps to my memory and reasons of things, and so being weary, and my eyes akeing, having overwrought them to-day reading so much shorthand, I home and there to supper, it being late, and to bed. This morning Sir W. Pen and I did walk together a good while, and he tells me that the Houses are not likely to agree after their free conference yesterday, and he fears what may follow.

30th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and then by coach to Arundel House, to the election of Officers[2] for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though, above all things, I could wish it; and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there. The company great, and the elections long, and then to Cary

[1] A male cat. "Gib" is a contraction of the Christian name Gilbert (Old French, "Tibert").

"I am melancholy as a gib-cat."
Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act i., sc. 3.

Gib alone is also used, and a verb made from it — "to gib," or act like a cat.

[2] Of the Royal Society. Creed was chosen a member of council this year.

House,[1] a house now of entertainment, next my Lord Ashly's; and there, where I have heretofore heard Common Prayer in the time of Dr. Mossum,[2] we after two hours' stay, sitting at the table with our napkins open, had our dinners brought, but badly done. But here was good company. I choosing to sit next Dr. Wilkins, Sir George Ent, and others whom I value, there talked of several things. Among others Dr. Wilkins,[3] talking of the universal speech, of which he hath a book coming out, did first inform me how man was certainly made for society, he being of all creatures the least armed for defence, and of all creatures in the world the young ones are not able to do anything to help themselves, nor can find the dug without being put to it, but would die if the mother did not help it; and, he says, were it not for speech man would be a very mean creature. Much of this good discourse we had. But here, above all, I was pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out. He speaks well, and did this day give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself much better since, and as a new man, but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20*s.* for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him: the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France, which was a porter hired by the virtuosos. Here all the afternoon till within night. Then I took coach and to the Exchange, where I was to meet my wife, but she was gone home, and so I to Westminster Hall, and there took a turn or two, but meeting with nobody to discourse with, returned to Cary House, and there stayed and saw a pretty deception of the sight by a glass with water poured into it, with a stick standing up with three balls of wax upon it, one distant from the

[1] Carey House was probably the Canary House, a much frequented house situated "between the Feathers tavern and Long's Coffee house on the east side of Exeter Change." There is a token of the Canary House dated 1665. See "Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 760.

[2] Dr. Robert Mossum. See notes, January 8th, 22nd, 1659–60.

[3] Bishop Wilkins's "Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language" was published in 1668.

other. How these balls did seem double and disappear one after another, mighty pretty! Here Mr. Carcasse did come to me, and brought first Mr. Colwall,[1] our Treasurer, and then Dr. Wilkins to engage me to be his friend, and himself asking forgiveness and desiring my friendship, saying that the Council have now ordered him to be free to return to the Office to be employed. I promised him my friendship, and am glad of this occasion, having desired it; for there is nobody's ill tongue that I fear like his, being a malicious and cunning bold fellow. Thence, paying our shot, 6*s*. apiece, I home, and there to the office and wrote my letters, and then home, my eyes very sore with yesterday's work, and so home and tried to make a piece by my eare and viall to "I wonder what the grave," &c., and so to supper and to bed, where frighted a good while and my wife again with noises, and my wife did rise twice, but I think it was Sir John Minnes's people again late cleaning their house, for it was past 1 o'clock in the morning before we could fall to sleep, and so slept. But I perceive well what the care of money and treasure in a man's house is to a man that fears to lose it. My Lord Anglesey told me this day that he did believe the House of Commons would, the next week, yield to the Lords; but, speaking with others this day, they conclude they will not, but that rather the King will accommodate it by committing my Lord Clarendon himself. I remember what Mr. Evelyn said, that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again. Joseph Williamson I find mighty kind still, but close, not daring to say anything almost that touches upon news or state of affairs.

December 1st (Lord's day). Up, and after entering my journal for 2 or 3 days, I to church, where Mr. Mills, a dull sermon: and in our pew there sat a great lady, which I afterwards understood to be my Lady Carlisle,[2] that made her husband a cuckold in Scotland, a very fine woman indeed in person. After sermon home, where W. Hewer dined with us, and after dinner he and I all the afternoon to read over our office letters to see what matters can be

[1] Daniel Colwall, Treasurer of the Royal Society 1665–79.

[2] Anne, daughter of Edward, first Lord Howard of Escrick, wife to Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle. — B.

got for our advantage or disadvantage therein. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling and the two men that were with him formerly, the little man that sings so good a base (Wallington) and another that understands well, one Pigott, and Betty Turner come and sat and supped with us, and we spent the evening mighty well in good musique, to my great content to see myself in condition to have these and entertain them for my own pleasure only. So they gone, we to bed.

2nd. Up, and then abroad to Alderman Backewell's (who was sick of a cold in bed), and then to the Excise Office, where I find Mr. Ball out of humour in expectation of being put out of his office by the change of the farm of the excise. There comes Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Westminster, and there walked up and down till noon, where all the business is that the Lords' answer is come down to the Commons, that they are not satisfied in the Commons' Reasons: and so the Commons are hot, and like to sit all day upon the business what to do herein, most thinking that they will remonstrate against the Lords. Thence to Lord Crew's, and there dined with him; where, after dinner, he took me aside, and bewailed the condition of the nation, how the King and his brother are at a distance about this business of the Chancellor, and the two Houses differing: and he do believe that there are so many about the King like to be concerned and troubled by the Parliament, that they will get him to dissolve or prorogue the Parliament; and the rather, for that the King is likely, by this good husbandry of the Treasury, to get out of debt, and the Parliament is likely to give no money. Among other things, my Lord Crew did tell me, with grief, that he hears that the King of late hath not dined nor supped with the Queen, as he used of late to do. After a little discourse, Mr. Cæsar, he dining there, did give us some musique on his lute (Mr. John Crew being there) to my great content, and then away I, and Mr. Cæsar followed me and told me that my boy Tom hath this day declared to him that he cared not for the French lute and would learn no more, which Cæsar out of faithfulness tells me that I might not spend any more money on him in vain. I shall take the boy to task about it, though I am contented

to save my money if the boy knows not what is good for himself. So thanked him, and indeed he is a very honest man I believe, and away home, there to get something ready for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and so took my wife and girle and set them at Unthanke's, and I to White Hall, and there with the Commissioners of the Treasury, who I find in mighty good condition to go on in payment of the seamen off, and thence I to Westminster Hall, where I met with my cozen Roger and walked a good while with him; he tells me of the high vote of the Commons this afternoon, which I also heard at White Hall, that the proceedings of the Lords in the case of my Lord Clarendon are an obstruction to justice, and of ill precedent to future times. This makes every body wonder what will be the effect of it, most thinking that the King will try him by his own Commission. It seems they were mighty high to have remonstrated, but some said that was too great an appeale to the people. Roger is mighty full of fears of the consequence of it, and wishes the King would dissolve them. So we parted, and I bought some Scotch cakes at Wilkinson's in King Street, and called my wife, and home, and there to supper, talk, and to bed. Supped upon these cakes, of which I have eat none since we lived at Westminster. This night our poor little dogg Fancy was in a strange fit, through age, of which she has had five or six.

3rd. Up, by candlelight, the only time I think I have done so this winter, and a coach being got over night, I to Sir W. Coventry's, the first time I have seen him at his new house since he came to lodge there. He tells me of the vote for none of the House to be of the Commission for the Bill of Accounts; which he thinks is so great a disappointment to Birch and others that expected to be of it, that he thinks, could it have been [fore]seen, there would not have been any Bill at all. We hope it will be the better for all that are to account; it being likely that the men, being few, and not of the House, will hear reason. The main business I went about was about Gilsthrop, Sir W. Batten's clerk; who, being upon his death-bed, and now dead, hath offered to make discoveries of the disorders of the Navy and of £65,000 damage to the King: which made mighty noise in the Commons' House; and members

appointed to go to him, which they did; but nothing to the purpose got from him, but complaints of false musters, and ships being refitted with victuals and stores at Plymouth, after they come fitted from other ports; but all this to no purpose, nor more than we know, and will owne. But the best is, that this loggerhead should say this, that understands nothing of the Navy, nor ever would; and hath particularly blemished his master by name among us. I told Sir W. Coventry of my letter to Sir R. Brookes, and his answer to me. He advises me, in what I write to him, to be as short as I can, and obscure, saving in things fully plain; for all that he do is to make mischief; and that the greatest wisdom in dealing with the Parliament in the world is to say little, and let them get out what they can by force: which I shall observe. He declared to me much of his mind to be ruled by his own measures, and not to go so far as many would have him to the ruin of my Lord Chancellor, and for which they do endeavour to do what they can against [Sir] W. Coventry. "But," says he, "I have done my do in helping to get him out of the administration of things, for which he is not fit; but for his life or estate I will have nothing to say to it: besides that, my duty to my master the Duke of York is such, that I will perish before I will do any thing to displease or disoblige him, where the very necessity of the kingdom do not in my judgment call me." Thence I home and to the office, where my Lord Anglesey, and all the discourse was yesterday's vote in the Commons, wherein he told us that, should the Lords yield to what the Commons would have in this matter, it were to make them worse than any Justice of Peace (whereas they are the highest Court in the Kingdom) that they cannot be judges whether an offender be to be committed or bailed, which every Justice of Peace do do, and then he showed me precedents plain in their defence. At noon home to dinner, and busy all the afternoon, and at night home, and there met W. Batelier, who tells me the first great news that my Lord Chancellor is fled this day. By and by to Sir W. Pen's, where Sir R. Ford and he and I met, with Mr. Young and Lewes, about our accounts with my Lady Batten, which prove troublesome, and I doubt will prove to our loss. But here I hear the whole that my Lord Chancellor is gone, and

left a paper behind him[1] for the House of Lords, telling them the reason of him retiring, complaining of a design for his ruin. But the paper I must get: only the thing at present is great, and will put the King and Commons to some new counsels certainly. So home to supper and to bed. Sir W. Pen I find in much trouble this evening, having been called to the Committee this afternoon, about the business of prizes. Sir Richard Ford told us this evening an odd story of the basenesse of the late Lord Mayor, Sir W. Bolton,[2] in cheating the poor of the City, out of the collections made for the people that were burned, of £1,800; of which he can give no account, and in which he hath forsworn himself plainly, so as the Court of Aldermen have sequestered him from their Court till he do bring in an account, which is the greatest piece of roguery that they say was ever found in a Lord Mayor. He says also that this day hath been made appear to them that the Keeper of Newgate, at this day, hath made his house the only nursery of rogues, and whores, and pickpockets, and thieves in the world; where they were bred and entertained, and the whole society met: and that, for the sake of the Sheriffes, they durst not this day committ him, for fear of making him let out the prisoners, but are fain to go by artifice to deal with him. He tells me, also, speaking of the new street[3] that is to be made from Guild Hall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought.

[1] This paper, "The Humble Peticōn and Addresse of Edward Earle of Clarendon," will be found in Harl. MS. No. 7170 (B. M.). It is printed in the "Journals of the House of Commons," vol. ix., p. 30. It was also printed under the title, "News from Dunkirk House, or Clarendon's Farewell to England in his seditious address to the House of Peers, December 3rd, 1667" (Somers's "Tracts," vol. viii., p. 7). It was burnt by the hangman, December 12th, 1667.

[2] Sir William Bolton. "Petition of Sir Wm. Bolton, alderman and late Lord Mayor of London, to the King, to call to account the Lord Mayor, &c., for their unjust proceedings in deposing him from his place as alderman, and questioning him on his accounts of the moneys raised for relief of sufferers from the fire, although that cause is depending before the Commissioners for charitable uses; this malice arises from his Majesty's recommendation of him as Surveyor General for rebuilding the city" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 416).

[3] King Street. Before the construction of this street the only access to the Guildhall was either by Ironmonger Lane or Lawrence Lane

And tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lieing in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it, there will remain ground enough, of each side, to build a house to front the street. He demanded £700 for the ground, and to be excused paying any thing for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration: which the man denied; but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying any thing for it.[1] So much some will get by having the City burned! But he told me that in other cases ground, by this means, that was not 4*d.* a-foot before, will now, when houses are built, be worth 15*s.* a-foot. But he tells me that the common standard now reckoned on between man and man, in places where there is no alteration of circumstances, but only the houses burnt, there the ground, which, with a house on it, did yield £100 a-year, is now reputed worth £33 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that this is the common market-price between one man and another, made upon a good and moderate medium.

4th. At the office all the morning. At noon to dinner, and presently with my wife abroad, whom and her girle I

[1] This principle of melioration was included in the clauses of the Act for rebuilding London by the influence of Sir Matthew Hale. The following is an extract from the Act: "And forasmuch as the Houses now remaining and to be rebuilt will receive more or lesse advantage in the value of their rents by the liberty of air and free recourse for Trade and other conveniences by such regulation and inlargements, it is alsoe enacted by the authoritie aforesaid that in case of refusall or incapacity as aforesaid of the owners or others interessed of or in the said Houses to agree and compound with the said Lord Maior Alderman and Comons for the same, Thereupon a jury shall and may be impanneled in manner and forme aforesaid to judge and assesse upon the owners and others interessed of and in such houses such competent summe and summes of money with respect to their severall interests in consideration of such improvement and melioration as in reason and good conscience they shall thinke fit" (An Act for rebuilding the Citty of London, 18 and 19 Car. II., c. 8, clause 24; "Statutes of the Realm," 1819, vol. v., p. 608). As the word "melioration" has an established position in law books, it seems a pity that the word "betterment" at present in use should be allowed to supersede it.

leave at Unthanke's, and so to White Hall in expectation of waiting on the Duke of York to-day, but was prevented therein, only at Mr. Wren's chamber there I hear that the House of Lords did send down the paper which my Lord Chancellor left behind him, directed to the Lords, to be seditious and scandalous; and the Commons have voted that it be burned by the hands of the hangman, and that the King be desired to agree to it. I do hear, also, that they have desired the King to use means to stop his escape out of the nation.[1] Here I also heard Mr. Jermin,[2] who was there in the chamber upon occasion of Sir Thomas Harvy's telling him of his brother's having a child, and thereby taking away his hopes (that is, Mr. Jermin's) of £2,000 a year. He swore, God damn him, he did not desire to have any more wealth than he had in the world, which indeed is a great estate, having all his uncle's, my Lord St. Alban's, and my Lord hath all the Queen-Mother's. But when Sir Thos. Harvy told him that "hereafter you will wish it more;" "By God," answers he, "I won't promise what I shall do hereafter." Thence into the House, and there spied a pretty woman with spots on her face, well clad, who was enquiring for the guard chamber; I followed her, and there she went up, and turned into the turning towards the chapel, and I after her, and upon the stairs there met her coming up again, and there kissed her twice, and her business was to enquire for Sir Edward Bishop, one of the serjeants at armes. I believe she was a woman of pleasure, but was shy enough to me, and so I saw her go out afterwards, and I took a hackney coach, and away. I to Westminster Hall, and there

[1] "Sec. Morice to the Duke of York, Lord Admiral and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The King by request of the House of Commons commands you to send orders to all seaports for diligent care to be taken that the Earl of Clarendon, who has lately withdrawn, do not escape the kingdom. Dec. 3, 1667." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–1668, p. 59. A copy of the original order for the apprehension of the Earl of Clarendon, signed by the Duke of York, and directed to Sir John Bramston, is given in "The Autobiography of Sir John Bramston," p. 257 (Camden Society).

[2] Thomas Jermyn, who succeeded his uncle Henry, Earl of St. Albans, as second Lord Jermyn of St. Edmundsbury in 1683. Henry Jermyn succeeded his brother Thomas as third Lord Jermyn of St. Edmundsbury in 1703.

walked, and thence towards White Hall by coach, and spying Mrs. Burroughs in a shop did stop and 'light and speak to her; and so to White Hall, where I 'light and went and met her coming towards White Hall, but was upon business, and I could not get her to go any whither and so parted, and I home with my wife and girle (my wife not being very well, of a great looseness day and night for these two days). So home, my wife to read to me in Sir R. Cotton's book of warr, which is excellent reading, and particularly I was mightily pleased this night in what we read about the little profit or honour this kingdom ever gained by the greatest of its conquests abroad in France. This evening come Mr. Mills and sat with us a while, who is mighty kind and good company, and so, he gone, I to supper and to bed. My wife an unquiet night. This day Gilsthrop is buried, who hath made all the late discourse of the great discovery of £65,000, of which the King hath been wronged.

5th. At the office all the morning, do hear that Will Pen, Sir W. Pen's son, is come from Ireland, but I have not seen him yet. At noon to the 'Change, where did little, but so home again and to dinner with my clerks with me, and very good discourse and company they give me, and so to the office all the afternoon till late, and so home to supper and to bed. This day, not for want, but for good husbandry, I sent my father, by his desire, six pair of my old shoes, which fit him, and are good; yet, methought, it was a thing against my mind to have him wear my old things.

6th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of York, the first time that I have seen him, or we waited on him, since his sickness; and, blessed be God! he is not at all the worse for the smallpox, but is only a little weak yet. We did much business with him, and so parted. My Lord Anglesey told me how my Lord Northampton[1] brought in a Bill into the House of Lords yesterday, under the name of a Bill for the Honour and Privilege of the House, and Mercy to my Lord Clarendon: which, he told me, he opposed, saying that he was a man accused of treason by the House of Commons; and mercy was not proper for him, having not

[1] James Compton, third Earl of Northampton, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and Constable of the Tower. Died December 15th, 1681.

been tried yet, and so no mercy needful for him. However, the Duke of Buckingham and others did desire that the Bill might be read; and it was for banishing my Lord Clarendon from all his Majesty's dominions, and that it should be treason to have him found in any of them: the thing is only a thing of vanity, and to insult over him, which is mighty poor I think, and so do every body else, and ended in nothing, I think. By and by home with Sir J. Minnes, who tells me that my Lord Clarendon did go away in a Custom-house boat, and is now at Callis: and, I confess, nothing seems to hang more heavy than his leaving of this unfortunate paper behind him, that hath angered both Houses, and hath, I think, reconciled them in that which otherwise would have broke them in pieces; so that I do hence, and from Sir W. Coventry's late example and doctrine to me, learn that on these sorts of occasions there is nothing like silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing, but, for the most part, it is to say anything. This day, in coming home, Sir J. Minnes told me a pretty story of Sir Lewes Dives,[1] whom I saw this morning speaking with him, that having escaped once out of prison through a house of office, and another time in woman's apparel, and leaping over a broad canal, a soldier swore, says he, this is a strange jade. . . . He told me also a story of my Lord Cottington, who, wanting a son, intended to make his nephew his heir, a country boy; but did alter his mind upon the boy's being persuaded by another young heir, in roguery, to crow like a cock at my Lord's table, much company being there, and the boy having a great trick at doing that perfectly. My Lord bade them take away that fool from the table, and so gave over the thoughts of making him his heir,[2] from this piece of folly. So home, and there to dinner, and after dinner abroad with

[1] Sir Lewis Dyve was born November 3rd, 1599, and knighted in April, 1620. He was M.P. for Bridport 1625, 1626, and for Weymouth in 1627–28. He took an active part in support of the king during the Civil Wars, and died April 17th, 1669.

[2] See note, August 17th, 1666. It is affirmed in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that Lord Cottington's estates passed to his nephew Francis, son of his brother Maurice, but it is distinctly stated on the monument in Westminster Abbey that Charles Cottington, who brought Lord Cottington's remains from Spain to England in 1679, was "his nephew and heire."

my wife and girle, set them down at Unthanke's, and I to White Hall to the Council chamber, where I was summoned about the business of paying of the seamen, where I heard my Lord Anglesey put to it by Sir W. Coventry before the King for altering the course set by the Council; which he like a wise man did answer in few words, that he had already sent to alter it according to the Council's method, and so stopped it, whereas many words would have set the Commissioners of the Treasury on fire, who, I perceive, were prepared for it. Here I heard Mr. Gawden speak to the King and Council upon some business of his before them, but did it so well, in so good words and to the purpose, that I could never have expected from a man of no greater learning. So went away, and in the Lobby met Mr. Sawyer, my old chamber fellow, and stayed and had an hour's discourse of old things with him, and I perceive he do very well in the world, and is married he tells me and hath a child. Then home and to the office, where Captain Cocke come to me; and, among other discourse, tells me that he is told that an impeachment against Sir W. Coventry will be brought in very soon. He tells me, that even those that are against my Lord Chancellor and the Court, in the House, do not trust nor agree one with another. He tells me that my Lord Chancellor went away about ten at night, on Saturday last; and took boat at Westminster, and thence by a vessel to Callis, where he believes he now is: and that the Duke of York and Mr. Wren knew of it, and that himself did know of it on Sunday morning: that on Sunday his coach, and people about it, went to Twittenham, and the world thought that he had been there: that nothing but this unhappy paper hath undone him and that he doubts that this paper hath lost him everywhere: that his withdrawing do reconcile things so far as, he thinks the heat of their fury will be over, and that all will be made well between the two [royal] brothers: that Holland do endeavour to persuade the King of France to break peace with us: that the Dutch will, without doubt, have sixty sail of ships out the next year; so knows not what will become of us, but hopes the Parliament will find money for us to have a fleete. He gone, I home, and there my wife made an end to me of Sir R. Cotton's discourse of warr, which is indeed a very fine book. So to supper and to bed.

Captain Cocke did this night tell me also, among other discourses, that he did believe that there are jealousies in some of the House at this day against the Commissioners of the Treasury, that by their good husbandry they will bring the King to be out of debt and to save money, and so will not be in need of the Parliament, and then do what he please, which is a very good piece of news that there is such a thing to be hoped, which they would be afeard of.

7th. All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner with my clerks, and while we were at dinner comes Willet's aunt to see her and my wife; she is a very fine widow and pretty handsome, but extraordinary well carriaged and speaks very handsomely and with extraordinary understanding, so as I spent the whole afternoon in her company with my wife, she understanding all the things of note touching plays and fashions and Court and everything and speaks rarely, which pleases me mightily, and seems to love her niece very well, and was so glad (which was pretty odde) that since she came hither her breasts begin to swell, she being afeard before that she would have none, which was a pretty kind of content she gave herself. She tells us that Catelin is likely to be soon acted, which I am glad to hear, but it is at the King's House. But the King's House is at present and hath for some days been silenced upon some difference [between] Hart and Moone. She being gone I to the office, and there late doing business, and so home to supper and to bed. Only this evening I must remember that my Lady Batten sent for me, and it was to speak to me before her overseers about my bargain with Sir W. Batten about the prize, to which I would give no present answer, but am well enough contented that they begin the discourse of it, and so away to the office again, and then home to supper and to bed. Somebody told me this, that they hear that Thomson, with the wooden leg, and Wildman,[1] the Fifth-Monarchy man, a great creature of the Duke of Buckingham's, are in nomination to be Commissioners, among others, upon the Bill of Accounts.

[1] Major Wildman, who had been an agitator in Cromwell's army, and had opposed his Protectorship. After he regained his liberty, he returned to his old habits, and was frequently engaged in fomenting sedition. — B.

8th (Lord's day). All the morning at my chamber doing something towards the settling of my papers and accounts, which have been out of order a great while. At noon to dinner, where W. How with us, and after dinner, he being gone, I to my chamber again till almost night, and then took boat, the tide serving, and so to White Hall, where I saw the Duchesse of York, in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother,[1] being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the Queene since the Duke of York was sick; and by and by, she being returned, the Queene come and visited her. But it was pretty to observe that Sir W. Coventry and I, walking an hour and more together in the Matted Gallery, he observed, and so did I, how the Duchesse, as soon as she spied him, turned her head a one side. Here he and I walked thus long, which we have not done a great while before. Our discourse was upon everything: the unhappiness of having our matters examined by people that understand them not; that it was better for us in the Navy to have men that do understand the whole, and that are not passionate; that we that have taken the most pains are called upon to answer for all crimes, while those that, like Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, did sit and do nothing, do lie still without any trouble; that, if it were to serve the King and kingdom again in a war, neither of us could do more, though upon this experience we might do better than we did; that the commanders, the gentlemen that could never be brought to order, but undid all, are now the men that find fault and abuse others; that it had been much better for the King to have given Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten £1,000 a-year to have sat still, than to have had them in his business this war: that the serving a Prince that minds not his business is most unhappy for them that serve him well, and an unhappiness so great that he declares he will never have more to do with a war, under him. That he hath papers which do flatly contradict the Duke of Albemarle's Narrative; and that he hath been with the Duke of Albemarle and shewed him them, to prevent his falling into another like fault: that the Duke of Albemarle seems to be

[1] Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., Master of Requests to Charles I., second wife of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. See November 13th, 1661, note.

able to answer them; but he thinks that the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince are contented to let their Narratives sleep, they being not only contradictory in some things (as he observed about the business of the Duke of Albemarle's being to follow the Prince upon dividing the fleete,[1] in case the enemy come out), but neither of them to be maintained in others. That the business the other night of my Lord Anglesey at the Council was happily got over for my Lord, by his dexterous silencing it, and the rest not urging it further; forasmuch as, had the Duke of Buckingham come in time enough, and had got it by the end, he would have toused[2] him in it; Sir W. Coventry telling me that my Lord Anglesey did, with such impudence, maintain the quarrel against the Commons and some of the Lords, in the business of my Lord Clarendon, that he believes there are enough would be glad but of this occasion to be revenged of him. He tells me that he hears some of the Thomsons are like to be of the Commission for the Accounts, and Wildman, which he much wonders at, as having been a false fellow to every body, and in prison most of the time since the King's coming in. But he do tell me that the House is in such a condition that nobody can tell what to make of them, and, he thinks, they were never in before; that every body leads, and nobody follows; and that he do now think that, since a great many are defeated in their expectation of being of the Commission, now they would put it into such hands as it shall get no credit from: for, if they do look to the bottom and see the King's case, they think they are then bound to give the King money; whereas, they would be excused from that, and therefore endeavour to make this business of the Accounts to signify little. I spoke with him about my Lord Sandwich's business, in which he is very friendly, and do say that the unhappy business of the prizes is it that hath brought all this trouble upon him, and the only thing that made any thing else mentioned, and it is true. So having discoursed with him, I spent some time with Sir Stephen Fox about the business of our adjusting the new method of the Excise between the Guards household and Tangier, the Lords Com-

[1] See November 1st, 1667, *ante*.
[2] To touse = to pull or tumble; and, secondly, to worry or tease.

missioners of the Treasury being now resolved to bring all their management into a course of payment by orders, and not by tallies, and I am glad of it, and so by water home late, and very dark, and when come home there I got my wife to read, and then come Captain Cocke to me; and there he tells me, to my great satisfaction, that Sir Robert Brookes did dine with him to-day; and that he told him, speaking of me, that he would make me the darling of the House of Commons, so much he is satisfied concerning me. And this Cocke did tell me that I might give him thanks for it; and I do think it may do me good, for he do happen to be held a considerable person, of a young man, both for sobriety and ability. Then to discourse of business of his own about some hemp of his that is come home to receive it into the King's stores, and then parted, and by and by my wife and I to supper, she not being well, her flux being great upon her, and so to bed.

9th. All the morning busy at the office, doing very considerable business, and thither comes Sir G. Carteret to talk with me; who seems to think himself safe as to his particular, but do doubt what will become of the whole kingdom, things being so broke in pieces. He tells me that the King himself did the other day very particularly tell the whole story of my Lord Sandwich's not following the Dutch ships, with which he is charged; and shews the reasons of it to be the only good course he could have taken, and do discourse it very knowingly. This I am glad of, though, as the King is now, his favour, for aught I see, serves very little in stead at this day, but rather is an argument against a man; and the King do not concern himself to relieve or justify any body, but is wholly negligent of everybody's concernment. This morning I was troubled with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sending to borrow £200 of me; but I did answer that I had none, nor could borrow any; for I am resolved I will not be undone for any body, though I would do much for my Lord Sandwich—for it is to answer a bill of exchange of his, and I perceive he hath made use of all other means in the world to do it, but I am resolved to serve him, but not ruin myself, as it may be to part with so much of the little I have by me to keep if I should by any turn of times lose the rest. At noon I to the 'Change, and there did a

little business, and among other things called at Cade's, the stationer, where he tells me how my Lord Gerard is troubled for several things in the House of Commons, and in one wherein himself is concerned; and, it seems, this Lord is a very proud and wicked man, and the Parliament is likely to order him.[1] Then home to dinner, and then a little abroad, thinking to have gone to the other end of the town, but it being almost night I would not, but home again, and there to my chamber, and all alone did there draw up my answer to Sir Rob. Brookes's letter, and when I had done it went down to my clerks at the office for their opinion which at this time serves me to very good purpose, they having many things in their heads which I had not in the businesses of the office now in dispute. Having done with this, then I home and to supper very late, and to bed. My [wife] being yet very ill of her looseness, by which she is forced to lie from me to-night in the girl's chamber.

10th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then home with my people to dinner, and very merry, and then to my office again, where did much business till night, that my eyes begun to be sore, and then forced to leave off, and by coach set my wife at her tailor's and Willet, and I to Westminster Hall, and there walked a good while till 8 at night, and there hear to my great content that the King did send a message to the House to-day that he would adjourne them on the 17th instant to February; by which time, at least, I shall have more respite to prepare things on my own behalf, and the Office, against their return. Here met Mr. Hinxton,[2] the organist, walking, and I walked with him; and, asking him many questions, I do find that he can no more give an intelligible answer to a man that is not a great master in his art, than another man. And this confirms me that it is only want of an ingenious man that is master in musique, to bring musique to a certainty, and ease in composition. Having done this, I home, taking up my wife and girle, and there to supper and to bed, having finished my letters, among which one to Commissioner Middleton, who is now coming up to town from Portsmouth, to enter upon his Surveyorship.

[1] *Sic in orig.* [2] John Hingston. See note, December 19th, 1666.

11th. By coach to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York, as we are wont, who is now grown pretty well, and goes up and down White Hall, and this night will be at the Council, which I am glad of. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked most of the morning, and among others did there meet my cozen Roger Pepys, who intends to go to Impington on this day s'ennight, the Parliament break up the night before. Here I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and Harris, the player, and there we talked of many things, and particularly of "Catiline," which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enow: and Burt[1] acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlett robes. Thence home to dinner, and would have had Harris home with me, but it was too late for him to get to the playhouse after it, and so home to dinner, and spent the afternoon talking with my wife and people at home till the evening, and then comes Sir W. Warren[2] to talk about some business of his and mine: and he, I find, would have me not to think that the Parliament, in the mind they are in, and having so many good offices in their view to dispose of, will leave any of the King's officers in, but will rout all, though I am likely to escape as well as any, if any can escape; and I think he is in the right, and I do look for it accordingly. Then we fell to discourse of my little vessel, "The Maybolt," and he thinks that it will be best for me to employ her for a voyage to Newcastle for coles, they being now dear, and the voyage not long, nor dangerous yet; and I think I shall go near to do so. Then, talking of his business, I away to the office, where very busy, and thither comes Sir W. Pen, and he and I walked together in the garden, and there told me what passed to-day with him in the Committee, by my Lord Sandwich's breaking bulk of the prizes; and he do seem to me that he hath left it pretty well understood by them, he saying that what my Lord did was done at the desire, and with the advice, of the

[1] Nicholas Burt. See note, October 11th, 1660.
[2] See December 29th, 1660.

chief officers of the fleete, and that it was no more than admirals heretofore have done in like cases, which, if it be true that he said it, is very well, and did please me well. He being gone, I to my office again and there late, and so weary home to supper and to bed.

12th. Rose before day, and took coach, by daylight, and to Westminster to Sir G. Downing's, and there met Sir Stephen Fox, and thence he and I to Sir Robert Long's to discourse the business of our orders for money, he for the guards, and I for Tangier, and were a little angry in our concerns, one against the other, but yet parted good friends, and I think I got ground by it. Thence straight to the office, and there sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, and after dinner I all alone to the Duke of York's house, and saw "The Tempest," which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full. But I could take little pleasure more than the play, for not being able to look about, for fear of being seen. Here only I saw a French lady in the pit, with a tunique, just like one of ours, only a handkercher about her neck; but this fashion for a woman did not look decent. Thence walked to my bookseller's, and there he did give me a list of the twenty who were nominated for the Commission in Parliament for the Accounts: and it is strange that of the twenty the Parliament could not think fit to choose their nine, but were fain to add three that were not in the list of the twenty, they being many of them factious people and ringleaders in the late troubles; so that Sir John Talbott did fly out and was very hot in the business of Wildman's being named, and took notice how he was entertained in the bosom of the Duke of Buckingham, a Privy-counsellor; and that it was fit to be observed by the House, and punished. The men that I know of the nine I like very well; that is, Mr. Pierrepont, Lord Brereton,[1] and Sir William Turner; and I do think the rest are so, too; but such as will not be able to do this business as it ought to be, to do any good with. Here I did also see

[1] William, third Lord Brereton of Leaghlin, in Ireland, M.P. for Cheshire. He disposed of his estates in that county, on account of the exigencies of the times, and his father's losses, incurred in the cause of Charles I. He was esteemed an accomplished and amiable nobleman, and was one of the founders of the Royal Society. Aubrey wrote of

their votes against my Lord Chiefe Justice Keeling, that his proceedings were illegal, and that he was a contemner of Magna Charta (the great preserver of our lives, freedoms, and properties) and an introduction to arbitrary government; which is very high language, and of the same sound with that in the year 1640. I home, and there wrote my letters, and so to supper and to bed. This day my Lord Chancellor's letter was burned at the 'Change.[1]

13th. Up, lying long all alone (my wife lying for these two or three days of sickness alone), thinking of my several businesses in hand, and then rose and to the office, being in some doubt of having my cozen Roger and Lord Hinchinbroke and Sir Thos. Crew by my cozen's invitation at dinner to-day, and we wholly unprovided. So I away to Westminster, to the Parliament-door, to speak with Roger: and here I saw my Lord Keeling go into the House to the barr, to have his business heard by the whole House to-day; and a great crowd of people to stare upon him. Here I hear that the Lords' Bill for banishing and disabling my Lord Clarendon from bearing any office, or being in the King's dominions, and its being made felony for any to correspond with him but his own children, is brought to the Commons: but they will not agree to it, being not satisfied with that as sufficient, but will have a Bill of Attainder brought in against him: but they make use of this against the Lords, that they, that would not think there was cause enough to commit him without hearing, will have him banished without hearing. By and

Lord Brereton: "This vertuous and learned lord (who was my most honoured and obligeing friend) was educated at Breda by Jo. Pell, D.D., then Math. Professor there of the Prince of Orange's illustrious schoole. Sir George Goring, E. of Norwich (who was my Lord's grandfather), did send him over, where he (then Mr. J. Pell) tooke great care of him, and made him a very good Algebrist. He hath wrote a poem called 'Origines Moriens,' a MS. Obiit March 17, 1679, and is buried in St. Martin's Church in the fields. He was an excellent musitian, and also a good composer" ("Letters from the Bodleian," vol. ii., p. 258).

[1] "Dec. 12, 1667. Between twelve and one of the clock, the paper called 'The Humble Petition and Address of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,' directed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, was, according to a late order of Parliament, burnt by the hands of the common hangman, before the gate of Gresham College, now the place of the Exchange, in the presence of the Sheriffs."— Rugge's *Diurnal.* — B.

by comes out my cozen Roger to me, he being not willing to be in the House at the business of my Lord Keeling,[1] lest he should be called upon to complain against him for his abusing him at Cambridge, very wrongfully and shamefully, but not to his reproach, but to the Chief Justice's in the end, when all the world cried shame upon him for it. So he with me home, and Creed, whom I took up by the way, going thither, and they to dine with me, and pretty merry, and among other pieces of news, it is now fresh that the King of Portugall is deposed, and his brother made King;[2] and that my Lord Sandwich is gone from Madrid with great honour to Lisbon, to make up, at this juncture, a piece to the advantage, as the Spaniard would have it, of Spain. I wish it may be for my Lord's honour, if it be so; but it seems my Lord is in mighty estimation in Spain. After dinner comes Mr. Moore, and he and I alone a while, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 my Lord Hinchingbroke wrote to me about be not paid tomorrow, and that, if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, I am very willing to serve my Lord, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and the rather because of some plate that was lodged the other day with me, by my Lady's order, which may be in part of security for my money, as I may order it, for, for ought I see, there is no other to be hoped for. This do trouble me; but yet it is good luck that the sum is no bigger. He gone, I with my cozen Roger to Westminster Hall; and there we met the House rising: and they have voted my Lord Chief Justice Keeling's proceedings illegal; but that, out of particular respect to him, and the mediation of a great many, they have resolved to proceed no further against him. After a turn or two with my cozen, I away with Sir W. Warren, who met me here by my desire, and to Exeter House, and there to counsel, to Sir William Turner, about the business of my bargain with my Lady Batten; and he do give me good advice, and that I am safe, but that

[1] See October 17th, 1667.

[2] Alphonso VI. was deposed in 1667, and his brother Pedro made regent. The latter succeeded as Pedro II. in 1683.

there is a great many pretty considerations in it that makes it necessary for me to be silent yet for a while till we see whether the ship be safe or no; for she is drove to the coast of Holland, where she now is in the Texell, so that it is not prudence for me yet to resolve whether I will stand by the bargain or no, and so home, and Sir W. Warren and I walked upon Tower Hill by moonlight a great while, consulting business of the office and our present condition, which is but bad, it being most likely that the Parliament will change all hands, and so let them, so I may keep but what I have. Thence home, and there spent the evening at home with my wife and entering my journal, and so to supper and to bed, troubled with my parting with the £200, which I must lend my Lord Sandwich to answer his bill of exchange.

14th. Up and to the office, where busy, and after dinner also to the office again till night, when Mr. Moore come to me to discourse about the £200 I must supply my Lord Hinchingbroke, and I promised him to do it, though much against my will. So home, to supper and to bed.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I heard a German preach, in a tone hard to be understood, but yet an extraordinary good sermon, and wholly to my great content. So home, and there all alone with wife and girle to dinner, and then I busy at my chamber all the afternoon, and looking over my plate, which indeed is a very fine quantity, God knows, more than ever I expected to see of my own, and more than is fit for a man of no better quality than I am. In the evening comes Mrs. Turner to visit us, who hath been long sick, and she sat and supped with us, and after supper, her son Francke being there, now upon the point of his going to the East Indys, I did give him "Lex Mercatoria,"[1] and my wife my old pair of tweezers, which are pretty, and my book an excellent one for him. Most of our talk was of the great discourse the world hath against my Lady Batten, for getting her husband to give her all, and disinherit his eldest son; though the truth is, the son, as they say, did play the knave with his father when time was, and the father no great

[1] The work of Gerard de Malynes, entitled "Consuetudo vel Lex Mercatoria; or, the Ancient Law-Merchant." London, 1622; which was frequently reprinted.

matter better with him, nor with other people also. So she gone, we to bed.

16th. Up, and to several places, to pay what I owed. Among others, to my mercer, to pay for my fine camlott cloak, which costs me, the very stuff, almost £6; and also a velvet coat — the outside cost me above £8. And so to Westminster, where I find the House mighty busy upon a petition against my Lord Gerard, which lays heavy things to his charge, of his abusing the King in his Guards; and very hot the House is upon it. I away home to dinner alone with wife and girle, and so to the office, where mighty busy to my great content late, and then home to supper, talk with my wife, and to bed. It was doubtful to-day whether the House should be adjourned to-morrow or no.

17th. Up, and to the office, where very busy all the morning, and then in the afternoon I with Sir W. Pen and Sir T. Harvy to White Hall to attend the Duke of York, who is now as well as ever, and there we did our usual business with him, and so away home with Sir W. Pen, and there to the office, where pretty late doing business, my wife having been abroad all day with Mrs. Turner buying of one thing or other. This day I do hear at White Hall that the Duke of Monmouth is sick, and in danger of the smallpox. So home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to my goldsmith's in the morning, to look after the providing of £60 for Mr. Moore, towards the answering of my Lord Sandwich's bill of exchange, he being come to be contented with my lending him £60 in part of it, which pleases me, I expecting to have been forced to answer the whole bill; and this, which I do do, I hope to secure out of the plate, which was delivered into my custody of my Lord's the other day by Mr. Cooke, and which I did get Mr. Stokes, the goldsmith, last night to weigh at my house, and there is enough to secure £100. Thence home to the office, and there all the morning by particular appointment with Sir W. Pen, Sir R. Ford, and those that are concerned for my Lady Batten (Mr. Wood, Young, and Lewes), to even the accounts of our prize business, and at noon broke up, and to dinner, every man to his own home, and to it till late at night again, and we did come to some end, and I am mightily put to it how to order the business of my bargaine,

but my industry is to keep it off from discourse till the ship be brought home safe, and this I did do, and so we broke up, she appearing in our debts about £1,500, and so we parted, and I to my business, and home to my wife, who is troubled with the tooth ake, and there however I got her to read to me the History of Algiers, which I find a very pretty book, and so to supper with much pleasure talking, and to bed. The Parliament not adjourned yet.

19th. Up, and to the Office, where Commissioner Middleton first took place at the Board as Surveyor of the Navy; and indeed I think will be an excellent officer; I am sure much beyond what his predecessor was. At noon, to avoid being forced to invite him to dinner, it being his first day, and nobody inviting him, I did go to the 'Change with Sir W. Pen in his coach, who first went to Guildhall, whither I went with him, he to speak with Sheriff Gawden — I only for company; and did here look up and down this place, where I have not been before since the fire; and I see that the city are got a pace on in the rebuilding of Guildhall.[1] Thence to the 'Change, where I stayed very little, and so home to dinner, and there find my wife mightily out of order with her teeth. At the office all the afternoon, and at night by coach to Westminster, to the Hall, where I met nobody, and do find that this evening the King by message (which he never did before) hath passed several bills, among others that for the Accounts, and for banishing my Lord Chancellor, and hath adjourned the House to February; at which I am glad, hoping in this time to get leisure to state my Tangier Accounts, and to prepare better for the Parliament's enquiries. Here I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have ordered poor Carr, who only erred in the manner of the presenting his petition against my Lord Gerard, it being first printed before it was presented; which was, it seems, by Colonel Sands's[2] going into the coun-

[1] Guildhall was not destroyed by the fire, as Pepys seems to intimate, but it was greatly injured, and £34,776 was spent on its restoration. In 1789 George Dance the younger, City architect, did more damage than the fire. The original roof remained until he was let loose upon the unlucky building.

[2] Samuel Sandys of Ombersley, in Worcestershire, which county he then represented in Parliament. He was ancestor of the Lords Sandys, and died in 1685. — B.

try, into whose hands he had put it: the poor man is ordered to stand in the pillory two or three times, and his eares cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long.[1] But it is believed that the Commons, when they meet, will not be well pleased with it; and they have no reason, I think. Having only heard this from Mrs. Michell, I away again home, and there to supper and to bed, my wife exceeding ill in her face with the tooth ake, and now her face has become mightily swelled that I am mightily troubled for it.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office with Sir R. Ford and the same company as on Wednesday about my Lady Batten's accounts. At noon home to dinner, where my poor wife in bed in mighty pain, her left cheek so swelled as that we feared it would break, and so were fain to send for Mr. Hollier, who come, and seems doubtful of the defluxions of humours that may spoil her face, if not timely cured. He laid a poultice to it and other directions, and so away, and I to the office, where on the same accounts very late, and did come pretty near a settlement. So at night to Sir W. Pen's with Sir R. Ford, and there was Sir D. Gawden, and there we only talked of sundry things; and I have found of late, by discourse, that the present sort of government is looked upon as a sort of government that we never had yet — that is to say, a King and House of Commons against the House of Lords; for so indeed it is, though neither of the two first care a fig for one another, nor the third for them both, only the Bishops are afeard of losing ground, as I believe they will. So home to my poor wife, who is in mighty pain, and her face miserably swelled: so as I was frighted to see it, and I was forced to lie below in the great chamber, where I have not lain many a day, and having sat up with her, talking and reading and pitying her, I to bed.

21st. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my Clerks and Creed, who among other things all alone, after dinner, talking of the times, he tells me that the Nonconformists are mighty high, and their meetings frequented and connived at; and they do expect to have their

[1] The journals of the day do not inform us that William Carr was adjudged to lose his ears. He was fined £1,000 and ordered to stand in the pillory three times; and the libel was burnt by the common hangman. — B.

day now soon; for my Lord of Buckingham is a declared friend to them, and even to the Quakers, who had very good words the other day from the King himself: and, what is more, the Archbishop of Canterbury is called no more to the Cabal,[1] nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry; which I am sorry for, the Cabal at present being, as he says, the King, and Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seale. The Bishops, differing from the King in the late business in the House of Lords, having caused this and what is like to follow, for every body is encouraged now-a-days to speak, and even to preach, as I have heard one of them, as bad things against them as ever in the year 1640; which is a strange change. He gone, I to the office, where busy till late at night, and then home to sit with my wife, who is a little better, and her cheek asswaged. I read to her out of "The History of Algiers," which is mighty pretty

[1] This use of the word, which has already occurred in the same sense (see October 14th, 1665), is earlier than its application by Burnet ("Hist. of Own Time") in 1672, when he states, in reference to the then newly-formed government, that "Cabal" proved a technical word, every letter in it being the first letter of these five — Clifford, Ashly, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. It is obvious that the names given by Pepys do not form the word. In the "Dream of the Cabal," anno 1672, the Cabal is made to consist of *seven* members, thus —

> "Methought there met the grand Cabal of Seven,
> (Odd numbers, some men say, do best please Heaven)."

Burnet's words have often been mistaken. He noticed a coincidence, which many have taken to be the origin of the term. — B. "The five ministers of the king whose names were appended to the Treaty of Alliance with France for war against Holland, which was ultimately published — Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashly, and Lauderdale — have come down to posterity with the nickname of the Cabal Ministry, from the accident that the initials of their names make the word *Cabal*. This word *cabal* had not at that time the unfavourable meaning which now always attaches to it. It was used to designate any political combination, and is so used in a passage . . . from a letter of Andrew Marvel, in which he speaks of Buckingham's 'Cabal,' and of Arlington's rival 'cabal' in the same ministry. It was indeed in use as a name for the small Committee of the Privy Council otherwise called the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which had the chief management of the course of government, and here it had much the meaning of the word *cabinet* now in vogue." — Christie's *Life of first Earl of Shaftesbury*, vol. ii., pp. 53, 54.

reading, and did discourse alone about my sister Pall's match, which is now on foot with one Jackson, another nephew of Mr. Phillips's, to whom he hath left his estate.

22nd (Lord's day). Up, and my wife, poor wretch, still in pain, and then to dress myself and down to my chamber to settle some papers, and thither come to me Willet with an errand from her mistress, and this time I first did give her a little kiss, she being a very pretty humoured girle, and so one that I do love mightily. Thence to my office, and there did a little business, and so to church, where a dull sermon, and then home, and Cozen Kate Joyce come and dined with me and Mr. Holliard; but by chance I offering occasion to him to discourse of the Church of Rome, Lord! how he run on to discourse with the greatest vehemence and importunity in the world, as the only thing in the world that he is full of, and it was good sport to me to see him so earnest on so little occasion. She come to see us and to tell me that her husband is going to build his house again, and would borrow of me £300, which I shall upon good security be willing to do, and so told her, being willing to have some money out of my hands upon good security. After dinner up to my wife again, who is in great pain still with her tooth, and there, they gone, I spent the most of the afternoon and night reading and talking to bear her company, and so to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up before day, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, and with him to White Hall, and there walked a great while with him in the garden till the Commissioners of the Treasury met, and there talked over many businesses, and particularly he tells me that by my desire he hath moved the Duke of York that Sir J. Minnes might be removed from the Navy, at least the Controller's place, and his business put on my Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen; that the Committee for Accounts are good sober men, and such as he thinks we shall have fair play from; that he hopes that the kingdom will escape ruin in general, notwithstanding all our fears, and yet I find he do seem not very confident in it. So to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there I had a dispute before them with Sir Stephen Fox about our orders for money, who is very angry, but I value it not. But, Lord! to see with what folly my Lord Albemarle do speak in this business would make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool. Thence meeting

there with Creed, he and I to the Exchange, and there I saw Carr stand in the pillory for the business of my Lord Gerard, which is supposed will make a hot business in the House of Commons, when they shall come to sit again, the Lords having ordered this with great injustice, as all people think, his only fault being the printing his petition before, by accident, his petition be read in the House. Here walked up and down the Exchange with Creed, and then home to dinner, and there hear by Creed that the Bishops of Winchester[1] and of Rochester,[2] and the Dean of the Chapel, and some other great prelates, are suspended: and a cloud upon the Archbishop ever since the late business in the House of Lords; and I believe it will be a heavy blow to the Clergy. This noon I bought a sermon of Dr. Floyd's,[3] which Creed read a great part of to me and Mr. Hollier, who dined with me, but as well writ and as good, against the Church of Rome, as ever I read; but, Lord! how Hollier, poor man, was taken with it. They gone I to the office, and there very late with Mr. Willson and my people about the making of a new contract for the victualler, which do and will require a great deal of pains of me, and so to supper and to bed, my wife being pretty well all this day by reason of her imposthume being broke in her cheek into her mouth. This day, at the 'Change, Creed shewed me Mr. Coleman, of whom my wife hath so good an opinion, and says that he is as very a rogue for women as any in the world; which did disquiet me, like a fool, and run in my mind a great while.

24th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon with my clerks to dinner, and then to the office again, busy at the office till six at night, and then by coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonys, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. But it being not begun I to Westminster Hall, and there staid and walked, and then to the

[1] George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, 1662–84.

[2] John Dolben, Bishop of Rochester, 1666 to 1683, when he was translated to York.

[3] A sermon entitled "Papists no Catholics, and Popery no Christianity," published in 1667, by William Lloyd, who became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then of St. Asaph, and lastly of Worcester, and died in 1717, aged ninety-one. — B.

Swan, and there drank and talked, and did banter a little Frank, and so to White Hall, and sent my coach round, I through the Park to chapel, where I got in up almost to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning, in a very great crowd; and there expected, but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odde thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the shew. I was afeard of my pocket being picked very much. . . . Their musique very good indeed, but their service I confess too frivolous, that there can be no zeal go along with it, and I do find by them themselves that they do run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk and make signs with the other in the midst of their masse. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mightily troubled to kneel. All being done, and I sorry for my coming, missing of what I expected; which was, to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done: and there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemayne, who looked prettily in her night-clothes, and so took my coach, which waited, and away through Covent Garden, to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who come thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this religion. And so I stopped, having set them down and drank some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern [1] door, while the constables come, and two or three Bellmen went by.

25th. It being a fine, light, moonshine morning, and so home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane and the maids making pyes, and so I to bed, and

[1] The Rose tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Part of it was pulled down in 1776, when a new front was added to Drury Lane Theatre.

slept well, and rose about nine, and to church, and there heard a dull sermon of Mr. Mills, but a great many fine people at church; and so home. Wife and girl and I alone at dinner — a good Christmas dinner, and all the afternoon at home, my wife reading to me "The History of the Drummer of Mr. Mompesson,"[1] which is a strange story of spies, and worth reading indeed. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and he sat and supped with us; and very good company, he reciting to us many copies of good verses of Dr. Wilde,[2] who writ "Iter Boreale," and so to bed, my boy being gone with W. Hewer and Mr. Hater to Mr. Gibson's in the country to dinner and lie there all night.

26th. Up and to Westminster, and there to the Swan, and by chance met Mr. Spicer and another 'Chequer clerk, and there made them drink, and there talked of the credit the 'Chequer is now come to and will in a little time, and so away homeward, and called at my bookseller's, and there bought Mr. Harrington's works, "Oceana," &c., and two other books, which cost me £4, and so home, and there eat a bit, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall;" which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.[3] Here met with Sir W. Pen, and sat by him, and home by coach with him, and there to my office a while, and then home to supper and to bed. I hear this day that Mrs. Stewart do at this day keep a great court at Somerset House, with her husband the Duke of Richmond, she being visited for her beauty's sake by people, as the Queen is, at nights; and they say also that she is likely to go to Court again, and there put my Lady Castlemayne's nose out of joynt. God knows that would make a great turn. This day I was invited to have gone to my cozen Mary[4] Pepys' burial, my uncle Thomas' daughter, but could not.

[1] See note, June 15th, 1663.

[2] Robert Wild's "Iter Boreale" celebrates Monk's march from Scotland.

[3] See note, August 22nd, 1667.

[4] Mary, only daughter of Thomas Pepys, of London, elder brother of Samuel's father.

27th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there walked with Creed in the Matted gallery till by and by a Committee for Tangier met: the Duke of York there; and there I did discourse over to them their condition as to money, which they were all mightily, as I could desire, satisfied with, but the Duke of Albemarle, who takes the part of the Guards against us in our supplies of money, which is an odd consideration for a dull, heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose: but the ability and integrity of Sir W. Coventry, in all the King's concernments, I do and must admire. After the Committee up, I and Sir W. Coventry walked an hour in the gallery, talking over many businesses, and he tells me that there are so many things concur to make him and his Fellow Commissioners unable to go through the King's work that he do despair of it, every body becoming an enemy to them in their retrenchments, and the King unstable, the debts great and the King's present occasions for money great and many and pressing, the bankers broke and every body keeping in their money, while the times are doubtful what will stand. But he says had they come in two years ago they doubt not to have done what the King would by this time, or were the King in the condition as heretofore, when the Chancellor was great, to be able to have what sums of money they pleased of the Parliament, and then the ill administration was such that instead of making good use of this power and money he suffered all to go to ruin. But one such sum now would put all upon their legs, and now the King would have the Parliament give him money when they are in an ill humour and will not be willing to give any, nor are very able, and besides every body distrusts what they give the King will be lost; whereas six months hence, when they see that the King can live without them, and is become steady, and to manage what he has well, he doubts not but their doubts would be removed, and would be much more free as well as more able to give him money. He told me how some of his enemies at the Duke of York's had got the Duke of York's commission for the Commissioners of his estate changed, and he and Brouncker and Povy left out: that this they did do to disgrace and impose upon him at this time; but that he, though he values not the thing, did go and tell the Duke of

York what he heard, and that he did not think that he had given him any reason to do this, out of his belief that he would not be as faithful and serviceable to him as the best of those that have got him put out. Whereupon the Duke of York did say that it arose only from his not knowing whether now he would have time to regard his affairs; and that, if he should, he would put him into the commission with his own hand, though the commission be passed. He answered that he had been faithful to him, and done him good service therein, so long as he could attend it; and if he had been able to have attended it more, he would not have enriched himself with such and such estates as my Lord Chancellor hath got, that did properly belong to his Royal Highness, as being forfeited to the King, and so by the King's gift given to the Duke of York. Here upon the Duke of York did call for the commission, and hath since put him in. This he tells me he did only to show his enemies that he is not so low as to be trod on by them, or the Duke hath any so bad opinion of him as they would think. Here we parted, and I with Sir H. Cholmly went and took a turn into the Park, and there talked of several things, and about Tangier particularly, and of his management of his business, and among other discourse about the method he will leave his accounts in if he should suddenly die, he says there is nothing but what is easily understood, but only a sum of £500 which he has entered given to E. E. S., which in great confidence he do discover to me to be my Lord Sandwich, at the beginning of their contract for the Mole, and I suppose the rest did the like, which was £1,500, which would appear a very odd thing for my Lord to be a profiter by the getting of the contract made for them. But here it puts me into thoughts how I shall own my receiving of £200 a year from him, but it is his gift, I never asked of him, and which he did to Mr. Povy, and so there is no great matter in it. Thence to other talk. He tells me that the business of getting the Duchess of Richmond to Court is broke off, the Duke not suffering it; and thereby great trouble is brought among the people that endeavoured it, and thought they had compassed it. And, Lord! to think that at this time the King should mind no other cares but these! He tells me that my Lord of Canterbury is a mighty stout man, and a man of a brave, high spirit, and

cares not for this disfavour that he is under at Court, knowing that the King cannot take away his profits during his life, and therefore do not value it.[1] Thence I home, and there to my office and wrote a letter to the Duke of York from myself about my clerks extraordinary, which I have employed this war, to prevent my being obliged to answer for what others do without any reason demand allowance for, and so by this means I will be accountable for none but my own, and they shall not have them but upon the same terms that I have, which is a profession that with these helps they will answer to their having performed their duties of their places. So to dinner, and then away by coach to the Temple, and then for speed by water thence to White Hall, and there to our usual attending the Duke of York, and did attend him, where among other things I did present and lodge my letter, and did speed in it as I could wish. Thence home with Sir W. Pen and Comm. Middleton by coach, and there home and to cards with my wife, W. Hewer, Mercer, and the girle, and mighty pleasant all the evening, and so to bed with my wife, which I have not done since her being ill for three weeks or thereabouts.

28th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, at noon home, and there to dinner with my clerks and Mr. Pelling, and had a very good dinner, among others a haunch of venison boiled, and merry we were, and I rose soon from dinner, and with my wife and girle to the King's house, and there saw "The Mad Couple," which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellently done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part,[2] as, the other

[1] This character of Archbishop Sheldon does not tally with the scandal that Pepys previously reported of him. Burnet has some passages of importance on this in his "Own Time," Book II. He affirms that Charles's final decision to throw over Clarendon was caused by the Chancellor's favouring Mrs. Stewart's marriage with the Duke of Richmond. The king had a conference with Sheldon on the removal of Clarendon, but could not convert the archbishop to his view. Lauderdale told Burnet that he had an account of the interview from the king. "The king and Sheldon had gone into such expostulations upon it that from that day forward Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence."

[2] See August 22nd (*ante*).

day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. [It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart.] Many fine faces here to-day. Thence home, and there to the office late, and then home to supper and to bed. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon the 'Change, among our merchants, that the very Ostend little pickaroon[1] men-of-war do offer violence to our merchant-men, and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying Frenchmen's goods. Lord! what a condition are we come to, and that so soon after a war!

29th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the day, both morning and afternoon (only a little at dinner with my wife alone), upon the settling of my Tangier accounts towards the evening of all reckonings now against the new year, and here I do see the great folly of letting things go long unevened, it being very hard for me and dangerous to state after things are gone out of memory, and much more would be so should I have died in this time and my accounts come to other hands, to understand which would never be. At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any: which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long, and his father such a hypocritical rogue, and at this time an Atheist. She gone, I to my very great content do find my accounts to come very even and naturally, and so to supper and to bed.

30th. Up before day, and by coach to Westminster, and there first to Sir H. Cholmly, and there I did to my great content deliver him up his little several papers for sums of money paid him, and took his regular receipts upon his orders, wherein I am safe. Thence to White Hall, and there to visit Sir G. Carteret, and there was with him a

[1] From the Spanish *picaron*, a rogue or villain. The word obtained the secondary meaning of pirate or privateer.

great while, and my Lady and they seem in very good humour, but by and by Sir G. Carteret and I alone, and there we did talk of the ruinous condition we are in, the King being going to put out of the Council so many able men; such as my Lord Anglesey, Ashly, Hollis, Secretary Morrice (to bring in Mr. Trevor[1]), and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and my Lord Bridgewater. He tells me that this is true, only the Duke of York do endeavour to hinder it, and the Duke of York himself did tell him so: that the King and the Duke of York do not in company disagree, but are friendly; but that there is a core in their hearts, he doubts, which is not to be easily removed; for these men do suffer only for their constancy to the Chancellor, or at least from the King's ill-will against him: that they do now all they can to villify the clergy, and do accuse Rochester [Dolben[2]], . . . and so do raise scandals, all that is possible, against other of the Bishops. He do suggest that something is intended for the Duke of Monmouth, and it may be, against the Queene also: that we are in no manner sure against an invasion the next year: that the Duke of Buckingham do rule all now, and the Duke of York comes indeed to the Caball, but signifies little there. That this new faction do not endure, nor the King, Sir W. Coventry; but yet that he is so usefull that they cannot be without him; but that he is not now called to the Caball. That my Lord of Buckingham, Bristoll, and Arlington, do seem to agree in these things; but that they do not in their hearts trust one another, but do drive several ways, all of them. In short, he do bless himself that he is no more concerned in matters now; and the hopes he hath of being at liberty, when his accounts are over, to retire into the country. That he do give over the kingdom for wholly lost. So after some other little discourse, I away, meeting with Mr. Cooling. I with

[1] John Trevor, knighted by Charles II., who made him Secretary of State, 1668, which office he held till his death in 1672.

[2] Bishop Dolben appears to have been a man of remarkably fine character, against whose good fame these malignant attacks fall harmless. There is an excellent life of him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," by the late Canon Venables (see note, August 14th, 1666). It is said that every male of the Dolben family, from the bishop to the last of the family in the nineteenth century, was educated at Westminster School,

him by coach to the Wardrobe, where I never was since the fire in Hatton Garden, but did not 'light: and he tells me he fears that my Lord Sandwich will suffer much by Mr. Townsend's being untrue to him, he being now unable to give the Commissioners of the Treasury an account of his money received by many thousands of pounds, which I am troubled for. Thence to the Old Exchange together, he telling me that he believes there will be no such turning out of great men as is talked of, but that it is only to fright people, but I do fear there may be such a thing doing. He do mightily inveigh against the folly of the King to bring his matters to wrack thus, and that we must all be undone without help. I met with Cooling at the Temple-gate, after I had been at both my booksellers — and there laid out several pounds in books now against the new year. From the 'Change (where I met with Captain Cocke, who would have borrowed money of me, but I had the grace to deny him, he would have had 3 or £400) I with Cocke and Mr. Temple (whose wife was just now brought to bed of a boy, but he seems not to be at all taken with it, which is a strange consideration how others do rejoice to have a child born), to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there did dine together, there being there, among other company, Mr. Attorney Montagu,[1] and his fine lady, a fine woman. After dinner, I did understand from my Lady Jemimah that her brother Hinchingbroke's business was to be ended this day, as she thinks, towards his match,[2] and they do talk here of their intent to buy themselves some new clothes against the wedding, which I am very glad of. After dinner I did even with Sir G. Carteret the accounts of the interest of the money which I did so long put out for him in Sir R. Viner's hands, and by it I think I shall be a gainer about £28, which is a very good reward for the little trouble I have had in it. Thence with Sir Philip Carteret[3] to the King's playhouse, there to see "Love's

[1] William Montagu, second son of Edward, first Baron Montagu of Boughton, appointed Attorney-General to the Queen in 1662; Lord Chief Baron, 1676–86. His second wife, the lady referred to by Pepys, was Mary, daughter of Sir John Aubrey, Bart.

[2] With Lady Anne Boyle.

[3] Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, who married Lady Jemimah Montagu, July 31st, 1665.

Cruelty,"[1] an old play, but which I have not seen before; and in the first act Orange Moll come to me, with one of our porters by my house, to tell me that Mrs. Pierce and Knepp did dine at my house to-day, and that I was desired to come home. So I went out presently, and by coach home, and they were just gone away: so, after a very little stay with my wife, I took coach again, and to the King's playhouse again, and come in the fourth act; and it proves to me a very silly play, and to everybody else, as far as I could judge. But the jest is, that here telling Moll how I had lost my journey, she told me that Mrs. Knepp was in the house, and so shews me to her, and I went to her, and sat out the play, and then with her to Mrs. Manuel's, where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it, as to admire it: for, not understanding the words, I lose the benefit of the vocalitys of the musick, and it proves only instrumental; and therefore was more pleased to hear Knepp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine. Thence, after sitting and talking a pretty while, I took leave and left them there, and so to my bookseller's, and paid for the books I had bought, and away home, where I told my wife where I had been. But she was as mad as a devil, and nothing but ill words between us all the evening while we sat at cards — W. Hewer and the girl by — even to gross ill words, which I was troubled for, but do see that I must use policy to keep her spirit down, and to give her no offence by my being with Knepp and Pierce, of which, though she will not own it, yet she is heartily jealous. At last it ended in few words and my silence (which for fear of growing higher between us I did forbear), and so to supper and to bed without one word one to another. This day I did carry money out, and paid several debts. Among others, my tailor, and shoemaker, and draper, Sir W. Turner, who begun to talk of the Commission of accounts,[2] wherein he is one; but though they

[1] A tragedy by James Shirley, first printed in 1640.

[2] The Commissioners of Accounts were William, Lord Brereton, William Peirpoint, Sir George Savile, Giles Dunster, Sir James Lang-

are the greatest people that ever were in the nation as to power, and like to be our judges, yet I did never speak one word to him of desiring favour, or bidding him joy in it, but did answer him to what he said, and do resolve to stand or fall by my silent preparing to answer whatever can be laid to me, and that will be my best proceeding, I think. This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Carteret would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet, when he come to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain;[1] and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North,[2] formerly Mr. North, who was with my Lord at sea; and he, of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality (being a Lord's daughter,[3] my Lord Grey), and person, and beauty, and years, and estate, and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow; but a good scholar and

ham, Henry Osborne, Alderman Sir William Turner, George Tompson, and John Gregory ("Statutes of the Realm," vol. v., p. 624).

[1] The practice of gallants attending the theatre without payment is illustrated by Mr. Lowe in his "Betterton," from Shadwell's "True Widow":

"*1st Doorkeeper.* Pray, sir, pay me: my masters will make me pay it.

3rd Man. Impudent rascal, do you ask me for money? Take that, sirrah.

2nd Doorkeeper. Will you pay me, sir?

4th Man. No; I don't intend to stay.

2nd Doorkeeper. So you say every day, and see two or three acts for nothing."

[2] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, fourth Lord North, noticed March 3rd, 1659-60 (vol. i., p. 73). He was granted a peerage during his father's lifetime as Baron Grey of Rolleston, and eventually succeeded his father as fifth Baron North. His mother was Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Montagu, of Cranbrook Hall, Essex, whence his connection with Lord Sandwich.

[3] Catharine, daughter to William Grey, Lord Grey of Warke, and widow of Sir Edward Moseley. She married, thirdly, Colonel Francis Russell (see November 15th, 1666), second son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford. — B.

sober gentleman; and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old Lord being dead.

31st. Up, without words to my wife, or few, and those not angry, and so to White Hall, and there waited a long time, while the Duke of York was with the King in the Caball, and there I and Creed stayed talking without, in the Vane-Room, and I perceive all people's expectation is, what will be the issue of this great business of putting these great Lords out of the council and power, the quarrel, I perceive, being only their standing against the will of the King in the business of the Chancellor. Anon the Duke of York comes out, and then to a committee of Tangier, where my Lord Middleton did come to-day, and seems to me but a dull, heavy man; but he is a great soldier, and stout, and a needy Lord, which will still keep that poor garrison from ever coming to be worth anything to the King. Here, after a short meeting, we broke up, and I home to the office, where they are sitting, and so I to them, and having done our business rose, and I home to dinner with my people, and there dined with me my uncle Thomas, with a mourning hat-band on, for his daughter Mary, and here I and my people did discourse of the Act for the accounts,[1] which do give the greatest power to these people, as they report that have read it (I having not yet read it, and indeed its nature is such as I have no mind to go about to read it, for fear of meeting matter in it to trouble me), that ever was given to any subjects, and too much also. After dinner with my wife and girl to Unthanke's, and there left her, and I to Westminster, and there to Mrs. Martin's, and did hazer con elle what I desired, and there did drink with her, and find fault with her husband's wearing of too fine clothes, by which I perceive he will be a beggar, and so after a little talking I

[1] "An Act for taking the Accompts of the several sums of money therein mencōned," 19 and 20 Car. II., c. 1. The commissioners were empowered "to call before them all Treasurers, Receivers, Paymasters, Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy and Ordnance respectively, Pursers, Mustermasters, and Clerks of the Cheque, Accomptants, and all Officers and Keepers of his Majesties Stores and Provisions for Warr as well for Land as Sea, and all other persons whatsoever imployed in the management of the said Warr or requisite for the discovery of any frauds relating thereunto," &c., &c. ("Statutes of the Realm," vol. v., pp. 624–627).

away and took up my wife again, and so home and to the office, where Captain Perryman did give me an account, walking in the garden, how the seamen of England are discouraged by want of money (or otherwise by being, as he says, but I think without cause, by their being underrated) so far as that he thinks the greatest part are gone abroad or going, and says that it is known that there are Irish in the town, up and down, that do labour to entice the seamen out of the nation by giving them £3 in hand, and promise of 40*s.* per month, to go into the King of France's service, which is a mighty shame, but yet I believe is true. I did advise with him about my little vessel, "The Maybolt," which he says will be best for me to sell, though my employing her to Newcastle this winter, and the next spring, for coles, will be a gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble, but I will think of it, and so to my office, ended my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, good friends with my wife. Thus ends the year, with great happiness to myself and family as to health and good condition in the world, blessed be God for it! only with great trouble to my mind in reference to the publick, there being little hopes left but that the whole nation must in a very little time be lost, either by troubles at home, the Parliament being dissatisfied, and the King led into unsettled councils by some about him, himself considering little, and divisions growing between the King and Duke of York; or else by foreign invasion, to which we must submit if any, at this bad point of time, should come upon us, which the King of France is well able to do. These thoughts, and some cares upon me, concerning my standing in this Office when the committee of Parliament shall come to examine our Navy matters, which they will now shortly do. I pray God they may do the kingdom service therein, as they will have sufficient opportunity of doing it!

1667-68.

January 1st. Up, and all the morning in my chamber making up some accounts against this beginning of the new year, and so about noon abroad with my wife, who was to dine with W. Hewer and Willet at Mrs. Pierce's, but I had

no mind to be with them, for I do clearly find that my wife is troubled at my friendship with her and Knepp, and so dined with my Lord Crew, with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and Mr. John Crew. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always: and among other things my Lord Crew did turn to a place in the Life of Sir Philip Sidney, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville,[1] which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy; and is so remarkable that I am resolved to buy one of them, it being, quite throughout, a good discourse.[2] Here they did talk much of the present cheapness of corne, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent, but do fling up their lands; and would pay in corne: but, which I did observe to my Lord, and he liked well of it, our gentry are grown so ignorant in every thing of good husbandry, that they know not how to bestow this corne: which, did they understand but a little trade, they would be able to joyne together, and know what markets there are abroad, and send it thither, and thereby ease their tenants and be able to pay themselves. They did talk much of the disgrace the Archbishop is fallen under with the King, and the rest of the Bishops also. Thence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all;" which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I begun first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at *2s. 6d.*

[1] "The life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney . . . Written by Sir Fulke Grevil, Knight, Lord Brook, a servant to Queen Elizabeth, and his companion and friend," was published in 1652, "Printed for Henry Seile, over against St. Dunstans Church in Fleet Street." This little book was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory Press in 1816.

[2] Sir Fulke Greville discourses much on foreign affairs, particularly in chapters ii., v., xv., and xvii., where he points out the dangers to this country and Europe generally from the combinations of great powers. He commends Queen Elizabeth for maintaining a fleet of her own ships

a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d.* and then the 18*d.* places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down the house a while, and do hear nothing of anything done further in this business of the change of Privy-counsellors: only I hear that Sir G. Savile,[1] one of the Parliament Committee of nine, for examining the Accounts, is by the King made a Lord, the Lord Halifax; which, I believe, will displease the Parliament. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to (do what I never can remember that I did) go to see the manner of the gaming at the Groome-Porter's, I having in my coming from the playhouse stepped into the two Temple-halls, and there saw the dirty 'prentices and idle people playing; wherein I was mistaken, in thinking to have seen gentlemen of quality playing there, as I think it was when I was a little child, that one of my father's servants, John Bassum, I think, carried me in his arms thither. I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they begun to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all: to see how the dice will run good luck in one hand, for half an hour together, and another have no good luck at all: to see how easily here, where they play nothing but guinnys, a £100 is won or lost: to see two or three gentlemen come in there drunk, and putting their stock of gold together, one 22 pieces, the second 4, and the third 5 pieces; and these to play one with another, and forget how much each of them brought, but he that brought the 22 thinks that he brought no more than the rest: to see the different humours of gamesters to change their luck, when it is bad, how ceremonious they are as to call for new dice, to shift their places, to

and of those of "her fast friends the Netherlands" on the coast of Spain (p. 227).

[1] Sir George Savile of Rufford, co. Notts, Bart., created Baron Savile of Eland and Viscount Halifax, 1668; Earl of Halifax, 1679; and Marquis of Halifax, 1682. Died April 5th, 1695.

alter their manner of throwing, and that with great industry, as if there was anything in it: to see how some old gamesters, that have no money now to spend as formerly, do come and sit and look on, as among others, Sir Lewis Dives,[1] who was here, and hath been a great gamester in his time: to hear their cursing and damning to no purpose, as one man being to throw a seven if he could, and, failing to do it after a great many throws, cried he would be damned if ever he flung seven more while he lived, his despair of throwing it being so great, while others did it as their luck served almost every throw: to see how persons of the best quality do here sit down, and play with people of any, though meaner; and to see how people in ordinary clothes shall come hither, and play away 100, or 2 or 300 guinnys, without any kind of difficulty: and lastly, to see the formality of the groome-porter, who is their judge of all disputes in play and all quarrels that may arise therein, and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it. And mighty glad I am that I did see it, and it may be will find another evening, before Christmas be over, to see it again, when I may stay later, for their heat of play begins not till about eleven or twelve o'clock; which did give me another pretty observation of a man, that did win mighty fast when I was there. I think he won £100 at single pieces in a little time. While all the rest envied him his good fortune, he cursed it, saying, "A pox on it, that it should come so early upon me, for this fortune two hours hence would be worth something to me, but then, God damn me, I shall have no such luck." This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away, and

[1] Sir Lewis Dyve (1599-1669) was the son of John Dyve, of Bromham, in Bedfordshire, by Beatrix, daughter of Charles Walcot, Esq., who afterwards married John Digby, first Earl of Bristol. See note, *ante*, December 6th, 1667.

took coach and home about 9 or 10 at night, where not finding my wife come home, I took the same coach again, and leaving my watch behind me for fear of robbing, I did go back and to Mrs. Pierce's, thinking they might not have broken up yet, but there I find my wife newly gone, and not going out of my coach spoke only to Mr. Pierce in his nightgown in the street, and so away back again home, and there to supper with my wife and to talk about their dancing and doings at Mrs. Pierce's to-day, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, and there attended the King and the Duke of York in the Duke of York's lodgings, with the rest of the Officers and many of the Commanders of the fleete, and some of our master shipwrights, to discourse the business of having the topmasts of ships made to lower abaft of the mainmast; a business I understand not, and so can give no good account; but I do see that by how much greater the Council, and the number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue is of their councils; so that little was said to the purpose regularly, and but little use was made of it, they coming to a very broken conclusion upon it, to make trial in a ship or two. From this they fell to other talk about the fleete's fighting this late war, and how the King's ships have been shattered; though the King said that the world would not have it that about ten or twenty ships in any fight did do any service, and that this hath been told so to him himself, by ignorant people. The Prince,[1] who was there, was mightily surprised at it, and seemed troubled: but the King told him that it was only discourse of the world. But Mr. Wren whispered me in the eare, and said that the Duke of Albemarle had put it into his Narrative for the House, that not above twenty-five ships fought in the engagement wherein he was, but that he was advised to leave it out; but this he did write from sea, I am sure, or words to that effect: and did displease many commanders, among others, Captain Batts, who the Duke of York said was a very stout man, all the world knew; and that another was brought into his ship that had been turned out of his place when he was a boatswain, not long before, for being a drunkard. This the Prince took notice of, and would

[1] Rupert.

have been angry, I think, but they let their discourse fall: but the Duke of York was earnest in it. And the Prince said to me, standing by me, "God damn me, if they will turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all the commanders in the fleete. What is the matter if he be drunk, so when he comes to fight he do his work? At least, let him be punished for his drunkenness, and not put out of his command presently." This he spoke, very much concerned for this idle fellow, one Greene. After this the King began to tell stories of the cowardice of the Spaniards in Flanders, when he was there, at the siege of Mardike and Dunkirke;[1] which was very pretty, though he tells them but meanly. This being done I to Westminster Hall, and there staid a little: and then home, and by the way did find with difficulty the Life of Sir Philip Sidney (the book I mentioned yesterday). And the bookseller told me that he had sold four, within this week or two, which is more than ever he sold in all his life of them; and he could not imagine what should be the reason of it: but I suppose it is from the same reason of people's observing of this part therein, touching his prophesying our present condition here in England in relation to the Dutch, which is very remarkable.[2] So home to dinner, where Balty's wife is come to town; she come last night and lay at my house, but being weary was gone to bed before I come home, and so I saw her not before. After

[1] This refers to the battle of the Dunes, June 24th, 1658, when Turenne defeated the Prince of Condé and Don Juan of Austria, who tried to relieve Dunkirk, which the English blockaded by sea, and the French attacked by land. It was prior to this battle that, despising the Spanish tactics, Condé said to the young Duke of Gloucester, "N'avez vous jamais vu perdre une bataille? Eh bien, vous l'allez voir." Dunkirk surrendered on the 23rd, and afterwards was given up to the English, with whom it remained till Charles sold it. — B.

[2] "If they should incorporate with France, the Netherlands manufactures, industry, trade and shipping would add much to that monarchie both in peace and war. The natural riches of the French having been hitherto either kept barrain at home or barrainly transported abroad for lack of the true use of trade . . . which defect being now abundantly to be supplied, by this conjunction with the Netherlands, would in a little time, not onely puff up that active commonwealth with unquiet pride, but awake the stirring French to feel this addition to their own strengths, and so make them become dangerous neighbours by incursion in invasion to the Baltique sea." — Greville's *Life of Sidney*, p. 66.

dinner I took my wife and her girl out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought herself a lace for a handkercher, which I do give her, of about £3, for a new year's gift, and I did buy also a lace for a band for myself, and so home, and there to the office busy late, and so home to my chamber, where busy on some accounts, and then to supper and to bed. This day my wife shows me a locket of dyamonds worth about £40, which W. Hewer do press her to accept, and hath done for a good while, out of his gratitude for my kindness and her's to him. But I do not like that she should receive it, it not being honourable for me to do it; and so do desire her to force him to take it back again, he leaving it against her will yesterday with her. And she did this evening force him to take it back, at which she says he is troubled; but, however, it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it. And so I am well pleased with her returning it him. It is generally believed that France is endeavouring a firmer league with us than the former, in order to his going on with his business against Spayne the next year; which I am, and so every body else is, I think, very glad of, for all our fear is, of his invading us. This day, at White Hall, I overheard Sir W. Coventry propose to the King his ordering[1] of some particular thing in the Wardrobe, which was of no great value; but yet, as much as it was, it was of profit to the King and saving to his purse. The King answered to it with great indifferency, as a thing that it was no great matter whether it was done or no. Sir W. Coventry answered: "I see your Majesty do not remember the old English proverb, 'He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound.'" And so they parted, the King bidding him do as he would; which, methought, was an answer not like a King that did intend ever to do well.

3rd. At the office all the morning with Mr. Willson and my clerks, consulting again about a new contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, where busy all the afternoon preparing something for the Council about Tangier this evening. So about five o'clock away with it to the Council, and there

[1] *i.e.*, putting in order.

do find that the Council hath altered its times of sitting to the mornings, and so I lost my labour, and back again by coach presently round by the city wall, it being dark, and so home, and there to the office, where till midnight with Mr. Willson and my people to go through with the Victualler's contract and the considerations about the new one, and so home to supper and to bed, thinking my time very well spent.

4th. Up, and there to the office, where we sat all the morning; at noon home to dinner, where my clerks and Mr. Clerke the sollicitor with me, and dinner being done I to the office again, where all the afternoon till late busy, and then home with my mind pleased at the pleasure of despatching my business, and so to supper and to bed, my thoughts full, how to order our design of having some dancing at our house on Monday next, being Twelfth-day. It seems worth remembering that this day I did hear my Lord Anglesey at the table, speaking touching this new Act for Accounts, say that the House of Lords did pass it because it was a senseless, impracticable, ineffectual, and foolish Act; and that my Lord Ashly having shown this that it was so to the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham did stand up and told the Lords that they were beholden to my Lord Ashly, that having first commended them for a most grave and honourable assembly, he thought it fit for the House to pass this Act for Accounts because it was a foolish and simple Act: and it seems it was passed with but a few in the House, when it was intended to have met in a grand Committee upon it. And it seems that in itself it is not to be practiced till after this session of Parliament, by the very words of the Act, which nobody regarded, and therefore cannot come in force yet, unless the next meeting they do make a new Act for the bringing it into force sooner; which is a strange omission. But I perceive my Lord Anglesey do make a mere laughing-stock of this Act, as a thing that can do nothing considerable, for all its great noise.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and being ready, and disappointed of a coach, it breaking a wheel just as it was coming for me, I walked as far as the Temple, it being dirty, and as I went out of my doors my cozen Anthony Joyce met me, and so walked part of the way with me, and it was to see what I

would do upon what his wife a little while since did desire, which was to supply him £350 to enable him to go to build his house again. I (who in my nature am mighty unready to answer no to anything, and thereby wonder that I have suffered no more in my life by my easiness in that kind than I have) answered him that I would do it, and so I will, he offering me good security, and so it being left for me to consider the manner of doing it we parted. Taking coach as I said before at the Temple, I to Charing Cross, and there went into Unthanke's to have my shoes wiped, dirty with walking, and so to White Hall, where I visited the Vice-Chamberlain, who tells me, and so I find by others, that the business of putting out of some of the Privy-council is over, the King being at last advised to forbear it; for whereas he did design it to make room for some of the House of Commons that are against him, thereby to gratify them, it is believed that it will but so much the more fret the rest that are not provided for, and raise a new stock of enemies by them that are displeased, and so all they think is over: and it goes for a pretty saying of my Lord Anglesey's up and down the Court, that he should lately say to one of them that are the great promoters of this putting him and others out of the Council, "Well," says he, "and what are we to look for when we are outed? Will all things be set right in the nation?" The other said that he did believe that many things would be mended: "But," says my Lord, "will you and the rest of you be contented to be hanged, if you do not redeem all our misfortunes and set all right, if the power be put into your hands?" The other answered, "No, I would not undertake that." "Why, then," says my Lord, "I and the rest of us that you are labouring to put out, will be contented to be hanged, if we do not recover all that is passed, if the King will put the power into our hands, and adhere wholly to our advice;" which saying as it was severe, so generally people have so little opinion of those that are likely to be uppermost that they do mightily commend my Lord Anglesey for this saying. From the Vice-Chamberlain up and down the house till Chapel done, and then did speak with several that I had a mind to, and so intending to go home, my Lady Carteret saw and called me out of her window, and so would have me home with her to Lincoln's Inn Fields to dinner, and

there we met with my Lord Brereton, and several other strangers, to dine there; and I find him a very sober and serious, able man, and was in discourse too hard for the Bishop of Chester,[1] who dined there; and who, above all books lately wrote, commending the matter and style of a late book, called "The Causes of the Decay of Piety,"[2] I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it. Here dined also Sir Philip Howard, a Barkeshire Howard,[3] whom I did once hear swear publickly and loud in the matted gallery that he had not been at a wench in so long a time. He did take occasion to tell me at the table that I have got great ground in the Parliament, by my ready answers to all that was asked me there about the business of Chatham, and they would never let me be out of employment, of which I made little; but was glad to hear him, as well as others, say it. And he did say also, relating to Commissioner Pett, that he did not think that he was guilty of anything like a fault, that he was either able or concerned to amend, but only the not carrying up of the ships higher, he meant; but he said, three or four miles lower down, to Rochester Bridge, which is a strange piece of ignorance in a Member of Parliament at such a time as this, and after so many examinations in the house of this business; and did boldly declare that he did think the fault to lie in my Lord Middleton, who had the power of the place, to secure the boats that were made ready by Pett, and to do anything that he thought fit, and was much, though not altogether in the right, for Spragg, that commanded the river, ought rather to be charged with the want of the boats and the placing of them. After dinner, my Lord Brereton very gentilely went to the organ, and played a verse very handsomely. Thence after dinner away with Sir G. Carteret to White Hall, setting down my Lord Brereton at my Lord Brouncker's, and there up and down the house, and on the Queen's side, to see the ladies, and there saw the Duchesse of York, whom few pay

[1] George Hall, son of the celebrated Bishop Joseph Hall of Norwich, Archdeacon of Canterbury, 1660, and consecrated Bishop of Chester, May 11th, 1662. Died August 23rd, 1668.

[2] One of the famous works by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," which had just been published.

[3] *i.e.*, a son of the Earl of Berkshire. See note to September 1st, 1665.

the respect they used, I think, to her; but she bears all out, with a very great deal of greatness; that is the truth of it. And so, it growing night, I away home by coach, and there set my wife to read, and then comes Pelling, and he and I to sing a little, and then sup and so to bed.

6th. Up, leaving my wife to get her ready, and the maids to get a supper ready against night for our company; and I by coach to White Hall, and there up and down the house, and among others met with Mr. Pierce, by whom I find, as I was afeard from the folly of my wife, that he understood that he and his wife was to dine at my house to-day, whereas it was to sup; and therefore I, having done my business at court, did go home to dinner, and there find Mr. Harris, by the like mistake, come to dine with me. However, we did get a pretty dinner ready for him; and there he and I to discourse of many things, and I do find him a very excellent person, such as in my whole [acquaintance] I do not know another better qualified for converse, whether in things of his own trade, or of other kinds, a man of great understanding and observation, and very agreeable in the manner of his discourse, and civil as far as is possible. I was mightily pleased with his company; and after dinner did take coach with him, and my wife and girl, to go to a play, and to carry him thither to his own house. But I 'light by the way to return home, thinking to have spoke with Mrs. Bagwell, who I did see to-day in our entry, come from Harwich, whom I have not seen these twelve months, I think, and more, and voudrai avoir hazer alcun with her, sed she was gone, and so I took coach and away to my wife at the Duke of York's house, in the pit, and so left her; and to Mrs. Pierce, and took her and her cozen Corbet, Knepp and little James, and brought them to the Duke's house; and, the house being full, was forced to carry them to a box, which did cost me 20*s.*, besides oranges, which troubled me, though their company did please me. Thence, after the play, stayed till Harris was undressed, there being acted "The Tempest," and so he withall, all by coach, home, where we find my house with good fires and candles ready, and our Office the like, and the two Mercers, and Betty Turner, Pendleton, and W. Batelier. And so with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary musick, two

viollins, and a base viollin, and theorbo, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's musique, the best in towne, sent me by Greeting, and there we set in to dancing. By and by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good musick playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake, cost me near 20*s*., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of young Goodyer and some others of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing; and anon comes in Mrs. Turner, the mother, and brings with her Mrs. Hollworthy, which pleased me mightily. And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning, and then broke up; and Mrs. Pierce and her family, and Harris and Knepp by coach home, as late as it was. And they gone, I took Mrs. Turner and Hollworthy home to my house, and there gave wine and sweetmeats; but I find Mrs. Hollworthy but a mean woman, I think, for understanding, only a little conceited, and proud, and talking, but nothing extraordinary in person, or discourse, or understanding. However, I was mightily pleased with her being there, I having long longed for to know her, and they being gone, I paid the fiddlers £3 among the four, and so away to bed, weary and mightily pleased, and have the happiness to reflect upon it as I do sometimes on other things, as going to a play or the like, to be the greatest real comfort that I am to expect in the world, and that it is that that we do really labour in the hopes of; and so I do really enjoy myself, and understand that if I do not do it now I shall not hereafter, it may be, be able to pay for it, or have health to take pleasure in it, and so fill myself with vain expectation of pleasure and go without it.

7th. Up, weary, about 9 o'clock, and then out by coach to White Hall to attend the Lords of the Treasury about Tangier with Sir Stephen Fox, and having done with them I away back again home by coach time enough to dispatch some business, and after dinner with Sir W. Pen's coach (he being gone before with Sir D. Gawden) to White Hall to wait on the Duke of York, but I finding him not there, nor the Duke of York within, I away by coach to the Nurs-

ery,[1] where I never was yet, and there to meet my wife and Mercer and Willet as they promised; but the house did not act to-day; and so I was at a loss for them, and therefore to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, to look for them, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in "The Schoole of Compliments"[2] at the Duke of York's house, and "Henry the Fourth" at the King's house; but, not finding them, nor liking either of the plays,[3] I took my coach again, and home, and there to my office to do business, and by and by they come home, and had been at the King's House, and saw me, but I could [not] see them, and there I walked with them in the garden awhile, and to sing with Mercer there a little, and so home with her, and taught her a little of my "It is decreed," which I have a mind to have her learn to sing, and she will do it well, and so after supper she went away, and we to bed, and there made amends by sleep for what I wanted last night.

8th. Up, and it being dirty, I by coach (which I was forced to go to the charge for) to White Hall, and there did deliver the Duke of York a memorial for the Council about the case of Tangier's want of money; and I was called in there and my paper was read. I did not think fit to say much, but left them to make what use they pleased of my

[1] There seem to have been, at this time, two distinct "Nurseries for Actors," one in Golden Lane, near the Barbican. This establishment was ridiculed by Dryden in his "McFlecknoe"; and, in "The Rehearsal," Bayes is made to declare that he will write only for the "Nursery," and "mump the proud players" of the regular theatres. Langbaine, also (p. 64), tells us that he had seen Chapman's "Revenge for Honour" acted many years ago at the "Nursery" in Barbican. We learn from the Shakespeare Society's "Papers," vol. iii., that a patent was granted by Charles II., March 3rd, 1664, to William Legge, Groom of the Bed-chamber, giving him the privilege of instituting a "Nursery" for young actors (see note, August 2nd, 1664). The other "Nursery was in Hatton Garden, built by Captain Bedford. The "Nursery" in Barbican appears to have been established by the King's Players under Killigrew, and the one in Hatton Garden for the Duke's Players under Davenant.

[2] A comedy by James Shirley, first published in 1631. Reproduced in 1667 as "Love Tricks, or the School of Compliments."

[3] "Whereas we are informed that diverse persons doe rudely presse and with evill language and blowes force their way into the two theatres without paying the prices established," therefore the king declares such proceedings unlawful, "notwithstanding their pretended priviledge by

paper; and so went out and waited without all the morning, and at noon hear that there is something ordered towards our help, and so I away by coach home, taking up Mr. Prin at the Court-gate, it raining, and setting him down at the Temple: and by the way did ask him about the manner of holding of Parliaments, and whether the number of Knights and Burgesses were always the same? And he says that the latter were not; but that, for aught he can find, they were sent up at the discretion, at first, of the Sheriffes, to whom the writs are sent, to send up generally the Burgesses and citizens of their county: and he do find that heretofore the Parliament-men being paid by the country, several burroughs have complained of the Sheriffes putting them to the charge of sending up Burgesses; which is a very extraordinary thing to me, that knew not this, but thought that the number had been known, and always the same.[1] Thence home to the office, and so with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, Williams, to Captain Cocke's to dinner, where was Temple and Mr. Porter, and a very good dinner, and merry. Thence with Lord Brouncker to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury at their sending for us to discourse about the paying of tickets, and so away, and I by coach to the 'Change, and there took up my wife and Mercer and the girl by agreement, and so home, and there with Mercer to teach her more of "It is decreed," and to sing other songs and talk all the evening, and so after supper I to even my Journall since Saturday last, and so to bed. Yesterday Mr.

custom of forcing their entrance at the fourth or fifth act without payment." — *Records of the Lord Chamberlain's Office*, December 7th, 1663, quoted in Lowe's "Betterton," p. 24.

[1] Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678, M.P. for Hull, is said, but erroneously, to have been the last member that received wages from his constituents; others, his contemporaries, maintained the right, and suffered their arrears to accumulate, as a cheap resource at the next election. Marvell more than once, in his correspondence, speaks of members threatening to sue their boroughs for pay (Coleridge's "Northern Worthies," p. 61). A case is noticed by Lord Campbell, in his "Life of Lord Nottingham," where the M.P. for Harwich, in 1681, petitioned the Lord Chancellor, as that borough had failed "to pay him his wages." A writ was issued "De expensis Burgensium levandis." Lord Campbell adds, "For this point of the People's Charter [payment of members of Parliament] no new law is required" ("Lives of the Lord Chancellors," vol. iii., p. 420). — B.

Gibson, upon his discovering by my discourse to him that I had a willingness, or rather desire, to have him stay with me, than go, as he designed, on Sir W. Warren's account, to sea, he resolved to let go the design and wait his fortune with me, though I laboured hard to make him understand the uncertainty of my condition or service, but however he will hazard it, which I take mighty kindly of him, though troubled lest he may come to be a loser by it, but it will not be for want of my telling him what he was to think on and expect. However, I am well pleased with it, with regard to myself, who find him mighty understanding and acquainted with all things in the Navy, that I should, if I continue in the Navy, make great use of him.

9th. Up, and to the office, having first been visited by my cozen Anthony Joyce about the £350 which he desires me to lend him, and which I have a mind enough to do, but would have it in my power to call it out again in a little time, and so do take a little further time to consider it. So to the office, where all the morning busy, and so home at noon to dinner with my people, where Mr. Hollier come and dined with me, and it is still mighty pleasant to hear him talk of Rome and the Pope, with what hearty zeal and hatred he talks against him. After dinner to the office again, where busy till night, very busy, and among other things wrote to my father about lending Anthony Joyce the money he desires; and I declare that I would do it as part of Pall's portion, and that Pall should have the use of the money till she be married, but I do propose to him to think of Mr. Cumberland rather than this Jackson that he is upon; and I confess I have a mighty mind to have a relation so able a man, and honest, and so old an acquaintance as Mr. Cumberland. I shall hear his answer by the next [post]. At night home and to cards with my wife and girle, and to supper late, and so to bed.

10th. Up, and with Sir Denis Gawden, who called me, to White Hall, and there to wait on the Duke of York with the rest of my brethren, which we did a little in the King's Green-room, while the King was in Council: and in this room we found my Lord Bristoll walking alone; which, wondering at, while the Council was sitting, I was answered that, as being a Catholique, he could not be of the Council,

which I did not consider before. After broke up and walked a turn or two with Lord Brouncker talking about the times, and he tells me that he thinks, and so do every body else, that the great business of putting out some of the Council to make room for some of the Parliament men to gratify and wheedle them is over, thinking that it might do more hurt than good, and not obtain much upon the Parliament either. This morning there was a Persian in that country dress, with a turban, waiting to kiss the King's hand in the Vane-room, against he come out: it was a comely man as to features, and his dress, methinks, very comely. Thence in Sir W. Pen's coach alone (he going with Sir D. Gawden) to my new bookseller's, Martin's; and there did meet with Fournier,[1] the Frenchman, that hath wrote of the Sea and Navigation, and I could not but buy him, and also bespoke an excellent book, which I met with there, of China.[2] The truth is, I have bought a great many books lately to a great value; but I think to buy no more till Christmas next, and those that I have will so fill my two presses that I must be forced to give away some to make room for them, it being my design to have no more at any time for my proper library than to fill them. Thence home and to the Exchange, there to do a little business, where I find everybody concerned whether we shall have out a fleete this next year or no, they talking of a peace concluded between France and Spayne, so that the King of France will have nothing to do with his army unless he comes to us; but I do not see in the world how we shall be able to set out a fleete for want of money to buy stores and pay men, for neither of which we shall be any more trusted. So home to dinner, and then with my wife and Deb. to the King's house, to see "Aglaura," which hath been always mightily cried up; and so I went with mighty expectation, but do find nothing extraordinary in it at all, and but hardly good in any degree. So home, and thither comes to us W. Batelier and sat with us all the evening, and to cards and supper, passing the evening pretty pleasantly, and so

[1] George Fournier, a Jesuit, born at Caen in 1569, was the author of several nautical works. His chief one, "L'Hydrographie," was published at Paris in folio in 1643. A second edition appeared in 1667.

[2] Alvarez Semedo's "History of China," translated by a Person of Quality. Lond., 1655, fol. — B.

late at night parted, and so to bed. I find him mightily troubled at the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury opposing him in the business he hath a patent for about the business of Impost on wine, but I do see that the Lords have reason for it, it being a matter wherein money might be saved to his Majesty, and I am satisfied that they do let nothing pass that may save money, and so God bless them! So he being gone we to bed. This day I received a letter from my father, and another from my cozen Roger Pepys, who have had a view of Jackson's evidences of his estate, and do mightily like of the man, and his condition and estate, and do advise me to accept of the match for my sister, and to finish it as soon as I can; and he do it so as, I confess, I am contented to have it done, and so give her her portion; and so I shall be eased of one care how to provide for her, and do in many respects think that it may be a match proper enough to have her married there, and to one that may look after my concernments if my father should die and I continue where I am, and there[fore] I am well pleased with it, and so to bed.

11th. Lay some time, talking with my wife in bed about Pall's business, and she do conclude to have her married here, and to be merry at it; and to have W. Hewer, and Batelier, and Mercer, and Willet bridemen and bridemaids, and to be very merry; and so I am glad of it, and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can. So up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and thence home to dinner, and from dinner with Mercer, who dined with us, and wife and Deb. to the King's house, there to see "The Wild-goose Chase,"[1] which I never saw, but have long longed to see it, being a famous play, but as it was yesterday I do find that where I expect most I find least satisfaction, for in this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knepp come and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Mis Davis[2] is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600:

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher's play, first acted in 1632, and published in 1652.

[2] Mary Davis (see note, March 6th, 1666-67).

that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him, but what he did she knows not; this was a good while ago, and she says that the King first spoiled Mrs. Weaver,[1] which is very mean, methinks, in a prince, and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage, of Sir Charles Sidly's, which, she thinks, will be called "The Wandering Ladys,"[2] a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called "The Duke of Lerma;"[3] besides "Catelin," which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while. Thence home, and there to the office and did some business, and so with my wife for half an hour walking in the moonlight, and it being cold, frosty weather, walking in the garden, and then home to supper, and so by the fireside to have my head combed, as I do now often do, by Deb., whom I love should be fiddling about me, and so to bed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and to dress myself, and then called into my wife's chamber, and there she without any occasion fell to discourse of my father's coming to live with us when my sister marries. This, she being afeared of declaring an absolute hatred to him since his falling out with her about Coleman's being with her, she declares against his coming hither, which I not presently agreeing to, she declared, if he come, she would not live with me, but would shame me all over the city and court, which I made slight of, and so we fell very foul; and I do find she do keep very bad remembrances of my former unkindness to her, and do mightily complain of her want of money and liberty, which I will rather hear and bear the complaint of than grant the contrary, and so we had very hot work a great while: but at last I did declare as I intend, that my father shall not come, and that he do not desire and intend it; and so we parted with

[1] Mrs. Weaver was one of the actresses of the King's Company.

[2] Sedley never wrote any play with this title, or, perhaps, the name was altered. The piece here referred to seems to be "The Mulberry Garden" (see May 18th following), which, on representation, does not seem to have answered Pepys's expectations. It met, however, with success, from the notoriety or fashion of the profligate author. — B.

[3] See February 20th, 1667-68.

pretty good quiet, and so away, and being ready went to church, where first I saw Alderman Backewell and his lady come to our church, they living in Mark Lane; and I could find in my heart to invite her to sit with us, she being a fine lady. I come in while they were singing the 119th Psalm, while the sexton was gathering to his box, to which I did give 5*s*., and so after sermon home, my wife, Deb., and I all alone and very kind, full of good discourses, and after dinner I to my chamber, ordering my Tangier accounts to give to the Auditor in a day or two, which should have been long ago with him. At them to my great content all the afternoon till supper, and after supper with my wife, W. Hewer and Deb. pretty merry till 12 at night, and then to bed.

13th. Up, and Mr. Gibbs comes to me, and I give him instructions about the writing fair my Tangier accounts against to-morrow. So I abroad with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there did with the rest attend the Duke of York, where nothing extraordinary; only I perceive there is nothing yet declared for the next year, what fleete shall be abroad. Thence homeward by coach and stopped at Martin's, my bookseller, where I saw the French book which I did think to have had for my wife to translate, called "L'escholle des filles,"[1] but when I come to look in it, it is the most bawdy, lewd book that ever I saw, rather worse than "Putana errante,"[2] so that I was ashamed of reading in it, and so away home, and there to the 'Change to discourse with Sir H. Cholmly, and so home to dinner, and in the evening, having done some business, I with my wife and girl out, and left them at Unthanke's, while I to White Hall to the Treasury Chamber for an order for Tangier, and so back, took up my wife, and home, and there busy about my Tangier accounts against to-morrow, which I do get ready in good condition, and so with great content to bed.

[1] "L'Escole des Filles," by Helot, was burnt at the foot of the gallows in 1672, and the author himself was burnt in effigy.

[2] "Puttana errante," written by Pietro Aretino, but falsely attributed to Maffeo Veniero, was published at Venice in 1531, and reprinted in "Poesie da fuoco di diversi autori," 1651. It was translated into French as "La P . . . errante, ou Dialogue de Madelaine et de Julie, traduction du dialogue Italien de Pierre Aretin."

14th. At the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner with Mr. Clerke and Gibson to the Temple (my wife and girle going further by coach), and there at the Auditor's did begin the examining my Tangier accounts, and did make a great entry into it and with great satisfaction, and I am glad I am so far eased. So appointing another day for further part of my accounts, I with Gibson to my bookseller, Martin, and there did receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book with rare cuts; and there fell into discourse with him about the burning of Paul's when the City was burned, his house being in the church-yard. And he tells me that it took fire first upon the end of a board that, among others, was laid upon the roof instead of lead, the lead being broke off, and thence down lower and lower: but that the burning of the goods under St. Fayth's arose from the goods taking fire in the church-yard, and so got into St. Fayth's Church; and that they first took fire from the Draper's side, by some timber of the houses that were burned falling into the church. He says that one warehouse of books was saved under Paul's; and he says that there were several dogs found burned among the goods in the church-yard, and but one man, which was an old man, that said he would go and save a blanket which he had in the church, and, being a weak old man, the fire overcome him, and was burned. He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year; but he says that the Bishop of London[1] do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come; and will not, on that condition either, promise them any thing how he will use them; and, the Parliament sitting, he claims his privilege, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief Justice, as others are there, to be forced to a fair dealing.[2] Thence by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, where my wife and Deb. is; and there they fell to discourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and Duke of Monmouth and others acted "The Indian Emperour;" wherein they

[1] Humphrey Henchman, Prebendary of Salisbury, 1623; Bishop of Salisbury, 1660-63; Bishop of London, 1663-75.

[2] The claims of owners, after the fire of London, as settled by the Commissioners, are in the British Museum. — B.

told me these things most remarkable: that not any woman but the Duchesse of Monmouth and Mrs. Cornwallis[1] did any thing but like fools and stocks, but that these two did do most extraordinary well: that not any man did any thing well but Captain O'Bryan,[2] who spoke and did well, but, above all things, did dance most incomparably. That she did sit near the players of the Duke's house; among the rest, Mis Davis, who is the most impertinent slut, she says, in the world; and the more, now the King do show her countenance; and is reckoned his mistress, even to the scorne of the whole world; the King gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemayne being melancholy and out of humour, all the play, not smiling once. The King, it seems, hath given her a ring of £700, which she shews to every body, and owns that the King did give it her; and he hath furnished a house for her in Suffolke Street most richly, which is a most infinite shame.[3] It seems she is a bastard of Colonell Howard, my Lord Berkshire, and that he do pimp to her for the King, and hath got her for him; but Pierce says that she is a most homely jade as ever she saw, though she dances beyond any thing in the world. She tells me that the Duchesse of Richmond do not yet come to the Court, nor hath seen the King, nor will not, nor do he own his desire of seeing her; but hath used means to get her to Court, but they do not take. Thence home, and there I to my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder's, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year, which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the morning, and then to bed, the business not being yet done to my mind. This evening come Mr. Mills and his wife to see and sit and talk with us, which they did till 9 o'clock at night, and then parted, and I to my books.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where we

[1] Henrietta Maria Cornwallis, whose brother Charles, third Lord Cornwallis (called *le beau Cornwallis*), afterwards (1688) became the second husband of the Duchess of Monmouth. — B.

[2] See note, October 20th, 1667.

[3] Moll Davis lived in Suffolk Street from 1667 to 1676; in the latter year she removed to St. James's Square to a house now absorbed in the building of the Army and Navy Club.

met about some business of D. Gawden's till candle-light; and then, as late as it was, I down to Redriffe, and so walked by moonlight to Deptford, where I have not been a great while, and my business I did there was only to walk up and down above la casa of Bagwell, but could not see her, it being my intent to have spent a little time con her, she being newly come from her husband; but I did lose my labour, and so walked back again, but with pleasure by the walk, and I had the sport to see two boys swear, and stamp, and fret, for not being able to get their horse over a stile and ditch, one of them swearing and cursing most bitterly; and I would fain, in revenge, have persuaded him to have drove his horse through the ditch, by which I believe he would have stuck there. But the horse would not be drove, and so they were forced to go back again, and so I walked away homeward, and there reading all the evening, and so to bed. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that it is voted in Council to have a fleete of 50 ships out; but it is only a disguise for the Parliament to get some money by; but it will not take, I believe, and if it did, I do not think it will be such as he will get any of, nor such as will enable us to set out such a fleete.

16th. Up, after talking with my wife with pleasure, about her learning on the flageolet a month or two again this winter, and all the rest of the year her painting, which I do love, and so to the office, where sat all the morning, and here Lord Anglesey tells us again that a fleete is to be set out; and that it is generally, he hears, said, that it is but a Spanish rhodomontado; and that he saying so just now to the Duke of Albemarle, who come to town last night, after the thing was ordered, he told him the story of two seamen: one wished all the guns of the ship were his, and that they were silver; and says the other, "You are a fool, for, if you can have it for wishing, why do you not wish them gold?" "So," says he, "if a rhodomontado will do any good, why do you not say 100 ships?" And it is true; for the Dutch and French are said to make such preparations as 50 sail will do no good. At noon home to dinner with my gang of clerks, in whose society I am mightily pleased, and mightily with Mr. Gibson's[1] talking; he telling

[1] Richard Gibson, so frequently noticed by Pepys, was a clerk in the Navy Office. His collection of papers relating to the navy of England

me so many good stories relating to the warr and practices of commanders, which I will find a time to recollect; and he will be an admirable help to my writing a history of the Navy, if ever I do. So to the office, where busy all the afternoon and evening, and then home. My work this night with my clerks till midnight at the office was to examine my list of ships I am making for myself and their dimensions, and to see how it agrees or differs from other lists, and I do find so great a difference between them all that I am at a loss which to take, and therefore think mine to be as much depended upon as any I can make out of them all. So little care there has been to this day to know or keep any history of the Navy.

17th. Up, and by coach to White Hall to attend the Council there, and here I met first by Mr. Castle the shipwright, whom I met there, and then from the whole house the discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes,[1] and one Jenkins,[2] on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury,[3] Sir John Talbot,[4] and one Bernard Howard,[5] on the other side: [6] and all about my Lady Shrewsbury,[7] who is a whore, and is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a whore to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they

A.D. 1650-1702, compiled, as he states, from the Admiralty books in the Navy Office, are in the British Museum. — B.

[1] Sir Robert Holmes.

[2] Captain William Jenkins.

[3] Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, who died of his wounds March 16th following.

[4] Of Laycock Abbey, Wilts, a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and M.P. for Knaresborough. He was descended from John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury, who fell at Northampton Fight in 1640. Sir John is said to have been the first person who received Charles II. in his arms on that monarch's landing at Dover, after the Restoration, on which occasion he was knighted. Le Neve, writing in 1696, calls him "a very fine, strong old gentleman." He lived to a great age, serving till after 1700. His two sons died young; and his two daughters and co-heirs — i. Anne, married Sir John Ivory, Bart.; ii. Barbara, married Henry Yelverton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and Viscount Longueville. — B.

[5] Eighth son of Henry Frederick Howard, Earl of Arundel, and the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk. — B.

[6] The duel was fought at Barn Elms.

[7] Anna Maria, daughter of Robert Brudenel, second Earl of Cardigan. Walpole says she held the Duke of Buckingham's horse, in the habit of

met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder: and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a whore. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemayne do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord Generall[1] to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the Generall trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the Generall; and so, between both, as everything else of the greatest moment do, do fall between two stools. The whole House full of nothing but the talk of this business; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much the worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government. Here I waited till the Council rose, and talked the while with Creed, who tells me of Mr. Harry

a page, while he was fighting the duel with her husband. She married, secondly, George Rodney Bridges, son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, Somerset, Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and died April 20th, 1702. A portrait of the Countess of Shrewsbury, as Minerva, by Lely, was bought by Sir Robert Peel at the Stowe Sale, for £68 5s. There is also another portrait at Goodwood; and still another in the National Portrait Gallery. Pope's well-known lines ("Moral Essays," epist. 3):

"Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"

are incorrect, because workmen were engaged in building Clieveden in 1680, when the countess married her second husband.

[1] The Duke of Albemarle.

Howard's[1] giving the Royal Society a piece of ground next to his house, to build a College on, which is a most generous act. And he tells me he is a very fine person, and understands and speaks well; and no rigid Papist neither, but one that would not have a Protestant servant leave his religion, which he was going to do, thinking to recommend himself to his master by it; saying that he had rather have an honest Protestant than a knavish Catholique. I was not called into the Council; and, therefore, home, first informing myself that my Lord Hinchingbroke hath been married this week to my Lord Burlington's daughter; so that that great business is over; and I mighty glad of it, though I am not satisfied that I have not a Favour[2] sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice-Chamberlain have. But I am mighty glad that the thing is done. So home, and there alone with my wife and Deb. to dinner, and after dinner comes Betty Turner, and I carried them to the New Exchange, and thence I to White Hall and did a little business at the Treasury, and so called them there, and so home and to cards and supper, and her mother come and sat at cards with us till past 12 at night, and then broke up and to bed, after entering my journall, which made it one before I went to bed.

18th. At the office all the morning busy sitting. At noon home to dinner, where Betty Turner dined with us, and after dinner carried my wife, her and Deb. to the 'Change, where they bought some things, while I bought "The Mayden

[1] Afterwards Duke of Norfolk. See note, November 28th, 1666.

[2] See note, January 24th, 1659-60. The custom was observed on May 30th, 1853, at the festivities consequent on the marriage of Princess Anna of Prussia with Prince Frederick of Hesse. The Oberhofmeister distributed to the gentlemen present small pieces of riband on which the initials of the bride were embroidered. This ceremony is a modified form of the old custom of cutting up the bride's garter, and letting the gentlemen of the party scramble for the bits. Formerly it was the custom for a Prussian princess, immediately on leaving the company, to take her garter from her knee, and send it to the king, who tied one half of it round his own sword-knot, and sent the remainder, as the most attractive present he could offer, to a neighbouring and chivalrous monarch. See "Times," June 2nd, 1853. In 1609, Lady Haughty, in Ben Jonson's "The Silent Woman," says, "We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride ale; where

Queene," a play newly printed, which I like at the King's house so well, of Mr. Dryden's, which he himself, in his preface, seems to brag of, and indeed is a good play. So home again, and I late at the office and did much business, and then home to supper and to bed.

19th (Lord's day). My wife the last night very ill of those, and waked me early, and hereupon I up and to church, where a dull sermon by our lecturer, and so home to dinner in my wife's chamber, which she is a little better. Then after dinner with Captain Perryman down to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I sent for Mr. Shish out of the Church to advise about my vessel, "The Maybolt," and I do resolve to sell, presently, for any thing rather than keep her longer, having already lost £100 in her value, which I was once offered and refused, and the ship left without any body to look to her, which vexes me. Thence Perryman[1] and I back again, talking of the great miscarriages in the Navy, and among the principal that of having gentlemen commanders. I shall hereafter make use of his and others' help to reckon up and put down in writing what is fit to be mended in the Navy after all our sad experience therein. So home, and there sat with my wife all the evening, and Mr. Pelling awhile talking with us, who tells me that my Lord Shrewsbury is likely to do well, after his great wound in the late duell. He gone, comes W. Hewer and supped with me, and so to talk of things, and he tells me that Mr. Jessop is made Secretary to the Commissions of Parliament for Accounts; and I am glad, and it is pretty to see that all the Cavalier party were not able to find the Parliament nine Commissioners, or one Secretary, fit for the business. So he gone, I to read a little in my chamber, and so to bed.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office very busy, and at noon by coach to Westminster, to the 'Chequer, about a warrant for Tangier money. In my way both coming and going I did stop at Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to

be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you give them us. Let us know your bride's colours and yours at least." And again she indignantly asks, "No gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?" (act iii., sc. 2).

[1] Captain John Perriman (see note, April 28th, 1667).

go low and soft; and he do shew me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty. So to my Lord Crew's to dinner, where we hear all the good news of our making a league now with Holland against the French power coming over them, or us: which is the first good act that hath been done a great while, and done secretly, and with great seeming wisdom; and is certainly good for us at this time, while we are in no condition to resist the French, if they should come over hither; and then a little time of peace will give us time to lay up something, which these Commissioners of the Treasury are doing; and the world do begin to see that they will do the King's work for him, if he will let them. Here dined Mr. Case, the minister, who, Lord! do talk just as I remember he used to preach, and did tell a pretty story of a religious lady, Queen of Navarre;[1] and my Lord also told a good story of Mr. Newman,[2] the Minister in New England, who wrote the Concordance, of his foretelling his death and preaching a funeral sermon, and did at last bid the angels do their office, and died. It seems there is great presumption that there will be a Toleration granted: so that the Presbyterians do hold up their heads; but they will hardly trust the King or the Parliament what to yield them, though most of the sober party be for some kind of allowance to be given them. Thence and home, and then to the 'Change in the evening, and there Mr. Cade told me how my Lord Gerard is likely to meet with trouble, the next sitting of Parliament, about [Carr] being set in the pillory; and I am glad of it; and it is mighty acceptable to the world to hear, that, among

[1] Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. of France. The "pretty story" was doubtless from her "Heptameron," a work imitating in title and matter the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. She is said to be the heroine of some of the adventures. It is fair to add that she wrote also the "Miroir d'une Ame Pecheresse," translated into English by Queen Elizabeth, the title of whose book was "A Godly Medytacyon of the Christian Soules," published by John Bale in 1548.—B.

[2] Samuel Newman, born at Banbury, and educated at Oxford. He emigrated to New England in 1637, and died there in 1663. His Concordance of the Bible was first published in London in 1643.—B.

other reductions, the King do reduce his Guards,[1] which do please mightily. So to my bookbinder's with my boy, and there did stay late to see two or three things done that I had a mind to see done, and among others my Tangier papers of accounts, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and while at the office comes news from Kate Joyce that if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So, after the office was up, I to him, and W. Hewer with me, and find him in his sick bed (I never was at their house, this Inne, before) very sensible in discourse and thankful for my kindness to him, and his breath rattled in his throate, and they did lay pigeons to his feet while I was in the house, and all despair of him, and with good reason. But the story is that it seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet out of doors in the morning to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond, was spied by a poor woman and got out by some people binding up hay in a barn there, and set on his head[2] and got to life, and known by a woman coming that way; and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare his reason to be, his trouble that he found in having forgot to serve God as he ought, since he come to this new employment:[3] and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it, and so everybody concludes. He stayed there all that night, and come home by coach next morning, and there grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. I stayed awhile among the friends that were there, and they being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cozen did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I was glad of, and did take them away with me in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead, but yet so fearful I was. So home, and

[1] One regiment of which was commanded by Lord Gerard. — B.

[2] The absurd practice of holding up drowning men by the heels, when taken out of the water, occasioned the loss of many lives. The object was to *let the water run out!* — B.

[3] He kept the Three Stags tavern at Holborn Conduit.

there eat my dinner, and busy all the afternoon, and troubled at this business. In the evening with Sir D. Gawden, to Guild Hall, to advise with the Towne-Clerke about the practice of the City and nation in this case: and he thinks that it cannot be found selfe-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So we parted, and I to my cozen's again; where I no sooner come but news was brought down from his chamber that he was departed. So, at their entreaty, I presently took coach to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him:[1] and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children. I presently to each Secretary's office, and there left caveats, and so away back again to my cozen's, leaving a chimney on fire at White Hall, in the King's closet, but no danger. And so, when I come thither, I find her all in sorrow, but she and the rest mightily pleased with my doing this for them; and, indeed, it was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate, and the coroner will be sent to, and a jury called to examine his death. This being well done to my and their great joy, I home, and there to my office, and so to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, mightily busy all the morning at the office. At noon with Lord Brouncker to Sir D. Gawden's, at the Victualling Office, to dinner, where I have not dined since he was Sheriff. He expected us; and a good dinner, and much good company; and a fine house, and especially two rooms, very fine, he hath built there. His lady a good lady; but my Lord led himself and me to a great absurdity in kissing all the ladies, but the finest of all the company, leaving her out, I know not how; and I was loath to do it, since he omitted it. Here little Chaplin[2] dined, who is like to be Sheriff the next

[1] This was not the only time that Pepys took trouble to save the estate of a friend who had committed suicide. In the "Caveat Book" in the Record Office, p. 42 of the volume for 1677, is the following entry: "That no grant pass of the Estate of Francis Gurney of Maldon in Essex, who drowned himself in his own well on Tuesday night ye 12th of this instant August, at the desire of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, August 20, 1677."

[2] Sir Francis Chaplin, clothworker, Sheriff 1668, and Lord Mayor in 1677.

year; and a pretty humoured little man he is. I met here with Mr. Talents, the younger, of Magdalene College, Chaplain here to the Sheriff; which I was glad to see, though not much acquainted with him. This day come the first demand from the Commissioners of Accounts to us, and it contains more than we shall ever be able to answer while we live, and I do foresee we shall be put to much trouble and some shame, at least some of us. Thence stole away after dinner to my cozen Kate's, and there find the Crowner's jury sitting, but they could not end it, but put off the business to Shrove Tuesday next, and so do give way to the burying of him, and that is all; but they all incline to find it a natural death, though there are mighty busy people to have it go otherwise, thinking to get his estate, but are mistaken. Thence, after sitting with her and company a while, comforting her: though I can find she can, as all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things all in a breath. So home, and there to cards with my wife, Deb., and Betty Turner, and Batelier, and after supper late to sing. But, Lord! how did I please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40*s.* hear her sing a tune: worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it do a little reconcile me to her. So late to bed.

23rd. At the Office all the morning; and at noon find the Bishop of Lincolne[1] come to dine with us; and after him comes Mr. Brisband; and there mighty good company. But the Bishop a very extraordinary good-natured man, and one that is mightily pleased, as well as I am, that I live so near Bugden,[2] the seat of his bishopricke, where he is like to reside: and, indeed, I am glad of it. In discourse, we think ourselves safe for this year, by this league with Holland, which pleases every body, and, they say, vexes France; insomuch that D'Estrades,[3] the French Embassador in Holland, when he

[1] Dr. William Fuller, translated from Limerick, 1667.

[2] Buckden, parish of St. Neots district, Huntingdon, and in the diocese of Ely. The manor was given to the Bishops of Lincoln in the reign of Henry II. The palace was the residence of the bishops until 1838, when it was sold, and a new palace was provided for them.

[3] Godefroi d'Estrades, French ambassador in England in 1661. See note, September 30th, 1661.

heard it, told the States that he would have them not forget that his master is at the head of 100,000 men, and is but 28 years old; which was a great speech. The Bishop tells me he thinks that the great business of Toleration will not, notwithstanding this talk, be carried this Parliament; nor for the King's taking away the Deans' and Chapters' lands to supply his wants, they signifying little to him, if he had them, for his present service. He gone, I mightily pleased with his kindness, I to the office, where busy till night, and then to Mrs. Turner's, where my wife, and Deb., and I, and Batelier spent the night, and supped, and played at cards, and very merry, and so I home to bed. She is either a very prodigal woman, or richer than she would be thought, by her buying of the best things, and laying out much money in new-fashioned pewter; and, among other things, a new-fashioned case for a pair of snuffers, which is very pretty; but I could never have guessed what it was for, had I not seen the snuffers in it.

24th. Up before day to my Tangier accounts, and then out and to a Committee of Tangier, where little done but discourse about reduction of the charge of the garrison, and thence to Westminster about orders at the Exchequer, and at the Swan I drank, and there met with a pretty ingenious young Doctor of physic, by chance, and talked with him, and so home to dinner, and after dinner carried my wife to the Temple, and thence she to a play, and I to St. Andrew's church, in Holburne, at the 'Quest House, where the company meets to the burial of my cozen Joyce; and here I staid with a very great rabble of four or five hundred people of mean condition, and I staid in the room with the kindred till ready to go to church, where there is to be a sermon of Dr. Stillingfleete,[1] and thence they carried him to St. Sepulchre's. But it being late, and, indeed, not having a black cloak to lead her [Kate Joyce] with, or follow the corps, I away, and saw, indeed, a very great press of people follow the corps. I to the King's playhouse, to fetch my wife, and there saw the best part of "The Mayden Queene," which, the more I see, the more I love, and think one of the best plays I ever saw, and is certainly the best acted of any thing ever the House did, and particularly Becke Marshall, to admiration. Found

[1] Dr. Edward Stillingfleet was rector of St. Andrew's from 1664 to 1689, when he was promoted to the bishopric of Worcester.

my wife and Deb., and saw many fine ladies, and sat by Colonell Reames, who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it. And so thence home; and, after being at the Office, I home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being very bad again with over-working with them.

25th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon to the 'Change with Mr. Hater, and there he and I to a tavern to meet Captain Minors, which we did, and dined; and there happened to be Mr. Prichard, a rope-maker of his acquaintance, and whom I know also, and did once mistake for a fiddler, which sung well, and I asked him for such a song that I had heard him sing, and after dinner did fall to discourse about the business of the old contract between the King and the East India Company for the ships of the King that went thither, and about this did beat my brains all the afternoon, and then home and made an end of the accounts to my great content, and so late home tired and my eyes sore, to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to Church, and at noon home to dinner. No strangers there; and all the afternoon and evening very late doing serious business of my Tangier accounts, and examining my East India accounts, with Mr. Poynter, whom I employed all this day, to transcribe it fair; and so to supper, W. Hewer with us, and so the girl to comb my head till I slept, and then to bed.

27th. It being weather like the beginning of a frost and the ground dry, I walked as far as the Temple, and there took coach and to White Hall, but the Committee not being met I to Westminster, and there I do hear of the letter that is in the pamphlet this day of the King of France, declaring his design to go on against Flanders, and the grounds of it, which do set us mightily at rest. So to White Hall, and there a committee of Tangier, but little done there, only I did get two or three little jobs done to the perfecting two or three papers about my Tangier accounts. Here Mr. Povy do tell me how he is like to lose his £400 a-year pension of the Duke of York, which he took in consideration of his place which was taken from him. He tells me the Duchesse is a devil against him, and do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York's Council, and sees what they do; and she crosses out this man's wages and

prices, as she sees fit, for saving money; but yet, he tells me, she reserves £5,000 a-year for her own spending; and my Lady Peterborough, by and by, tells me that the Duchesse do lay up, mightily, jewells. Thence to my Lady Peterborough's, she desiring to speak with me. She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her; and there, after a little talk, to please her, about her husband's pension, which I do not think he will ever get again, I away thence home, and all the afternoon mighty busy at the office, and late, preparing a letter to the Commissioners of Accounts, our first letter to them, and so home to supper, where Betty Turner[1] was (whose brother Frank did set out toward the East Indies this day, his father and mother gone down with him to Gravesend), and there was her little brother Moses, whom I examined, and he is a pretty good scholar for a child, and so after supper to talk and laugh, and to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, and there with W. Griffin talking about getting the place to build a coach-house, or to hire one, which I now do resolve to have, and do now declare it; for it is plainly for my benefit for saving money. By and by the office sat, and there we concluded on our letter to the Commissioners of Accounts and to the several officers of ours about the work they are to do to answer their late great demands. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner set my wife and girl down at the Exchange, and I to White Hall; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and we had a little meeting, Anglesey, W. Pen, and I there, and none else: and, among other things, did discourse of the want of discipline in the fleete, which the Duke of York confessed, and yet said that he, while he was there, did keep it in a good measure, but that it was now lost when he was absent; but he will endeavour to have it again. That he did tell the Prince and Duke of Albemarle they would lose all order by making such and such men commanders, which they would, because they were stout men: he told them that it was a reproach to the nation, as if there were no sober men among us, that

[1] It is not clear who Betty Turner really was, but probably she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Turner of the Navy Office, and not of Serjeant John Turner, as suggested in a note for August 18th, 1667. She appears to have been a friend of Theophila Turner, and is mentioned with her on January 4th and 6th, 1668-69.

were stout, to be had. That they did put out some men for cowards that the Duke of York had put in, but little before, for stout men; and would now, were he to go to sea again, entertain them in his own division, to choose: and did put in an idle fellow, Greene, who was hardly thought fit for a boatswain by him: they did put him from being a lieutenant to a captain's place of a second-rate ship; as idle a drunken fellow, he said, as any was in the fleete. That he will now desire the King to let him be what he is, that is, Admirall; and he will put in none but those that he hath great reason to think well of; and particularly says, that, though he likes Colonell Legg well, yet his son[1] that was, he knows not how, made a captain after he had been but one voyage at sea, he should go to sea another apprenticeship, before ever he gives him a command. We did tell him of the many defects and disorders among the captains, and I prayed we might do it in writing to him, which he liked; and I am glad of an opportunity of doing it. Thence away, and took up wife and girl, and home, and to the office, busy late, and so to supper and to bed. My wife this day hears from her father and mother: they are in France, at Paris; he, poor good man! I think he is, gives her good counsel still, which I always observed of him, and thankful for my small charities to him. I could be willing to do something for them, were I sure not to bring them over again hither. Coming home, my wife and I went and saw Kate Joyce, who is still in mighty sorrow, and the more from something that Dr. Stillingfleete should simply say in his sermon, of her husband's manner of dying, as killing himself.

29th. Up betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, whom I found in his chamber, and there stayed an hour and talked with him about several things of the Navy, and our want of money, which they indeed do supply us with a little, but in no degree likely to enable us to go on with the King's service. He is at a stand where to have more, and is in mighty pain for it, declaring that he believes there never was a kingdom so governed as this was in the time of the late Chancellor and the Treasurer, nobody minding or understanding any thing how things went or what the King had in his Treasury, or

[1] George Legge, the colonel's eldest son, born 1647; captain, R.N., 1667; and in 1682 created Lord Dartmouth.

was to have, nothing in the world of it minded. He tells me that there are still people desirous to overthrow him, he resolving to stick at nothing nor no person that stands in his way against bringing the King out of debt, be it to retrench any man's place or profit, and that he cares not, for rather than be employed under the King, and have the King continue in this condition of indigence, he desires to be put out from among them, thinking it no honour to be a minister in such a government. He tells me he hath no friends in the whole Court but my Lord Keeper and Sir John Duncomb. He tells me they have reduced the charges of Ireland above £70,000 a-year, and thereby cut off good profits from my Lord Lieutenant; which will make a new enemy, but he cares not. He tells me that Townsend, of the Wardrobe, is the veriest knave and bufflehead that ever he saw in his life, and wonders how my Lord Sandwich come to trust such a fellow, and that now Reames and ——— are put in to be overseers there, and do great things, and have already saved a great deal of money in the King's liverys, and buy linnen so cheap, that he will have them buy the next cloth he hath, for shirts. But then this is with ready money, which answers all. He do not approve of my letter I drew and the office signed yesterday to the Commissioners of Accounts, saying that it is a little too submissive, and grants a little too much and too soon our bad managements, though we lay on want of money, yet that it will be time enough to plead it when they object it. Which was the opinion of my Lord Anglesey also; so I was ready to alter it, and did so presently, going from him home, and there transcribed it fresh as he would have it, and got it signed, and to White Hall presently and shewed it him, and so home, and there to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon and till 12 o'clock at night with Mr. Gibson at home upon my Tangier accounts, and did end them fit to be given the last of them to the Auditor to-morrow, to my great content. This evening come Betty Turner and the two Mercers, and W. Batelier, and they had fiddlers, and danced, and kept a quarter,[1] which pleased me, though it disturbed me; but

[1] A term for making a noise or disturbance.

"Sing hi-ho, Sir Arthur, no more in the house you shall prate,
For all you kept such a quarter, you are out of the Councell of State."
Wright's *Political Ballads*, p. 150.

I could not be with them at all. Mr. Gibson lay at my house all night, it was so late.

30th. Up, it being fast day for the King's death, and so I and Mr. Gibson by water to the Temple, and there all the morning with Auditor Wood, and I did deliver in the whole of my accounts and run them over in three hours with full satisfaction, and so with great content thence, he and I, and our clerks, and Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, to a little ordinary in Hercules-pillars Ally[1] — the Crowne, a poor, sorry place, where a fellow, in twelve years, hath gained an estate of, as he says, £600 a-year, which is very strange, and there dined, and had a good dinner, and very good discourse between them, old men belonging to the law, and here I first heard that my cozen Pepys, of Salisbury Court, was Marshal to my Lord Cooke when he was Lord Chief Justice; which beginning of his I did not know to be so low: but so it was, it seems. After dinner I home, calling at my bookbinder's, but he not within. When come home, I find Kate Joyce hath been there, with sad news that her house stands not in the King's liberty, but the Dean of Paul's; and so, if her estate be forfeited, it will not be in the King's power to do her any good. So I took coach and to her, and there found her in trouble, as I cannot blame her. But I do believe this arises from somebody that hath a mind to fright her into a composition for her estate, which I advise her against; and, indeed, I do desire heartily to be able to do her service, she being, methinks, a piece of care I ought to take upon me, for our fathers' and friends' sake, she being left alone, and no friend so near as me, or so able to help her. After having given her my advice, I home, and there to my office and did business, and hear how the Committee for Accounts are mighty active and likely to examine every thing, but let them do their worst. I am to be before them with our contract books to-morrow. So home from the office, to supper, and to bed.

31st. Up; and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard,[2] to the Commissioners

[1] In Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's church.

[2] The chief office of the Commissioners of Accounts was at Brooke House, Holborn, and they were sometimes styled the "Brooke House Committee." Pepys went there on July 3rd, 1668. Durham Yard, Strand, may have been the residence of one of the commissioners.

for Accounts; the first time I ever was there; and staid awhile before I was admitted to them. I did observe a great many people attending about complaints of seamen concerning tickets, and, among others, Mr. Carcasse, and Mr. Martin, my purser. And I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhere thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets: and I believe he will have work enough. Presently I was called in, where I found the whole number of Commissioners, and was there received with great respect and kindness; and did give them great satisfaction, making it my endeavour to inform them what it was they were to expect from me, and what was the duty of other people; this being my only way to preserve myself, after all my pains and trouble. They did ask many questions, and demanded other books of me, which I did give them very ready and acceptable answers to; and, upon the whole, I observe they do go about their business like men resolved to go through with it, and in a very good method, like men of understanding. They have Mr. Jessop, their secretary: and it is pretty to see that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, in the list of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners. I went away, with giving and receiving great satisfaction; and so away to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury; where, waiting some time, I there met with Colonel Birch; and he and I fell into discourse; and I did give him thanks for his kindness to me in the Parliament-house, both before my face and behind my back. He told me that he knew me to be a man of the old way for taking pains, and did always endeavour to do me right, and prevent any thing that was moved that might tend to my injury; which I was obliged to him for, and thanked him. Thence to talk of other things, and the want of money: and he told me of the general want of money in the country; that land sold for nothing, and the many pennyworths he knows of lands and houses upon them, with good titles in his country, at 16 years' purchase: "and," says he, "though I am in debt, yet I have a mind to one thing, and that is a Bishop's

lease;" but said, "I will yet choose such a lease before any other, yes," says he, plainly, "because I know they cannot stand, and then it will fall into the King's hands, and I in possession shall have an advantage by it." "And," says he, "I know they must fall, and they are now near it, taking all the ways they can to undo themselves, and showing us the way;" and thereupon told me a story of the present quarrel between the Bishop[1] and Deane[2] of Coventry and Lichfield; the former of which did excommunicate the latter, and caused his excommunication to be read in the Church while he was there; and, after it was read, the Deane made the service be gone through with, though himself, an excommunicate, was present, which is contrary to the Canon, and said he would justify the quire therein against the Bishop; and so they are at law in the Arches[3] about it; which is a very pretty story.[4] He tells me that the King is for Toleration, though the Bishops be against it: and that he do not doubt but it will be carried in Parliament; but that he fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists with the rest; and that he knows not what to say, but rather thinks that the sober party will be without it, rather than have it upon those terms; and I do believe so. Here we broke off, and I home to dinner, and after dinner set down my wife and Deb. at the 'Change, and I to make a visit to Mr. Godolphin[5] at his lodgings, who is lately come from Spain from my Lord Sandwich, and did, the other day, meeting me in White Hall, compliment me mightily, and so I did offer him this visit, but missed him, and so back and

[1] Dr. John Hacket, bishop 1661-71.

[2] Dr. Thomas Wood, consecrated bishop of this see in 1671.

[3] The Court of Arches.

[4] "Hacket was just the man for the time. . . . His clergy said the king must have the 'old apostolic spirit of discerning,' since he sent them a bishop so exactly to their minds. . . . Whilst Lichfield had thus the best of bishops, it had the worst of deans. In 1663 Thomas Wood (bishop 1671-92), son of a Court official, had paid £100 to Charles II., and got the deanery. . . . The whole chapter hated Wood, and sent a letter to the archbishop complaining that their stalls under such a dean were intolerable." — Beresford's *Lichfield* ("Diocesan Histories," S.P.C.K., pp. 246, 250).

[5] William Godolphin, descended from a younger branch of that family, which was afterwards ennobled in the person of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, Lord Treasurer. William Godolphin was of Christ Church,

took up my wife and set her at Mrs. Turner's, and I to my bookbinder's, and there, till late at night, binding up my second part of my Tangier accounts, and I all the while observing his working, and his manner of gilding of books with great pleasure, and so home, and there busy late, and then to bed. This day Griffin did, in discourse in the coach, put me in the head of the little house by our garden, where old goodman Taylor puts his brooms and dirt, to make me a stable of, which I shall improve, so as, I think, to be able to get me a stable without much charge, which do please me mightily. He did also in discourse tell me that it is observed, and is true, in the late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many Parish-Churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and, next, that there were just as many Churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think he told me, thirteen in all of each: which is pretty to observe.

February 1st. Up, and to the office pretty betimes, and the Board not meeting as soon as I wished, I was forced to go to White Hall in expectation of a Committee for Tangier, but when I come it was put off, and so home again to the office, and sat till past two o'clock; where at the Board some high words passed between Sir W. Pen and I, begun by me, and yielded to by him, I being in the right in finding fault with him for his neglect of duty. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife, thinking to have gone to the Duke of York's playhouse, but was, to my great content in the saving my vow, hindered by coming a little too late; and so, it being a fine day, we out to Islington, and there to the old house and eat cheese-cakes and drank and talked, and so home in the evening, the ways being mighty bad, so as we had no pleasure in being abroad at all almost, but only the variety of it, and so to the office, where busy late, and then home to supper and to bed, my head

Oxford, and graduated M.A., January 14th, 1660-61. He was afterwards secretary to Sir H. Bennet (Lord Arlington), and M.P. for Camelford. He was a great favourite at Court, and was knighted on August 28th, 1668. In the spring of 1669 he returned to Spain as Envoy Extraordinary, and in 1671 he became Ambassador. On July 11th, 1696, he died at Madrid, having been for some years a Roman Catholic.

mighty full of business now on my hands: viz., of finishing my Tangier Accounts; of auditing my last year's Accounts; of preparing answers to the Commissioners of Accounts; of drawing up several important letters to the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury; the marrying of my sister; the building of a coach and stables against summer, and the setting many things in the Office right; and the drawing up a new form of Contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and several other things, which pains, however, will go through with, among others the taking care of Kate Joyce in that now she is in at present for saving her estate.

2nd (Lord's day). Wife took physick this day, I all day at home, and all the morning setting my books in order in my presses, for the following year, their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better, being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain. At noon to dinner, my wife coming down to me, and a very good dinner we had, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted, and with much content she and I and Deb. After dinner, my head combed an hour, and then to work again, and at it, doing many things towards the setting my accounts and papers in order, and so in the evening Mr. Pelling supping with us, and to supper, and so to bed.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where with my clerks all the morning very busy about several things there wherein I was behindhand. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's house, to the play, "The Tempest," which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seaman's dance, which I have much desired to be perfect in, and have made myself so. So home with my wife and Deb., and there at the office met to my trouble with a warrant from the Commissioners of Accounts for my attending them and Cocke two days hence, which I apprehend by Captain Cocke's being to go also, to be about the prizes. But, however, there is nothing of crime can be laid to my charge, and the worst that can be is to refund my £500 profit, and who can help it. So I resolve not to be troubled at it, though I fear I cannot bear it so, my spirit being very

poor and mean as to the bearing with trouble that I do find of myself. So home, and there to my chamber and did some business, and thence to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, where a full Board sat all the morning, busy among other things concerning a solemn letter we intend to write to the Duke of York about the state of the things of the Navy, for want of money, though I doubt it will be to little purpose. After dinner I abroad by coach to Kate Joyce's, where the jury did sit where they did before, about her husband's death, and their verdict put off for fourteen days longer, at the suit of somebody, under pretence of the King; but it is only to get money out of her to compound the matter. But the truth is, something they will make out of Stillingfleete's sermon, which may trouble us, he declaring, like a fool, in his pulpit, that he did confess that his losses in the world did make him do what he did. This do vex me to see how foolish our Protestant Divines are, while the Papists do make it the duty of Confessor to be secret, or else nobody would confess their sins to them. All being put off for to-day, I took my leave of Kate, who is mightily troubled at it for her estate sake, not for her husband; for her sorrow for that, I perceive, is all over. I home, and there to my office busy till the evening, and then home, and there my wife and Deb. and I and Betty Turner, I employed in the putting new titles to my books, which we proceeded on till midnight, and then being weary and late to bed.

5th. Up, and I to Captain Cocke's, where he and I did discourse of our business that we are to go about to the Commissioners of Accounts about our prizes, and having resolved to conceal nothing but to confess the truth, the truth being likely to do us most good, we parted, and I to White Hall, where missing of the Commissioners of the Treasury, I to the Commissioners of Accounts, where I was forced to stay two hours before I was called in, and when come in did take an oath to declare the truth to what they should ask me, which is a great power, I doubt more than the Act do, or as some say can, give them, to force a man to swear against himself; and so they fell to enquire about the business of prize-goods, wherein I did answer them as well as I could, answer them in everything the just truth, keeping myself to that. I do perceive at last, that, that they

did lay most like a fault to me was, that I did buy goods upon my Lord Sandwich's declaring that it was with the King's allowance, and my believing it, without seeing the King's allowance, which is a thing I will own, and doubt not to justify myself in. That that vexed me most was, their having some watermen by, to witness my saying that they were rogues that they had betrayed my goods, which was upon some discontent with one of the watermen that I employed at Greenwich, who I did think did discover the goods sent from Rochester to the Custom-House officer; but this can do me no great harm. They were inquisitive into the minutest particulars, and had had great information; but I think that they can do me no hurt—at the worst, more than to make me refund, if it must be known, what profit I did make of my agreement with Captain Cocke; and yet, though this be all, I do find so poor a spirit within me, that it makes me almost out of my wits, and puts me to so much pain, that I cannot think of anything, nor do anything but vex and fret, and imagine myself undone, so that I am ashamed of myself to myself, and do fear what would become of me if any real affliction should come upon me. After they had done with me, they called in Captain Cocke, with whom they were shorter; and I do fear he may answer foolishly, for he did speak to me foolishly before he went in; but I hope to preserve myself, and let him shift for himself as well as he can. So I away, walked to my flageolet maker in the Strand, and there staid for Captain Cocke, who took me up and carried me home, and there coming home and finding dinner done, and Mr. Cooke, who come for my Lady Sandwich's plate,[1] which I must part with, and so endanger the losing of my money, which I lent upon my thoughts of securing myself by that plate. But it is no great sum—but £60: and if it must be lost, better that, than a greater sum. I away back again, to find a dinner anywhere else, and so I, first, to the Ship Tavern, thereby to get a sight of the pretty mistress of the house, with whom I am not yet acquainted at all, and I do always find her scolding, and do believe she is an ill-natured devil, that I have no great desire to speak to her. Here I drank, and away by coach to the Strand, there

[1] See December 13th, 1667.

to find out Mr. Moore, and did find him at the Bell Inn, and there acquainted him with what passed between me and the Commissioners to-day about the prize goods, in order to the considering what to do about my Lord Sandwich, and did conclude to own the thing to them as done by the King's allowance, and since confirmed. Thence to other discourse, among others, he mightily commends my Lord Hinchingbroke's match and Lady, though he buys her £10,000 dear, by the jointure and settlement his father makes her; and says that the Duke of York and Duchess of York did come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night, and how my Lord had fifty pieces of gold taken out of his pocket that night, after he was in bed. He tells me that an Act of Comprehension is likely to pass this Parliament, for admitting of all persuasions in religion to the public observation of their particular worship, but in certain places, and the persons therein concerned to be listed of this, or that Church; which, it is thought, will do them more hurt than good, and make them not own their persuasion. He tells me that there is a pardon passed to the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord of Shrewsbury, and the rest, for the late duell and murder;[1] which he thinks a worse fault than any ill use my late Lord Chancellor ever put the Great Seal to, and will be so thought by the Parliament, for them to be pardoned without bringing them to any trial: and that my Lord Privy-Seal therefore would not have it pass his hand, but made it go by immediate warrant; or at least they knew that he would not pass it, and so

[1] The royal pardon was thus announced in the "Gazette" of February 24th, 1668: "This day his Majesty was pleased to declare at the Board, that whereas, in contemplation of the eminent services heretofore done to his Majesty by most of the persons who were engaged in the late duel, or rencontre, wherein William Jenkins was killed, he doth graciously pardon the said offence: nevertheless, He is resolved from henceforth that on no pretence whatsoever any pardon shall be hereafter granted to any person whatsoever for killing of any man, in any duel or rencontre, but that the course of law shall wholly take place in all such cases." The warrant for a pardon to George, Duke of Buckingham, is dated January 27th, 1668; and on the following day was issued, "Warrant for a grant to Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, of pardon for killing William Jenkins, and for all duels, assaults, or batteries on George, Duke of Buckingham, Sir John Talbot, Sir Robert Holmes, or any other, whether indicted or not for the same, with restitution of lands, goods, &c." ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, pp. 192, 193).

did direct it to go by immediate warrant, that it might not come to him. He tells me what a character my Lord Sandwich hath sent over of Mr. Godolphin, as the worthiest man, and such a friend to him as he may be trusted in any thing relating to him in the world; as one whom, he says, he hath infallible assurances that he will remaine his friend: which is very high, but indeed they say the gentleman is a fine man. Thence, after eating a lobster for my dinner, having eat nothing to-day, we broke up, here coming to us Mr. Townsend of the Wardrobe, who complains of the Commissioners of the Treasury as very severe against my Lord Sandwich, but not so much as they complain of him for a fool and a knave, and so I let him alone, and home, carrying Mr. Moore as far as Fenchurch Street, and I home, and there being vexed in my mind about my prize businesses I to my chamber, where my wife and I had much talk of W. Hewer, she telling me that he is mightily concerned for my not being pleased with him, and is herself mightily concerned, but I have much reason to blame him for his little assistance he gives me in my business, not being able to copy out a letter with sense or true spelling that makes me mad, and indeed he is in that regard of as little use to me as the boy, which troubles me, and I would have him know it, and she will let him know it. By and by to supper, and so to bed, and slept but ill all night, my mind running like a fool on my prize business, which according to my reason ought not to trouble me at all.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and among other things Sir H. Cholmly comes to me about a little business, and there tells me how the Parliament, which is to meet again to-day, are likely to fall heavy on the business of the Duke of Buckingham's pardon; and I shall be glad of it: and that the King hath put out of the Court the two Hides,[1] my Lord Chancellor's two sons, and also the Bishops of Rochester [2] and Winchester,[3] the latter of whom should have preached before him yesterday, being Ash-Wednesday, and had his sermon ready, but was put by; which is great news. He gone, we sat at the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and my wife being

[1] Lord Cornbury and Laurence Hyde.

[2] Dr. John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[3] Dr. George Morley.

gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse; where a new play of Etherige's,[1] called "She Would if she Could;" and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit: and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18*d.* box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look [for] my wife, and it being dark and raining, I to look my wife out, but could not find her; and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sidly, and Etherige, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect,[2] and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end, mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife staying for me in the entry; and with her was Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and a humour took us, and I carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7*s.*, and very

[1] Sir George Etherege, the celebrated wit and man of fashion. He was the author of three comedies, "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub" (1664), "She Would if she Could" (1667), and "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter" (1676). He is said to have bought his knighthood in order to persuade a rich widow to marry him. He was sent to the Hague by Charles II., and in 1685 by James II. to Ratisbon. He died at Paris in 1691.

[2] Shadwell confirms this complaint of Etherege's in the preface to his own "Humourists." He writes: "The last (viz. imperfect action) had like to have destroyed 'She Would if she Could,' which I think (and I have the authority of some of the best judges in England for't) is the best comedy that has been written since the Restoration of the Stage." Harris played Sir Joslin Jolly. Downes says that it was inferior to "Love in a Tub," but took well.

merry, and home round the town, not through the ruines; and it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruines from London-wall into Coleman Street: and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is, I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruines, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we come safe home, and there, the girls being gone home, I to the office, where a while busy, my head not being wholly free of my trouble about my prize business, I home to bed. This evening coming home I did put my hand under the coats of Mercer and did touch her thigh, but then she did put by my hand and no hurt done, but talked and sang and was merry.

7th. Up, and to the office, to the getting of my books in order, to carry to the Commissioners of Accounts this morning. This being done, I away first to Westminster Hall, and there met my cozen, Roger Pepys, by his desire, the first time I have seen him since his coming to town, the Parliament meeting yesterday and adjourned to Monday next; and here he tells me that Mr. Jackson, my sister's servant,[1] is come to town, and hath this day suffered a recovery on his estate, in order to the making her a settlement. The young man is gone out of the Hall, so I could not now see him, but here I walked a good while with my cozen, and among other things do hear that there is a great triall between my Lord Gerard and Carr to-day, who is indicted for his life at the King's Bench, for running from his colours; but all do say that my Lord Gerard, though he designs the ruining of this man, will not get any thing by it. Thence to the Commissioners of Accounts, and there presented my books, and was made to sit down, and used with much respect, otherwise than the other day, when I come to them as a criminal about the business of the prizes. I sat here with them a great while, while my books were inventoried. And here do hear from them by discourse that they are like to undo the Treasurer's instruments of the Navy by making it a rule

[1] *i.e.*, suitor.

that they shall repay all money paid to wrong parties, which is a thing not to be supported by these poor creatures the Treasurer's instruments, as it is also hard for seamen to be ruined by their paying money to whom they please. I know not what will be the issue of it. I find these gentlemen to sit all day, and only eat a bit of bread at noon, and a glass of wine; and are resolved to go through their business with great severity and method. Thence I, about two o'clock, to Westminster Hall, by appointment, and there met my cozen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. My cozen had got me to give the odd sixth £100 presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child: and let it go — I shall be eased of the care, and so, after little talk, we parted, resolving to dine together at my house to-morrow. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister, though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland, and to the Swan, and there sent for a bit of meat and eat and drank, and so to White Hall to the Duke of York's chamber, where I find him and my fellows at their usual meeting, discoursing about securing the Medway this year, which is to shut the door after the horse is stole. However, it is good. Having done here, my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and I, and with us Sir Arnold Breames, to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Love in a Maze," a dull, silly play, I think; and after the play, home with W. Pen and his son Lowther, whom we met there, and then home and sat most of the evening with my wife and Mr. Pelling, talking, my head being full of business of one kind or other, and most such as do not please me, and so to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where sat all day, and at noon home, and there find cozen Roger and Jackson by appointment come to dine with me, and Creed, and very merry, only Jackson hath few words, and I like him never the worse for it. The great talk is of Carr's coming off in all his trials, to the disgrace of my Lord Gerard, to that degree, and the

ripping up of so many notorious rogueries and cheats of my Lord's, that my Lord, it is thought, will be ruined; and, above all things, do shew the madness of the House of Commons, who rejected the petition of this poor man by a combination of a few in the House; and, much more, the base proceedings (just the epitome of all our publick managements in this age), of the House of Lords, that ordered him to stand in the pillory for those very things, without hearing and examining what he hath now, by the seeking of my Lord Gerard himself, cleared himself of, in open Court, to the gaining himself the pity of all the world, and shame for ever to my Lord Gerard. We had a great deal of good discourse at table, and after dinner we four men took coach, and they set me down at the Old Exchange, and they home, having discoursed nothing to-day with cozen or Jackson about our business. I to Captain Cocke's, and there discoursed over our business of prizes, and I think I shall go near to state the matter so as to secure myself without wrong to him, doing nor saying anything but the very truth. Thence away to the Strand to my bookseller's, and there staid an hour, and bought the idle, rogueish book, "L'escholle des filles;"[1] which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found. Thence home, and busy late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. My wife well pleased with my sister's match, and designing how to be merry at their marriage. And I am well at ease in my mind to think that that care will be over. This night calling at the Temple, at the Auditor's, his man told me that he heard that my account must be brought to the view of the Commissioners of Tangier before it can be passed, which though I know no hurt in it, yet it troubled me lest there should be any or any designed by them who put this into the head of the Auditor, I suppose Auditor Beale, or Creed, because they saw me carrying my account another way than by them.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning and the office doing business, and also reading a little of

[1] See note, January 13th, 1667-68.

"L'escholle des filles," which is a mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world. At noon home to dinner, where by appointment Mr. Pelling come and with him three friends, Wallington, that sings the good base, and one Rogers, and a gentleman, a young man, his name Tempest, who sings very well indeed, and understands anything in the world at first sight. After dinner we into our dining-room, and there to singing all the afternoon. (By the way, I must remember that Pegg Pen[1] was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and, among other things, if I have not already set it down, that hardly ever was remembered such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.) But though they sang fine things, yet I must confess that I did take no pleasure in it, or very little, because I understood not the words, and with the rests that the words are set, there is no sense nor understanding in them though they be English, which makes me weary of singing in that manner, it being but a worse sort of instrumental musick. We sang until almost night, and drank mighty good store of wine, and then they parted, and I to my chamber, where I did read through "L'escholle des filles," a lewd book, but what do no wrong once to read for information sake. . . . And after I had done it I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame, and so at night to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by coach to Westminster, and there made a visit to Mr. Godolphin, at his chamber; and I do find him a very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts, and of infinite zeal to my Lord Sandwich; and one that says he is, he believes, as wise and able a person as any prince in the world hath. He tells me that he meets with unmannerly usage by Sir Robert Southwell,[2] in Portugall, who would sign with him in his negociations there, being a forward young man: but that my Lord mastered him in that point, it being

[1] Mrs. Lowther, here mentioned by her maiden name.

[2] Born at Kinsale in 1636, educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn. He was sworn one of the clerks of the Privy Council in 1664, and knighted in 1665. He was employed on several diplomatic missions, and in 1672 he was sent as Envoy

ruled for my Lord here, at a hearing of a Committee of the Council. He says that if my Lord can compass a peace between Spain and Portugall, and hath the doing of it and the honour himself, it will be a thing of more honour than ever any man had, and of as much advantage. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the Hall mighty full: and, among other things, the House begins to sit to-day, and the King come. But, before the King's coming, the House of Commons met; and upon information given them of a bill intended to be brought in, as common report said, for Comprehension, they did mightily and generally inveigh against it, and did vote that the King should be desired by the House (and the message delivered by the Privy-counsellers of the House) that the laws against breakers of the Act of Uniformity should be put in execution: and it was moved in the House that, if any people had a mind to bring any new laws into the House, about religion, they might come, as a proposer of new laws did in Athens, with ropes about their necks. By and by the King comes to the Lords' House, and there tells them of his league with Holland, and the necessity of a fleete, and his debts; and, therefore, want of money; and his desire that they would think of some way to bring in all his Protestant subjects to a right understanding and peace one with another; meaning the Bill of Comprehension.[1] The Commons coming to their House, it was moved that the vote passed this morning might be suspended, because of the King's speech, till the House was full and called over, two days hence: but it was denied, so furious they are against this Bill: and thereby a great blow either given to the King or Presbyters, or, which is the rather of the two, to the House itself, by denying a thing desired by the King, and so much desired by much the greater part of the nation. Whatever

Extraordinary to Portugal. William III. appointed him Principal Secretary of State for Ireland. He was President of the Royal Society, 1690–95. Died 1702, at King's-Weston, in Gloucestershire. His son Edward became Secretary of State, and his great-grandson succeeded to the ancient barony of De Clifford.

[1] The king's speech is printed in "Journals of the House of Lords" (vol. xii., p. 181). It commences thus: "My Lords and Gentlemen, I am glad to see you here again, to tell you what I have done in this interval, which I am confident you will be pleased with, since it is so much for the honour and security of this nation."

the consequence be, if the King be a man of any stomach and heat, all do believe that he will resent this vote. Thence with Creed home to my house to dinner, where I met with Mr. Jackson, and find my wife angry with Deb., which vexes me. After dinner by coach away to Westminster, taking up a friend of Mr. Jackson's, a young lawyer, and parting with Creed at White Hall. They and I to Westminster Hall, and there met Roger Pepys, and with him to his chamber, and there read over and agreed upon the Deed of Settlement to our minds: my sister to have £600 presently, and she to be joyntured in £60 per annum; wherein I am very well satisfied. Thence I to the Temple to Charles Porter's lodgings, where Captain Cocke met me, and after long waiting on Pemberton,[1] an able lawyer, about the business of our prizes, and left the matter with him to think of against to-morrow, this being a matter that do much trouble my mind, though there be no fault in it that I need fear the owning that I know of. Thence with Cocke home to his house and there left him, and I home, and there got my wife to read a book I bought to-day, and come out to-day licensed by Joseph Williamson for Lord Arlington, shewing the state of England's affairs relating to France at this time, and the whole body of the book very good and solid, after a very foolish introduction as ever I read, and do give a very good account of the advantage of our league with Holland at this time. So, vexed in my mind with the variety of cares I have upon me, and so to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning, where comes a damned summons to attend the Committee of Miscarriages to-day, which makes me mad, that I should by my place become the hackney of this Office, in perpetual trouble and vexation, that need it least. At noon home to dinner, where little pleasure, my head being split almost with the variety of troubles upon me at this time, and cares, and after dinner

[1] Francis Pemberton, afterwards knighted, and made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1679. His career was a most singular one, he having been twice removed from the Bench, and twice imprisoned by the House of Commons. He twice returned to the bar, and after his second return he practised with great success as a serjeant for the next fourteen years till his death, June 10th, 1697. Evelyn says, "He was held to be the most learned of the judges and an honest man" ("Diary," October 4th, 1683).

by coach to Westminster Hall, and sent my wife and Deb. to see "Mustapha" acted. Here I brought a book to the Committee, and do find them, and particularly Sir Thomas Clarges, mighty hot in the business of tickets, which makes me mad to see them bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it, and here my Lord Brouncker unnecessarily orders it that he is called in to give opportunity to present his report of the state of the business of paying by ticket, which I do not think will do him any right, though he was made believe that it did operate mightily, and that Sir Fresh. Hollis did make a mighty harangue and to much purpose in his defence, but I believe no such effects of it, for going in afterward I did hear them speak with prejudice of it, and that his pleading of the Admiral's warrant for it now was only an evasion, if not an aspersion upon the Admirall, and therefore they would not admit of this his report, but go on with their report as they had resolved before. The orders they sent for this day was the first order that I have yet met with about this business, and was of my own single hand warranting, but I do think it will do me no harm, and therefore do not much trouble myself with it, more than to see how much trouble I am brought to who have best deported myself in all the King's business. Thence with Lord Brouncker, and set him down at Bow Streete, and so to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the last act for nothing, where I never saw such good acting of any creature as Smith's part of Zanger;[1] and I do also, though it was excellently acted by ——, do yet want Betterton mightily.

[1] The play in which Smith acted Zanga was Lord Orrery's "Mustapha." The cast, as given by Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 26), was as follows:

Solyman the Magnificent	Betterton.
Mustapha	Harris.
Zanger	Smith.
Rustan	Sandford.
Pyrrhus	Richards.
———	Young.
Haly	Cademan.
Roxalana	Mrs. Davenport.
Queen of Hungaria	Mrs. Davies.

Downes adds, with reference to the part of Roxalana, that it was afterwards played by Mrs. Betterton, and then "by one Mrs. Wiseman." — B.

Thence to the Temple, to Porter's chamber, where Cocke met me, and after a stay there some time, they two and I to Pemberton's chamber, and there did read over the Act of calling people to account, and did discourse all our business of the prizes; and, upon the whole, he do make it plainly appear, that there is no avoiding to give these Commissioners satisfaction in everything they will ask; and that there is fear lest they may find reason to make us refund for all the extraordinary profit made by those bargains; and do make me resolve rather to declare plainly, and, once for all, the truth of the whole, and what my profit hath been, than be forced at last to do it, and in the meantime live in pain, as I must always do: and with this resolution on my part I departed, with some more satisfaction of mind, though with less hopes of profit than I expected. It was pretty here to see the heaps of money upon this lawyer's table; and more to see how he had not since last night spent any time upon our business, but begun with telling us that we were not at all concerned in that Act; which was a total mistake, by his not having read over the Act at all. Thence to Porter's chamber, where Captain Cocke had fetched my wife out of the coach, and there we staid and talked and drank, he being a very generous, good-humoured man, and so away by coach, setting Cocke at his house, and we with his coach home, and there I to the office, and there till past one in the morning, and so home to supper and to bed, my mind at pretty good ease, though full of care and fear of loss. This morning my wife in bed told me the story of our Tom and Jane:[1] how the rogue did first demand her consent to love and marry him, and then, with pretence of displeasing me, did slight her; but both he and she have confessed the matter to her, and she hath charged him to go on with his love to her, and be true to her, and so I think the business will go on, which, for my love to her, because she is in love with him, I am pleased with; but otherwise I think she will have no good bargain of it, at least if I should not do well in my place. But if I do stand, I do intend to give

[1] Thomas Edwards married Jane Birch in 1669, and died in 1681. Pepys interested himself to get their son, Samuel Edwards, into the Bluecoat School in 1682. See note, August 27th, 1664.

her £50 in money, and do them all the good I can in my way.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning drawing up my narrative of my proceedings and concernments in the buying of prize-goods, which I am to present to the Committee for Accounts;[1] and being come to a resolution to conceal nothing from them, I was at great ease how to draw it up without any inventions or practise to put me to future pain or thoughts how to carry on, and now I only discover what my profit was, and at worst I suppose I can be made but to refund my profit and so let it go. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Jackson dined with me, and after dinner I (calling at the Excise Office, and setting my wife and Deb. at her tailor's) did with Mr. Jackson go to find my cozen Roger Pepys, which I did in the Parliament House, where I met him and Sir Thomas Crew and Mr. George Montagu, who are mighty busy how to save my Lord's name from being in the Report for anything which the Committee is commanded to report to the House of the miscarriages of the late war. I find they drive furiously still in the business of tickets, which is nonsense in itself and cannot come to anything. Thence with cozen Roger to his lodgings, and there sealed the writings with Jackson, about my sister's marriage: and here my cozen Roger told me the pleasant passage of a fellow's bringing a bag of letters to-day, into the lobby of the House, and left them, and withdrew himself without observation. The bag being opened, the letters were found all of one size, and directed with one hand: a letter to most of the Members of the House. The House was acquainted with it, and voted they should be brought in, and one opened by the Speaker; wherein if he found any thing unfit to communicate, to propose a Committee to be chosen for it. The Speaker opening one, found it only a case with a libell in it, printed: a satire most sober and bitter as ever I read; and every letter was the same. So the House fell a-scrambling for them like boys: and my cozen Roger had one directed to him, which he lent me to read. So away, and took up my wife, and setting Jackson

[1] There is a copy of Pepys's letter to the Commissioners of Accounts in defence of himself in respect to the buying of East India prize goods in 1665, among the Rawlinson MSS. (Bodleian), A. 174 (301).

down at Fetter Lane end, I to the old Exchange to look Mr. Houblon, but, not finding him, did go home, and there late writing a letter to my Lord Sandwich, and to give passage to a letter of great moment from Mr. Godolphin to him, which I did get speedy passage for by the help of Mr. Houblon, who come late to me, and there directed the letter to Lisbon under cover of his, and here we talked of the times, which look very sad and distracted, and made good mirth at this day's passage in the House, and so parted; and going to the gate with him, I found his lady and another fine lady sitting an hour together, late at night, in their coach, while he was with me, which is so like my wife, that I was mighty taken with it, though troubled for it. So home to supper and to bed. This day Captain Cocke was with the Commissioners of Accounts to ask more time for his bringing in his answer about the prize goods, and they would not give him 14 days as he asks, but would give only two days, which was very hard, I think, and did trouble me for fear of their severity, though I have prepared my matter so as to defy it.

13th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to White Hall, setting them at her tailor's, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where myself alone did argue the business of the East India Company against their whole Company on behalf of the King before the Lords Commissioners, and to very good effect, I think, and with reputation. That business being over, the Lords and I had other things to talk about, and among the rest, about our making more assignments on the Exchequer since they bid us hold, whereat they were extraordinary angry with us, which troubled me a little, though I am not concerned in it at all. Waiting here some time without, I did meet with several people, among others Mr. Brisband, who tells me in discourse that Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells,[1] under the title of the King's Foole or Jester; and may with privilege revile or jeere any body, the

[1] The Lord Chamberlain's Records contain a copy of a warrant dated July 12th, 1661, "to deliver to Mr. Killegrew thirty yards of velvett, three dozen of fringe, and sixteene yards of Damaske for the year 1661." The heading of this entry is "Livery for y^{e} jester" (Lowe's "Betterton," p. 70).

greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place. Thence took up my wife, and home, and there busy late at the office writing letters, and so home to supper and to bed. The House was called over to-day. This morning Sir G. Carteret come to the Office to see and talk with me: and he assures me that to this day the King is the most kind man to my Lord Sandwich in the whole world; that he himself do not now mind any publick business, but suffers things to go on at Court as they will, he seeing all likely to come to ruin: that this morning the Duke of York sent to him to come to make up one of a Committee of the Council for Navy Affairs; where, when he come, he told the Duke of York that he was none of them: which shews how things are now-a-days ordered, that there should be a Committee for the Navy; and the Lord Admiral not know the persons of it! And that Sir G. Carteret and my Lord Anglesey should be left out of it, and men wholly improper put into it. I do hear of all hands that there is a great difference at this day between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for.

14th (Valentine's day). Up, being called up by Mercer, who come to be my Valentine, and so I rose and my wife, and were merry a little, I staying to talk, and did give her a guinny in gold for her Valentine's gift. There comes also my cozen Roger Pepys betimes, and comes to my wife, for her to be his Valentine, whose Valentine I was also, by agreement to be so to her every year; and this year I find it is likely to cost £4 or £5 in a ring for her, which she desires. Cozen Roger did come also to speak with Sir W. Pen, who was quoted, it seems, yesterday by Sir Fr. Hollis to have said that if my Lord Sandwich had done so and so, we might have taken all the Dutch prizes at the time when he staid and let them go. But Sir W. Pen did tell us he should say nothing in it but what would do my Lord honour, and he is a knave I am able to prove if he do otherwise. He gone, I to my Office, to perfect my Narrative about prize-goods; and did carry it to the Commissioners of Accounts, who did receive it with great kindness, and express great value of, and respect to me: and my heart is at rest that it is lodged there, in so full truth and plainness, though it may hereafter prove some loss to me. But here

I do see they are entered into many enquiries aoout prizes, by the great attendance of commanders and others before them, which is a work I am not sorry for. Thence I away, with my head busy, but my heart at pretty good ease, to the Old Exchange, and there met Mr. Houblon. I prayed him to discourse with some of the merchants that are of the Committee for Accounts, to see how they do resent my paper, and in general my particular in the relation to the business of the Navy, which he hath promised to do carefully for me and tell me. Here it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr. Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him, all good merchants. Thence home to dinner, and had much discourse with W. Hewer about my going to visit Colonel Thomson, one of the Committee of Accounts,[1] who, among the rest, is mighty kind to me, and is likely to mind our business more than any; and I would be glad to have a good understanding with him. Thence after dinner to White Hall, to attend the Duke of York, where I did let him know, too, the troublesome life we lead, and particularly myself, by being obliged to such attendances every day as I am, on one Committee or another. And I do find the Duke of York himself troubled, and willing not to be troubled with occasions of having his name used among the Parliament, though he himself do declare that he did give directions to Lord Brouncker to discharge the men at Chatham by ticket, and will own it, if the House call for it, but not else. Thence I attended the King and Council, and some of the rest of us, in a business to be heard about the value of a ship of one Dorrington's:[2] and it was pretty to observe how Sir W. Pen — making use of this argument against the validity of an oath, against the King, being made by the master's mate of the ship, who was but a fellow of about 23 years of age — the master of the ship, against whom we pleaded, did say that he did think himself at that age capable of being master's mate of any ship;

[1] George Tompson. See note, *ante*, December 30, 1667.

[2] "Feb. 1, 1668. Capt. J. Perriman to Sam. Pepys. Mark Croney, who bought the 'Leister' wreck at Blackwall, says that Capt. Dorington, one of the owners, has forbidden his servants to work any more upon her, or to meddle with anything there, although Croney has paid his money for the wreck." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667-68, p. 206.

and do know that he, himself, Sir W. Pen, was so himself, and in no better degree at that age himself: which word did strike Sir W. Pen dumb, and made him open his mouth no more; and I saw the King and Duke of York wink at one another at it. This done, we into the gallery; and there I walked with several people, and among others my Lord Brouncker, who I do find under much trouble still about the business of the tickets, his very case being brought in, as is said, this day in the Report of the Miscarriages. And he seems to lay much of it on me, which I did clear and satisfy him in; and would be glad with all my heart to serve him in, and have done it more than he hath done for himself, he not deserving the least blame, but commendations, for this. I met with my cozen Roger Pepys and Creed; and from them understand that the Report was read to-day of the Miscarriages, wherein my Lord Sandwich is [named] about the business I mentioned this morning; but I will be at rest, for it can do him no hurt. Our business of tickets is soundly up, and many others: so they went over them again, and spent all the morning on the first, which is the dividing of the fleete; wherein hot work was, and that among great men, Privy-Councillors, and, they say, Sir W. Coventry; but I do not much fear it, but do hope that it will shew a little, of the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince to have been advisers in it: but whereas they ordered that the King's Speech should be considered to-day, they took no notice of it at all, but are really come to despise the King in all possible ways of shewing it. And it was the other day a strange saying, as I am told by my cozen Roger Pepys, in the House, when it was moved that the King's speech should be considered, that though the first part of the Speech, meaning the league that is there talked of, be the only good publick thing that hath been done since the King come into England, yet it might bear with being put off to consider, till Friday next, which was this day. Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a-year for intelligence,[1] whereas, in Cromwell's time, he [Cromwell] did allow £70,000 a-year for it; and was confirmed therein by Colonel

[1] Secret service money.

Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle. The House is in a most broken condition; nobody adhering to any thing, but reviling and finding fault: and now quite mad at the Undertakers, as they are commonly called, Littleton, Lord Vaughan, Sir R. Howard, and others that are brought over to the Court, and did undertake to get the King money; but they despise, and would not hear them in the House; and the Court do do as much, seeing that they cannot be useful to them, as was expected. In short, it is plain that the King will never be able to do any thing with this Parliament; and that the only likely way to do better, for it cannot do worse, is to break this and call another Parliament; and some do think that it is intended. I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemayne is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play, and hath played £1,000 and £1,500 at a cast. Thence to the Temple, where at Porter's chamber I met Captain Cocke, but lost our labour, our Counsellor not being within, Pemberton, and therefore home and late at my office, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up betimes, and with Captain Cocke by coach to the Temple to his Counsel again about the prize goods in order to the drawing up of his answer to them, where little done but a confirmation that our best interest is for him to tell the whole truth, and so parted, and I home to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon and evening till midnight almost, and till I had tired my own backe, and my wife's, and Deb.'s, in titleing of my books for the present year, and in setting them in order, which is now done to my very good satisfaction, though not altogether so completely as I think they were the last year, when my mind was more at leisure to mind it. So about midnight to bed, where my wife taking some physic overnight it wrought with her, and those coming upon her with great gripes, she was in mighty pain all night long, yet, God forgive me! I did find that I was most desirous to take my rest than to ease her, but there was nothing I could do to do her any good with.

16th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, where all the morning making a catalogue of my books, which did

find me work, but with great pleasure, my chamber and books being now set in very good order, and my chamber washed and cleaned, which it had not been in some months before, my business and trouble having been so much. At noon Mr. Holliard put in, and dined with my wife and me, who was a little better to-day. His company very good. His story of his love and fortune, which hath been very good and very bad in the world, well worth hearing. Much discourse also about the bad state of the Church, and how the Clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world ; and, as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed ; and I believe the Hierarchy will in a little time be shaken, whether they will or no ; the King being offended with them, and set upon it, as I hear. He gone, after dinner to have my head combed, and then to my chamber and read most of the evening till pretty late, when, my wife not being well, I did lie below stairs in our great chamber, where I slept well.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning till noon getting some things more ready against the afternoon for the Committee of Accounts, which did give me great trouble, to see how I am forced to dance after them in one place, and to answer Committees of Parliament in another. At noon thence toward the Committee, but meeting with Sir W. Warren in Fleet Street he and I to the Ordinary by Temple Bar and there dined together, and to talk, where he do seem to be very high now in defiance of the Board, now he says that the worst is come upon him to have his accounts brought to the Committee of Accounts, and he do reflect upon my late coldness to him, but upon the whole I do find that he is still a cunning fellow, and will find it necessary to be fair to me, and what hath passed between us of coldness to hold his tongue, which do please me very well. Thence to the Committee, where I did deliver the several things they expected from me, with great respect and show of satisfaction, and my mind thereby eased of some care. But thence I to Westminster Hall, and there spent till late at night walking to and again with many people, and there in general I hear of the great high words that were in the House on Saturday last, upon the first part of the Committee's Report about the dividing of the fleete ;

wherein some would have the counsels of the King to be declared, and the reasons of them, and who did give them; where Sir W. Coventry laid open to them the consequences of doing that, that the King would never have any honest and wise men ever to be of his Council. They did here in the House talk boldly of the King's bad counsellors, and how they must be all turned out, and many others, and better, brought in: and the proceedings of the Long-Parliament in the beginning of the war were called to memory: and the King's bad intelligence was mentioned, wherein they were bitter against my Lord Arlington, saying, among other things, that whatever Morrice's was, who declared he had but £750 a-year allowed him for intelligence, the King paid too dear for my Lord Arlington's, in giving him £10,000 and a barony for it. Sir W. Coventry did here come to his defence, in the business of the letter that was sent to call back Prince Rupert, after he was divided from the fleete,[1] wherein great delay was objected; but he did show that he sent it at one in the morning, when the Duke of York did give him the instructions after supper that night, and did clear himself well of it: only it was laid as a fault, which I know not how he removes, of not sending it by an express, but by the ordinary post; but I think I have heard he did send it to my Lord Arlington's, and that there it lay for some hours; it coming not to Sir Philip Honiwood's hand at Portsmouth[2] till four in the afternoon that day, being about fifteen or sixteen hours in going; and about this, I think, I have heard of a falling out between my Lord Arlington, heretofore, and W. Coventry. Some mutterings I did hear of a design of dissolving the Parliament; but I think there is no ground for it yet, though Oliver would have dissolved them for half the trouble and contempt these have put upon the King and his councils. The dividing of the fleete, however, is, I hear, voted a miscarriage, and the not building a fortification at Sheernesse:[3]

[1] See 10th and 24th June, 1666, and also October 20th, 1667.
[2] Of which Sir Philip was Governor. The account of the money expended by Sir P. Honiwood on the fortifications at Portsmouth, between August, 1665, and April, 1667, is in the Sloane MS., 873.—B.
[3] See note to March 24th, 1667.

and I have reason every hour to expect that they will vote the like of our paying men off by ticket; and what the consequence of that will be I know not, but I am put thereby into great trouble of mind. I did spend a little time at the Swan, and there did kiss the maid, Sarah. At noon home, and there up to my wife, who is still ill, and supped with her, my mind being mighty full of trouble for the office and my concernments therein, and so to supper and talking with W. Hewer in her chamber about business of the office, wherein he do well understand himself and our case, and it do me advantage to talk with him and the rest of my people. I to bed below as I did last night.

18th. Up by break of day, and walked down to the old Swan, where I find little Michell building, his booth being taken down, and a foundation laid for a new house, so that that street is like to be a very fine place. I drank, but did not see Betty, and so to Charing Cross stairs, and thence walked to Sir W. Coventry's,[1] and talked with him, who tells me how he hath been persecuted, and how he is yet well come off in the business of the dividing of the fleete, and the sending of the letter. He expects next to be troubled about the business of bad officers in the fleete, wherein he will bid them name whom they call bad, and he will justify himself, having never disposed of any but by the Admiral's liking. And he is able to give an account of all them, how they come

[1] Sir William Coventry's love of money is said by Sir John Denham to have influenced him in promoting naval officers, who paid him for their commissions.

"Then, Painter! draw cerulean Coventry,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor o' th' sea;
And more exactly to express his hue,
Use nothing but *ultra-marinish* blue.
To pay his fees, the silver trumpet spends,
And boatswain's whistle for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one point more:
The constant magnet to the pole doth hold,
Steel to the magnet, *Coventry* to gold.
Muscovy sells us pitch, and hemp, and tar;
Iron and copper, *Sweden; Munster*, war;
Ashley, prize; *Warwick*, custom; *Cart'ret*, pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the fleet away." — B.

recommended, and more will be found to have been placed by the Prince and Duke of Albemarle than by the Duke of York during the war, and as no bad instance of the badness of officers he and I did look over the list of commanders,[1] and found that we could presently recollect thirty-seven commanders that have been killed in actuall service this war. He tells me that Sir Fr. Hollis is the main man that hath persecuted him hitherto, in the business of dividing the fleete, saying vainly that the want of that letter to the Prince hath given him that, that he shall remember it by to his grave, meaning the loss of his arme;[2] when, God knows! he is as idle and insignificant a fellow as ever come into the fleete. He tells me that in discourse on Saturday he did repeat Sir Rob. Howard's words about rowling out of counsellors, that for his part he neither cared who they rowled in, nor who they rowled out, by which the word is become a word of use in the House, the rowling out of officers.[3] I will remember what, in mirth, he said to me this morning, when upon this discourse he said, if ever there was another Dutch war, they should not find a Secretary; "Nor," said I, "a Clerk of the Acts, for I see the reward of it; and, thanked God! I have enough of my own to buy me a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife;" — "Why," says he, "I have enough to buy me a good book, and shall not need a fiddle, because I have never a one of your good wives." I understand by him that we are likely to have our business of tickets voted a miscarriage, but [he] cannot tell me what that will signify more than that he thinks they will report them to the King and there leave them, but I doubt they will do more. Thence walked over St. James's Park to White Hall, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked all the morning, and did speak with several Parliament-men — among others, Birch, who is very kind to me, and calls me, with great respect and kindness, a man of business, and he thinks honest, and so long will stand by me, and every such man, to the death.

[1] A copy of the Duke of York's list of the commanders slain in the year 1665-66, which was given to Pepys, is in Rawlinson, A. 191, fol. 108. — B.

[2] See note, June 10th, 1667.

[3] This is a curious reference to the first use of an expression which has not obtained a permanent position in the language.

My business was to instruct them to keep the House from falling into any mistaken vote about the business of tickets, before they were better informed. I walked in the Hall all the morning with my Lord Brouncker, who was in great pain there, and, the truth is, his business is, without reason, so ill resented by the generality of the House, that I was almost troubled to be seen to walk with him, and yet am able to justify him in all, that he is under so much scandal for. Here I did get a copy of the report itself, about our paying off men by tickets; and am mightily glad to see it, now knowing the state of our case, and what we have to answer to, and the more for that the House is like to be kept by other business to-day and to-morrow, so that, against Thursday, I shall be able to draw up some defence to put into some Member's hands, to inform them, and I think we may [make] a very good one, and therefore my mind is mightily at ease about it. This morning they are upon a Bill, brought in to-day by Sir Richard Temple, for obliging the King to call Parliaments every three years; or, if he fail, for others to be obliged to do it, and to keep him from a power of dissolving any Parliament in less than forty days after their first day of sitting, which is such a Bill as do speak very high proceedings, to the lessening of the King; and this they will carry, and whatever else they desire, before they will give any money; and the King must have money, whatever it cost him. I stepped to the Dog Taverne, and thither come to me Doll Lane, and there we did drink together, and she tells me she is my valentine. . . . Thence, she being gone, and having spoke with Mr. Spicer here, whom I sent for hither to discourse about the security of the late Act of 11 months' tax on which I have secured part of my money lent to Tangier. I to the Hall, and there met Sir W. Pen, and he and I to the Beare, in Drury Lane, an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen; and there had a good fricassee, our dinner coming to 8*s.*, which was mighty pretty, to my great content; and thence he and I to the King's house, and there, in one of the upper boxes, saw "Flora's Vagarys," which is a very silly play; and the more, I being out of humour, being at a play without my wife, and she ill at home, and having no desire also to be seen, and, therefore, could not look about me. Thence to the Temple, and there

we parted, and I to see Kate Joyce, where I find her and her friends in great ease of mind, the Jury having this day given in their verdict that her husband died of a feaver. Some opposition there was, the foreman pressing them to declare the cause of the feaver, thinking thereby to obstruct it: but they did adhere to their verdict, and would give no reason; so all trouble is now over, and she safe in her estate, which I am mighty glad of, and so took leave, and home, and up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shews me her ring of a Turky-stone[1] set with little sparks of dyamonds, which I am to give her, as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5 — she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend on her. So to my office, where late, and to think upon my observations to-morrow, upon the report of the Committee to the Parliament about the business of tickets, whereof my head is full, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning drawing up an answer to the Report of the Committee for miscarriages to the Parliament touching our paying men by tickets, which I did do in a very good manner I think. Dined with my clerks at home, where much good discourse of our business of the Navy, and the trouble now upon us, more than we expected. After dinner my wife out with Deb., to buy some things against my sister's wedding, and I to the office to write fair my business I did in the morning, and in the evening to White Hall, where I find Sir W. Coventry all alone, a great while with the Duke of York, in the King's drawing-room, they two talking together all alone, which did mightily please me. Then I did get Sir W. Coventry (the Duke of York being gone) aside, and there read over my paper, which he liked and corrected, and tells me it will be hard to escape, though the thing be never so fair, to have it voted a miscarriage; but did advise me and my Lord Brouncker, who coming by did join with us, to prepare some members in it, which we shall do. Here I do

[1] The turquoise. This stone was sometimes referred to simply as the turkey, and Broderip ("Zoological Recreations") conjectured that the bird (turkey) took its name from the blue or turquoise colour of the skin about its head.

hear how La Roche,[1] a French captain, who was once prisoner here, being with his ship at Plymouth, hath played some freakes there, for which his men being beat out of the town, he hath put up his flag of defiance, and also, somewhere thereabout, did land with his men, and go a mile into the country, and did some pranks, which sounds pretty odd, to our disgrace, but we are in condition now to bear any thing. But, blessed be God! all the Court is full of the good news of my Lord Sandwich's having made a peace between Spain and Portugall,[2] which is mighty great news, and, above all, to my Lord's honour, more than any thing he ever did; and yet I do fear it will not prevail to secure him in Parliament against incivilities there. Thence, took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, and there my mind being full of preparing my paper against to-morrow for the House, with an address from the office to the House, I to the office, very late, and then home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office a while, and thence to White Hall by coach with Mr. Batelier with me, whom I took up in the street. I thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there with Lord Brouncker, Sir T. Harvy, Sir J. Minnes, did wait all the morning to speak to members about our business, thinking our business of tickets would come before the House to-day, but we did alter our minds about the petition to the House, sending in the paper to them. But the truth is we were in a great hurry, but it fell out that they were most of the morning upon the business of not prosecuting the first victory; which they have voted one of the greatest miscarriages of the whole war, though they cannot lay the fault any where yet, because Harman is not come home. This kept them all the morning, which I was glad of. So down to the Hall, where my wife by agreement stayed for me at Mrs. Michell's, and there was Mercer and the girl, and I took them to Wilkinson's the cook's in King Street (where I find the master of the house hath been dead for some time), and there dined, and thence by one o'clock to

[1] There are many references to Captain De la Roche among the State Papers (see note, February 29th, 1668).

[2] "The Earl of Sandwich was still at Lisbon, expecting in few days the return of the ratification of the Treaty from Madrid." — *The London Gazette*, No. 236. — B.

the King's house: a new play, "The Duke of Lerma," of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and Court was; and Knepp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knepp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard.[1] The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which salved all. The play a well-writ and good play, only its design I did not like of reproaching the King, but altogether a very good and most serious play. Thence home, and there a little to the office, and so home to supper, where Mercer with us, and sang, and then to bed.

21st. At the office all the morning to get a little business done, I having, and so the whole office, been put out of doing any business there for this week by our trouble in attending the Parliament. Hither comes to me young Captain Beckford,[2] the slopseller, and there presents me a little purse with gold in it, it being, as he told me, for his present to me, at the end of the last year. I told him I had not done him any service I knew of. He persisted, and I refused, but did at several denials; and telling him that it was not an age to take presents in, he told me he had reason to present me with something, and desired me to accept of it, which, at his so urging me, I did, and so fell to talk of his business, and so parted. I do not know of any manner of kindness I have done him this last year, nor did expect any thing. It was therefore very welcome to me, but yet I was not fully satisfied in my taking it, because of my submitting myself to the having it objected against me hereafter, and the rather because this morning Jacke Fen come and shewed me an order from the Commissioners of Accounts, wherein they demand of him an account upon oath of all the sums of money that have been by him defalked or taken from any man since their time of enquiry

[1] This prologue, "spoken by Mrs. Ellen and Mrs. Nepp," is prefixed to Sir R. Howard's "Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma," 4to, 1668. It is too dull to reprint; and the merit must have consisted more in the manner in which it was delivered, than in the matter, as it came from the pen of the author. — B.

[2] Apparently Thomas Beckford (see notes, January 5th, 1660-61, and October 7, 1665).

upon any payments, and if this should, as it is to be feared, come to be done to us, I know not what I shall then do, but I shall take counsel upon it. At noon by coach towards Westminster, and met my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and Sir T. Harvey, in King's Street, coming away from the Parliament House; and so I to them, and to the French ordinary, at the Blue Bells, in Lincolne's Inn Fields, and there dined and talked. And, among other things, they tell me how the House this day is still as backward for giving any money as ever, and do declare they will first have an account of the disposals of the last Poll-bill, and eleven months' tax: and it is pretty odde that the very first sum mentioned in the account brought in by Sir Robert Long, of the disposal of the Poll-bill money, is £5,000 to my Lord Arlington for intelligence; which was mighty unseasonable, so soon after they had so much cried out against his want of intelligence. The King do also own but £250,000, or thereabouts, yet paid on the Poll-bill, and that he hath charged £350,000 upon it. This makes them mad; for that the former Poll-bill, that was so much less in its extent than the last, which took in all sexes and qualities, did come to £350,000. Upon the whole, I perceive they are like to do nothing in this matter to please the King, or relieve the State, be the case never so pressing; and, therefore, it is thought by a great many that the King cannot be worse if he should dissolve them: but there is nobody dares advise it, nor do he consider any thing himself. Thence, having dined for 20*s.*, we to the Duke of York at White Hall, and there had our usual audience, and did little but talk of the proceedings of the Parliament, wherein he is as much troubled as we; for he is not without fears that they do ayme at doing him hurt; but yet he declares that he will never deny to owne what orders he hath given to any man to justify him, notwithstanding their having sent to him to desire his being tender to take upon him the doing any thing of that kind. Thence with Brouncker and T. Harvey to Westminster Hall, and there met with Colonel Birch and Sir John Lowther,[1] and did there in the lobby read over

[1] Of Lowther, in Westmoreland, for which county he was knight of the shire before and at the Restoration. He had been made a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1640. — B.

what I had drawn up for our defence, wherein they own themselves mightily satisfied; and Birch, like a particular friend, do take it upon him to defend us, and do mightily do me right in all his discourse. Here walked in the Hall with him a great while, and discoursed with several members, to prepare them in our business against to-morrow, and meeting my cozen Roger Pepys, he showed me Granger's written confession,[1] of his being fòrced by imprisonment, &c., by my Lord Gerard, most barbarously to confess his forging of a deed in behalf of Fitton, in the great case between him [Fitton] and my Lord Gerard; which business is under examination, and is the foulest against my Lord Gerard that ever any thing in the world was, and will, all do believe, ruine him; and I shall be glad of it. Thence with Lord Brouncker and T. Harvey as far as the New Exchange, and there at a draper's shop drawing up a short note of what they are to desire of the House for our having a hearing before they determine any thing against us, which paper is for them to show to what friends they meet against

[1] Pepys here refers to the extraordinary proceedings which occurred between Charles, Lord Gerard, and Alexander Fitton, of which a narrative was published at the Hague in 1665. Granger was a witness in the cause, and was afterwards said to be conscience-stricken from his perjury. Some notice of this case will be found in North's "Examen," p. 558; but the copious and interesting note in Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," vol. iii., p. 291, will best satisfy the reader, who will not fail to be struck by the paragraph with which it is closed — viz., "It is not improbable that Alexander Fitton, who, in the first instance, gained rightful possession of Gawsworth under an acknowledged settlement, was driven headlong into unpremeditated guilt by the production of a revocation by will which Lord Gerard had so long concealed. Having lost his own fortune in the prosecution of his claims, he remained in gaol till taken out by James II. to be made Chancellor of Ireland (under which character Hume first notices him), was knighted, and subsequently created Lord Gawsworth after the abdication of James, sat in his parliament in Dublin in 1689, and then is supposed to have accompanied his fallen master to France. Whether the conduct of Fitton was met, as he alleges, by similar guilt on the part of Lord Gerard, God only can judge; but his hand fell heavily on the representatives of that noble house. In less than half a century the husbands of its two co-heiresses, James, Duke of Hamilton, and Charles, Lord Mohun, were slain by each other's hands in a murderous duel arising out of a dispute relative to the partition of the Fitton estates, and Gawsworth itself passed to an unlineal hand, by a series of alienations complicated beyond example in the annals of this country." — B.

to-morrow, I away home to the office, and there busy pretty late, and here comes my wife to me, who hath been at Pegg Pen's christening,[1] which, she says, hath made a flutter and noise; but was as mean as could be, and but little company, just like all the rest that that family do. So home to supper and to bed, with my head full of a defence before the Parliament to-morrow, and therein content myself very well, and with what I have done in preparing some of the members thereof in order thereto.

22nd. Up, and by coach through Ducke Lane, and there did buy Kircher's Musurgia,[2] cost me 35*s.*, a book I am mighty glad of, expecting to find great satisfaction in it. Thence to Westminster Hall and the lobby, and up and down there all the morning, and to the Lords' House, and heard the Solicitor-General plead very finely, as he always do; and this was in defence of the East India Company against a man[3] that complains of wrong from them, and thus up and down till noon in expectation of our business coming on in the House of Commons about tickets, but they being busy about my Lord Gerard's business I did give over the thoughts of ours coming on, and so with my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., who come to the Hall to me, I away to the Beare, in Drury Lane, and there bespoke a dish of meat; and, in the mean time, sat and sung with Mercer; and, by and by, dined with mighty pleasure, and excellent meat, one little dish enough for us all, and good wine, and all for 8*s.*, and thence to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Albumazar," an old play, this the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's "Alchymist;" but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done.[4] The King here, and, indeed,

[1] See February 9th, *ante*.

[2] "Musurgia Universalis, sive ars magna Consoni et Dissoni in X libros digesta," printed at Rome, in 1650, in two volumes, folio. The work of the learned but untrustworthy writer, Athanasius Kircher.

[3] Skinner. See *postea*, May 1st, 1668.

[4] The comedy of "Albumazar" was originally printed in 1615, having been performed before James I. at Trinity College, Cambridge, by the gentlemen of that society, of which John Tomkis, the author of the play, was a member, on March 9th, 1614. The assertion of Pepys (derived from Dryden's prologue on the revival of the comedy in 1668)

all of us, pretty merry at the mimique tricks of Trinkilo. So home, calling in Ducke Lane for the book I bought this morning, and so home, and wrote my letters at the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up, and, being desired by a messenger from Sir G. Carteret, I by water over to Southwarke, and so walked to the Falkon, on the Bank-side, and there got another boat, and so to Westminster, where I would have gone into the Swan; but the door was locked; and the girl could not let me in, and so to Wilkinson's in King Street, and there wiped my shoes, and so to Court, where sermon not yet done. I met with Brisband; and he tells me, first, that our business of tickets did come to debate yesterday, it seems, after I was gone away, and was voted a miscarriage in general. He tells me in general that there is great looking after places, upon a presumption of a great many vacancies; and he did shew me a fellow at Court, a brother of my Lord Fanshaw's,[1] a witty but rascally fellow, without a penny in his purse, that was asking him what places there were in the Navy fit for him, and Brisband tells me, in mirth, he told him the Clerke of the Acts, and I wish he had it, so I were well and quietly rid of it; for I am weary of this kind of trouble, having, I think, enough whereon to support myself. By and by, chapel done, I met with Sir W. Coventry, and he and I walked awhile together in the Matted Gallery; and there he told me all the proceedings yesterday: that the matter is found, in general, a miscarriage, but no persons named;

is refuted by the fact that Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" was acted four years before "Albumazar" was produced — namely, in 1610. This play will be found in vol. xi., of Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays." Angell was one of the original performers in Davenant's company; but early in his career he acted, as Downes informs us, "women's parts," from which he was of course excluded as soon as actresses were substituted. He then seems to have taken up broad comedy; and besides Trinculo, in "Albumazar," we find him performing Woodcock, in Shadwell's "Sullen Lovers," a droll part in Lord Orrery's "Master Anthony," and Fribble, in "Epsom Wells."

[1] Sir Thomas Fanshawe, K.B., who was created Viscount Fanshawe, of Ireland, in 1661, died in 1665, leaving three sons — Thomas, the Lord Fanshawe here mentioned, and Charles and Simon, who became successively the fourth and fifth viscounts. It is uncertain which of these two is here alluded to. Sir Richard Fanshawe, before noticed, was the youngest brother of the first Lord. — B.

and so there is no great matter to our prejudice yet, till, if ever, they come to particular persons. He told me Birch was very industrious to do what he could, and did, like a friend; but they were resolved to find the thing, in general, a miscarriage; and says, that when we shall think fit to desire its being heard, as to our own defence, it will be granted. He tells me how he hath, with advantage, cleared himself in what concerns himself therein, by his servant Robson, which I am glad of. He tells me that there is a letter sent by conspiracy to some of the House, which he hath seen, about the matter of selling of places, which he do believe he shall be called upon to-morrow for: and thinks himself well prepared to defend himself in it; and then neither he, nor his friends for him, are afeard of anything to his prejudice. Thence by coach, with Brisband, to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there dined: a good dinner and good company; and after dinner he and I alone, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's matters; who hath, in the first business before the House, been very kindly used beyond expectation, the matter being laid by, till his coming home: and old Mr. Vaughan did speak for my Lord, which I am mighty glad of. The business of the prizes is the worst that can be said, and therein I do fear something may lie hard upon him; but, against this, we must prepare the best we can for his defence. Thence with G. Carteret to White Hall, where I, finding a meeting of the Committee of the Council for the Navy,[1] his Royal Highness there, and Sir W. Pen, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House to attend, I did go in with them; and it was to be informed of the practice heretofore, for all foreign nations, at enmity one with another, to forbear any acts of hostility to one another, in the presence of any of the King of England's ships, of which several instances were given: and it is referred to their further enquiry, in order to the giving instructions accordingly to our ships now, during the war between Spain and France. Would to God we were in the same condition as heretofore, to challenge and maintain this our dominion! Thence with W. Pen home-

[1] The Order in Council for this meeting of Sir John Minnes, Sir William Penn, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House, with the Duke of York, is dated February 21st. It is printed in Penn's "Life of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 460.

ward, and quite through to Mile End, for a little ayre; the days being now pretty long, but the ways mighty dirty, and here we drank at the Rose, the old house, and so back again, talking of the Parliament and our trouble with them and what passed yesterday. Going back again, Sir R. Brookes overtook us coming to town; who hath played the jacke with us all, and is a fellow that I must trust no more, he quoting me for all he hath said in this business of tickets; though I have told him nothing that either is not true, or I afeard to own. But here talking, he did discourse in this stile: "We," — and "We" all along, — "will not give any money, be the pretence never so great, nay, though the enemy was in the River of Thames again, till we know what is become of the last money given;" and I do believe he do speak the mind of his fellows, and so let them, if the King will suffer it. He gone, we home, and there I to read, and my belly being full of my dinner to-day, I anon to bed, and there, as I have for many days, slept not an hour quietly, but full of dreams of our defence to the Parliament and giving an account of our doings. This evening, my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turky stone[1] set with diamonds: and, with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells, of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.

24th. Up, and to my office, where most of the morning, entering my Journal for the three days past. Thence about noon with my wife to the New Exchange, by the way stopping at my bookseller's, and there leaving my Kircher's Musurgia to be bound, and did buy "L'illustre Bassa,"[2] in four volumes, for my wife. Thence to the Exchange and left her; while meeting Dr. Gibbons[3] there, he and I to see

[1] See February 18th, 1667-68.

[2] "Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa." It was the first of that almost interminable series of

"Twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt,"

published by Magdaleine de Scuderi. It was printed in 1641. — B.

[3] Christopher Gibbons, organist to the king, and of Westminster Abbey. See note, *ante*, December 21st, 1662.

an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abby, the Bishop of Rochester's;[1] where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady,[2] of whom the *Terræ Filius*[3] of Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore will not have it. Thence to the 'Change back again, leaving him, and took my wife and Deb. home, and there to dinner alone, and after dinner I took them to the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the musique better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be: and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. However, I was pleased well to see it once, it being worth a man's seeing to discover the different ability and understanding of people, and the different growth of people's abilities by practise. Their play was a bad one, called "Jeronimo is Mad Again,"[4] a tragedy. Here was some good company by us, who did make mighty sport at the folly of their acting, which I could not neither

[1] John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[2] The Bishop of Rochester's wife was Catherine, daughter of Ralph Sheldon, of Stanton, Derbyshire, and niece of Gilbert Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. His two sons were Gilbert (1658-1722), who afterwards became one of the judges of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and was created a baronet in 1704; and John Dolben (1662-1710), who was M.P. for Liskeard, and one of the managers of Sacheverell's impeachment.

[3] A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. Mr. Christopher Wordsworth gives, in his "Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century," 1874, a list of *terræ filii* from 1591 to 1713 (pp. 296-298, 680). The *terræ filius* was sometimes expelled the university on account of the licence of his speech. The practice was discontinued early in the eighteenth century, but a *terræ filius* appeared on the stage as late as 1763—"he was not, however, a veritable descendant of those quasi-statutable personages who claimed a right, as established by the ancient forms of the university, to exercise their talents for satire and raillery at every celebration of the Act" (Wilberforce, p. 306).

[4] "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again," by Thomas Kyd; frequently printed from about 1594. It is included in Dodsley's "Old Plays" (Hazlitt's edition, vol. v.).

refrain from sometimes, though I was sorry for it. So away hence home, where to the office to do business a while, and then home to supper and to read, and then to bed. I was prettily served this day at the playhouse-door, where, giving six shillings into the fellow's hand for us three, the fellow by legerdemain did convey one away, and with so much grace faced me down that I did give him but five, that, though I knew the contrary, yet I was overpowered by his so grave and serious demanding the other shilling, that I could not deny him, but was forced by myself to give it him. After I come home this evening comes a letter to me from Captain Allen, formerly Clerk of the Ropeyard at Chatham, and whom I was kind to in those days, who in recompense of my favour to him then do give me notice that he hears of an accusation likely to be exhibited against me of my receiving £50 of Mason, the timber merchant,[1] and that his wife hath spoke it. I am mightily beholden to Captain Allen for this, though the thing is to the best of my memory utterly false, and I do believe it to be wholly so, but yet it troubles me to have my name mentioned in this business, and more to consider how I may be liable to be accused where I have indeed taken presents, and therefore puts me on an enquiry into my actings in this kind and prepare against a day of accusation.

25th. Up, having lain the last night the first night that I have lain with my wife since she was last ill, which is about eight days. To the office, where busy all the morning. At noon comes W. Howe to me, to advise what answer to give to the business of the prizes, wherein I did give him the best advice I could; but am sorry to see so many things, wherein I doubt it will not be prevented but Sir Roger Cuttance and Mr. Pierce will be found very much concerned in goods beyond the distribution, and I doubt my Lord Sandwich too, which troubles me mightily. He gone I to dinner, and thence set my wife at the New Exchange, and I to Mr. Clerke, my solicitor, to the Treasury chamber, but the Lords did not sit, so I by water with him to the New Exchange, and there we parted, and I took my wife and Deb. up, and to the Nursery, where I was yesterday, and

[1] John Mason.

there saw them act a comedy, a pastorall, "The Faythful Shepherd,"[1] having the curiosity to see whether they did a comedy better than a tragedy; but they do it both alike, in the meanest manner, that I was sick of it, but only for to satisfy myself once in seeing the manner of it, but I shall see them no more, I believe. Thence to the New Exchange, to take some things home that my wife hath bought, a dressing-box, and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4, and so home, and there to the office, and tell W. Hewer of the letter from Captain Allen last night, to give him caution if any thing should be discovered of his dealings with anybody, which I should for his sake as well, or more than for my own, be sorry for; and with great joy I do find, looking over my memorandum books, which are now of great use to me, and do fully reward me for all my care in keeping them, that I am not likely to be troubled for any thing of the kind but what I shall either be able beforehand to prevent, or if discovered, be able to justify myself in, and I do perceive, by Sir W. Warren's discourse, that they [the House] do all they can possibly to get out of him and others, what presents they have made to the Officers of the Navy; but he tells me that he hath denied all, though he knows that he is forsworn as to what relates to me. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and by water to Charing Cross stairs, and thence to W. Coventry to discourse concerning the state of matters in the Navy, where he particularly acquainted me with the trouble he is like to meet with about the selling of places, all carried on by Sir Fr. Hollis, but he seems not to value it, being able to justify it to be lawful and constant practice, and never by him used in the least degree since he upon his own motion did obtain a salary of £500 in lieu thereof. Thence to the Treasury Chamber about a little business, and so home by coach, and in my way did meet W. Howe going to the Commissioners of Accounts. I stopped and spoke to him, and he seems well resolved what to answer them, but he will find them very strict, and not easily put off. So home and there to dinner, and after dinner comes W. Howe to tell me how he sped, who says

[1] A pastoral comedy, from the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, a translation of which, by D. D., Gent., was published in 1633.

he was used civilly, and not so many questions asked as he expected; but yet I do perceive enough to shew that they do intend to know the bottom of things, and where to lay the great weight of the disposal of these East India goods, and that they intend plainly to do upon my Lord Sandwich. Thence with him by coach and set him down at the Temple, and I to Westminster Hall, where, it being now about six o'clock, I find the House just risen; and met with Sir W. Coventry and the Lieutenant of the Tower, they having sat all day; and with great difficulty have got a vote for giving the King £300,000, not to be raised by any land-tax. The sum is much smaller than I expected, and than the King needs; but is grounded upon Mr. Wren's reading our estimates the other day of £270,000, to keep the fleete abroad, wherein we demanded nothing for setting and fitting of them out, which will cost almost £200,000, I do verily believe: and do believe that the King hath no cause to thank Wren for this motion. I home to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, with him and the Lieutenant of the Tower, where also was Sir John Coventry, and Sir John Duncomb, and Sir Job Charleton.[1] And here a great deal of good discourse: and they seem mighty glad to have this vote pass, which I did wonder at, to see them so well satisfied with so small a sum, Sir John Duncomb swearing, as I perceive he will freely do, that it was as much as the nation could beare. Among other merry discourse about spending of money, and how much more chargeable a man's living is now more than it was heretofore, Duncomb did swear that in France he did live of £100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches, than he believes can be done now for £200, which was pretty odd for him, being a Committee-man's son, to say. Having done here, and supped, where I eat very little, we home in Sir John Robinson's coach, and there to bed.

27th. All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's

[1] M.P. for Ludlow; and in 1673 elected Speaker, which office he resigned on the plea of ill health. He was successively King's Serjeant, 1668; Chief Justice of Chester, and a Justice of the Common Pleas (1680-1686). He was restored to his Chief Justiceship of Chester, and created a baronet, 1686; and died May 27th, 1697.

House, to see "The Virgin Martyr,"[1] the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshal. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and after dinner with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we and the rest of us presented a great letter of the state of our want of money to his Royal Highness. I did also present a demand of mine for consideration for my travelling-charges of coach and boat-hire during the war, which, though his Royal Highness and the company did all like of, yet, contrary to my expectation, I find him so jealous now of doing any thing extraordinary, that he desired the gentlemen that they would consider it, and report their minds in it to him. This did unsettle my mind a great while, not expecting this stop: but, however, I shall do as well, I know, though it causes me a little stop. But that, that troubles me most is, that while we were thus together with the Duke of York, comes in Mr. Wren from the House, where, he tells us, another storm hath been all this day almost against the Officers of the Navy upon this complaint, — that though they have made good rules for payment of tickets, yet that they have not observed them themselves, which was driven so high as to have it urged that we should presently be put out of our places: and so they have at last ordered that we shall be heard at the bar of the House upon this business on Thursday next. This did mightily trouble me and us all; but me particularly, who am least able to bear these troubles, though I have the least cause to be concerned in it. Thence, therefore, to visit

[1] A tragedy by Massinger and Decker. See February 16th, 1660-61.

Sir H. Cholmly, who hath for some time been ill of a cold; and thence walked towards Westminster, and met Colonel Birch, who took me back to walk with him, and did give me an account of this day's heat against the Navy Officers, and an account of his speech on our behalf, which was very good; and indeed we are much beholden to him, as I, after I parted with him, did find by my cozen Roger, whom I went to: and he and I to his lodgings. And there he did tell me the same over again; and how much Birch did stand up in our defence; and that he do see that there are many desirous to have us out of the Office; and the House is so furious and passionate, that he thinks nobody can be secure, let him deserve never so well. But now, he tells me, we shall have a fair hearing of the House, and he hopes justice of them: but, upon the whole, he do agree with me that I should hold my hand as to making any purchase of land, which I had formerly discoursed with him about, till we see a little further how matters go. He tells me that that made them so mad to-day first was, several letters in the House about the Fanatickes, in several places, coming in great bodies, and turning people out of the churches, and there preaching themselves, and pulling the surplice over the Parsons' heads: this was confirmed from several places; which makes them stark mad, especially the hectors and bravadoes of the House, who shew all the zeal on this occasion. Having done with him, I home vexed in my mind, and so fit for no business, but sat talking with my wife and supped with her; and Nan Mercer come and sat all the evening with us, and much pretty discourse, which did a little ease me, and so to bed.

29th. Up, and walked to Captain Cocke's, where Sir G. Carteret promised to meet me and did come to discourse about the prize-business of my Lord Sandwich's, which I perceive is likely to be of great ill consequence to my Lord, the House being mighty vehement in it. We could say little but advise that his friends should labour to get it put off, till he comes. We did here talk many things over, in lamentation of the present posture of affairs, and the ill condition of all people that have had anything to do under the King, wishing ourselves a great way off. Here they tell me how Sir Thomas Allen hath taken the Englishmen out of "La Roche," and taken from him an Ostend prize which La Roche had fetched

out of our harbours; and at this day La Roche keeps upon our coasts; and had the boldness to land some men and go a mile up into the country, and there took some goods belonging to this prize out of a house there;[1] which our King resents, and, they say, hath wrote to the King of France about; and everybody do think a war will follow; and then in what a case we shall be for want of money, nobody knows. Thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and to the office again in the afternoon, where we met to consider of an answer to the Parliament about the not paying of tickets according to our own orders, to which I hope we shall be able to give a satisfactory answer, but that the design of the House being apparently to remove us, I do question whether the best answer will prevail with them. This done I by coach with my wife to Martin, my bookseller's, expecting to have had my Kercher's Musurgia, but to my trouble and loss of trouble it was not done. So home again, my head full of thoughts about our troubles in the office, and so to the office. Wrote to my father this post, and sent him now Colvill's[2] note for £600 for my sister's portion, being glad that I shall, I hope, have that business over before I am out of place, and I trust I shall be able to save a little of what I have got, and so shall not be troubled to be at ease; for I am weary of this life. So ends this month, with a great deal of care and trouble in my head about the answerings of the Parliament, and particularly in our payment of seamen by tickets.

March 1st (Lord's day). Up very betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there, largely carrying with me all my notes and papers, did run over our whole defence in the

[1] "Feb. 27, 1668. Hugh Salesbury to Williamson. Sir Thomas Allin has appeared in sight from the Downs with 4 ships named. He met Capt. De la Roche with another French man-of-war, and commanded him aboard, where he now remains; he is stayed for having Capt. [Wm.] Skelton and 200 or 300 English sailors aboard him. Sir Thomas and the French ships are riding at anchor at Spithead." "Feb. 27. —— to Williamson. Mons. De la Roche, with his consort, after having left Sir Thomas Allin 2 hours, was forced back by the weather, and then Sir Thomas, having received orders, stopped him, and took from him a small Ostender, which he had taken out of one of our harbours, and also 103 (*sic*) Englishmen, together with Lieut. Col. Skelton." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667-68, p. 251.

[2] The goldsmith.

business of tickets, in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. I find him in great anxiety, though he will not discover it, in the business of the proceedings of Parliament; and would as little as is possible have his name mentioned in our discourse to them; and particularly the business of selling places is now upon his hand to defend himself in; wherein I did help him in his defence about the flag-maker's place, which is named in the House. We did here do the like about the complaint of want of victuals in the fleete in the year 1666, which will lie upon me to defend also. So that my head is full of care and weariness in my employment. Thence home, and there my mind being a little lightened by my morning's work in the arguments I have now laid together in better method for our defence to the Parliament, I to talk with my wife; and in lieu of a coach this year, I have got my wife to be contented with her closet being made up this summer, and going into the country this summer for a month or two, to my father's, and there Mercer and Deb. and Jane shall go with her, which I the rather do for the entertaining my wife, and preventing of fallings out between her and my father or Deb., which uses to be the fate of her going into the country. After dinner by coach to Westminster, and there to St. Margaret's church, thinking to have seen Betty Michell, but she was not there, but met her father and mother and with them to her father's house, where I never was before, but was mighty much made of, with some good strong waters, which they have from their son Michell, and mighty good people they are. Thence to Mrs. Martin's, where I have not been also a good while, and with great difficulty, company being there, did get an opportunity to hazer what I would con her, and here I was mightily taken with a starling which she hath, that was the King's which he kept in his bedchamber; and do whistle and talk the most and best that ever I heard anything in my life. Thence to visit Sir H. Cholmly, who continues still sick of his cold, and thence calling, but in vain, to speak with Sir G. Carteret at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I spoke with nobody, but home, where spent the evening talking with W. Hewer about business of the House, and declaring my expectation of all our being turned

out. Hither comes Carcasse to me about business, and there did confess to me of his own accord his having heretofore discovered as a complaint against Sir. W. Batten, Sir W. Pen and me that we did prefer the paying of some men to man "The Flying Greyhound" to others, by order under our hands. The thing upon recollection I believe is true, and do hope no great matter can be made of it, but yet I would be glad to have my name out of it, which I shall labour to do; in the mean time it weighs as a new trouble on my mind, and did trouble me all night. So without supper to bed, my eyes being also a little overwrought of late that I could not stay up to read.

2nd. Up and betimes to the office, where I did much business, and several come to me, and among others I did prepare Mr. Warren, and by and by Sir D. Gawden, about what presents I have had from them, that they may not publish them, or if they do, that in truth I received none on the account of the Navy but Tangier, and this is true to the former, and in both that I never asked any thing of them. I must do the like with the rest. Mr. Moore was with me, and he do tell me, and so W. Hewer tells me, he hears this morning that all the town is full of the discourse that the Officers of the Navy shall be all turned out, but honest Sir John Minnes, who, God knows, is fitter to have been turned out himself than any of us, doing the King more hurt by his dotage and folly than all the rest can do by their knavery, if they had a mind to it. At noon home to dinner, where was Mercer, and very merry as I could be with my mind so full of business, and so with my wife, her and the girl, to the King's house to see the "Virgin Martyr" again, which do mightily please me, but above all the musique at the coming down of the angel, which at this hearing the second time, do still commend me as nothing ever did, and the other musique is nothing to it. Thence with my wife to the 'Change, and so, calling at the Cocke ale house, we home, and there I settle to business, and with my people preparing my great answer to the Parliament for the office about tickets till past 12 o'clock at night, and then home to supper and to bed, keeping Mr. Gibson all night with me. This day I have the news that my sister was married on Thursday last to Mr. Jackson; so that work is, I hope, well over.

3rd. Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; where to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all: and more, I perceive, he would lodge the beginning of discharging ships by ticket upon me; but I care not, for I believe I shall get more honour by it when the Parliament, against my will, shall see how the whole business of the Office was done by me. At noon rose and to dinner. My wife abroad with Mercer and Deb. buying of things, but I with my clerks home to dinner, and thence presently down with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, T. Middleton, and Mr. Tippets,[1] who first took his place this day at the table, as a Commissioner, in the room of Commissioner Pett. Down by water to Deptford, where the King, Queene, and Court are to see launched the new ship built by Mr. Shish, called "The Charles."[2] God send her better luck than the former! Here some of our brethren, who went in a boat a little before my boat, did by appointment take opportunity of asking the King's leave that we might make full use of the want of money, in our excuse to the Parliament for the business of tickets, and other things they will lay to our charge, all which arose from nothing else: and this the King did readily agree to, and did give us leave to make our full use of it. The ship being well launched, I back again by boat, setting [Sir] T. Middleton and Mr. Tippets on shore at Ratcliffe, I home and there to my chamber with Mr. Gibson, and late up till midnight preparing more things against our defence on Thursday next to my content, though vexed that all this trouble should be on me. So to supper and to bed.

4th. Up betimes and with Sir. W. Pen in his coach to White Hall, there to wait upon the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury, [Sir] W. Coventry and Sir John Duncombe, who do declare that they cannot find the money we demand, and we that less than what we demand will not set out the fleet intended, and so broke up, with no other

[1] Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Tippets. See note, April 24th, 1662.

[2] Named in "The Gazette" "Charles the Second," and to carry 106 guns. It replaced the one captured by the Dutch in the Medway. — B.

conclusion than that they would let us have what they could get and we would improve that as well as we could. So God bless us, and prepare us against the consequences of these matters. Thence, it being a cold wet day, I home with Sir J. Minnes in his coach, and called by the way at my bookseller's and took home with me Kercher's Musurgia very well bound, but I had no comfort to look upon them, but as soon as I come home fell to my work at the office, shutting the doors, that we, I and my clerks, might not be interrupted, and so, only with room for a little dinner, we very busy all the day till night that the officers met for me to give them the heads of what I intended to say, which I did with great discontent to see them all rely on me that have no reason at all to trouble myself about it, nor have any thanks from them for my labour, but contrarily Brouncker looked mighty dogged, as thinking that I did not intend to do it so as to save him. This troubled me so much as, together with the shortness of the time and muchness of the business, did let me be at it till but about ten at night, and then quite weary, and dull, and vexed, I could go no further, but resolved to leave the rest to to-morrow morning, and so in full discontent and weariness did give over and went home, with [out] supper vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, but then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me, and upon what dissatisfactory grounds, and what the issue of it may be to me.

5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this Office, and endure the trouble of it no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, but yet with some ease, from this discourse with my wife, I up, and to my Office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. H[ater] and W. H[ewer] with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did

drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir. J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a Member. I perceive the whole House was full, and full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my Fellow-Officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my Fellow-Officers overjoyed in it; we were called in again by and by to answer only one question, touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers; and so out; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half drunk; and then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and every body else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee,[1] Mr. Wiles, the coxcomb whom I saw heretofore at the cock-fighting and a few others; I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full, by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon, about the business of religion, wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground; and everybody says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so with our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success, we all to

[1] Of Hartwell, Bucks; created a baronet, 1660. — B.

dinner to Lord Brouncker's — that is to say, myself, T. Harvey, and W. Pen, and there dined; and thence with Sir Anthony Morgan, who is an acquaintance of Brouncker's, a very wise man, we after dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of "The Discontented Colonel," but could take no great pleasure in it, because of our coming in in the middle of it. After the play, home with W. Pen, and there to my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed, and I also as to my particular; and, after talking awhile, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6th. Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gawden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber: where the first word he said to me was, "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:" and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother,[1] that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1,000 a-year if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but, what pleases me most, he tells me that the Sollicitor-Generall[2] did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone, touching his own businesses, he carried me to White Hall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York come to me both; and he[3] said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;" and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might teach the Sollicitor-Generall. Every

[1] Henry Coventry.
[2] Sir Heneage Finch. See note, August 4th, 1660.
[3] The king.

body that saw me almost come to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who come to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew anything of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour: — Mr. Godolphin; — Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty mile, at any time, to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life, as there did to hear me; Mr. Chichly, — Sir John Duncomb, — and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life: and so Captain Cocke, and others of my friends, say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known; and, that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that, in his hearing it, said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful! and that I may make use of it not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! I spent the morning thus walking in the Hall, being complimented by everybody with admiration: and at noon stepped into the Legg with Sir William Warren, who was in the Hall, and there talked about a little of his business, and thence into the Hall a little more, and so with him by coach as far as the Temple almost, and there 'light, to follow my Lord Brouncker's coach, which I spied, and so to Madam Williams's, where I overtook him, and agreed upon meeting this afternoon, and so home to dinner, and after dinner with W. Pen, who come to my house to call me, to White Hall, to wait on the Duke of York, where he again and all the company magnified me, and several in the Gallery: among others, my Lord Gerard, who never knew me before nor spoke to me, desires his being better acquainted with me; and [said] that, at table where he was, he never heard so much said of any man as of me, in his

whole life. We waited on the Duke of York, and thence into the Gallery, where the House of Lords waited the King's coming out of the Park, which he did by and by; and there, in the Vane-room, my Lord Keeper delivered a message to the King, the Lords being about him, wherein the Barons of England, from many good arguments, very well expressed in the part he read out of, do demand precedence in England of all noblemen of either of the King's other two kingdoms, be their title what it will; and did shew that they were in England reputed but as Commoners, and sat in the House of Commons, and at conferences with the Lords did stand bare. It was mighty worth my hearing: but the King did only say that he would consider of it, and so dismissed them.[1] Thence Brouncker and I to the Committee of Miscarriages sitting in the Court of Wards, expecting with Sir D. Gawden to have been heard against Prince Rupert's complaints for want of victuals. But the business of Holmes's charge against Sir Jer. Smith, which is a most shameful scandalous thing for Flag officers to accuse one another of, and that this should be heard here before men that understand it not at all, and after it hath been examined and judged in before the King and Lord High Admirall and other able seamen to judge, it is very hard. But this business did keep them all the afternoon, so we not heard but put off to another day. Thence, with the Lieutenant of the Tower, in his coach home; and there, with great pleasure, with my wife, talking and playing at cards a little — she, and I, and W. Hewer, and Deb., and so, after a little supper, I to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, at noon home to dinner, where Mercer with us, and after dinner she, my wife, Deb., and I, to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Spanish Gipsys,"[2] the second time of acting, and the first that I saw it. A very silly play, only great variety

[1] The order of precedence of peers of Scotland and Ireland was settled by the respective acts of union of Scotland and Ireland, thus — dukes of Scotland follow dukes of England, then come in the following order dukes of Great Britain, of Ireland, and of the United Kingdom. Each degree in the peerage follows the same order.

[2] "The Spanish Gipsie," a comedy by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, first printed in 1653.

of dances, and those most excellently done, especially one part by one Hanes,[1] only lately come thither from the Nursery, an understanding fellow, but yet, they say, hath spent £1,000 a-year before he come thither. This day my wife and I full of thoughts about Mrs. Pierce's sending me word that she, and my old company, Harris and Knipp, would come and dine with us next Wednesday, how we should do — to receive or put them off, my head being, at this time, so full of business, and my wife in no mind to have them neither, and yet I desire it. Come to no resolution to-night. Home from the playhouse to the office, where I wrote what I had to write, and among others to my father to congratulate my sister's marriage, and so home to supper a little and then to bed.

8th (Lord's day). At my sending to desire it, Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, did call me with his coach, and carried me to White Hall, where met with very many people still that did congratulate my speech the other day in the House of Commons, and I find all the world almost rings of it. Here spent the morning walking and talking with one or other, and among the rest with Sir W. Coventry, who I find full of care in his own business, how to defend himself against those that have a mind to choke him; and though, I believe, not for honour and for the keeping his employment, but for his safety and reputation's sake, is desirous to preserve himself free from blame, and among other mean ways which himself did take notice to me to be but a mean thing he desires me to get information against Captain Tatnell, thereby to diminish his testimony,

[1] The famous Joseph Haines or Haynes, who was so popular that two biographies of him were printed in 1701, after his death. One of them, entitled, "The Life of the Famous Comedian, Jo. Haynes, containing his Comical Exploits and Adventures, both at Home and Abroad," 8vo, states that he had acted under Captain Bedford, "whilst the playhouse in Hatton Garden lasted." This would therefore seem to be the "Nursery" alluded to by Pepys. Haines was a low comedian and a capital dancer. He was educated at the school of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, by some friends who bore the expense. Williamson on being appointed Secretary of State made Haines his Latin secretary. Haines kept this appointment a very short time, and took to the stage. One dramatic piece is attributed to him, "A Fatal Mistake, or the Plot spoiled," 4to, 1692, 1696.

who, it seems, hath a mind to do W. Coventry hurt: and I will do it with all my heart; for Tatnell is a very rogue. He would be glad, too, that I could find anything proper for his taking notice against Sir F. Hollis. At noon, after sermon, I to dinner with Sir G. Carteret to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I find mighty deal of company — a solemn day for some of his and her friends, and dine in the great dining-room above stairs, where Sir G. Carteret himself, and I, and his son, at a little table by, the great table being full of strangers. Here my Lady Jem. do promise to come, and bring my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady some day this week, to dinner to me, which I am glad of. After dinner, I up with her husband, Sir Philip Carteret, to his closet, where, beyond expectation, I do find many pretty things, wherein he appears to be ingenious, such as in painting, and drawing, and making of watches, and such kind of things, above my expectation; though, when all is done, he is a shirke, who owns his owing me £10 for his lady two or three years ago, and yet cannot provide to pay me.[1] The company by and by parted, and G. Carteret and I to White Hall, where I set him down and took his coach as far as the Temple, it raining, and there took a hackney and home, and so had my head combed, and then to bed.

9th. Up betimes, and anon with Sir W. Warren, who come to speak with me, by coach to White Hall, and there met Lord Brouncker: and he and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I find them mighty kind to me, more, I think, than was wont. And here I also met Colvill, the goldsmith; who tells me, with great joy, how the world upon the 'Change talks of me; and how several Parliament-men, viz., Boscawen[2] and Major [Lionel] Walden, of Huntingdon, who, it seems, do deal with him, do say how bravely I did speak, and that the House was ready to have given me thanks for it; but that, I think, is a vanity. Thence I with Lord Brouncker, and did take up his mistress, Williams, and so to the 'Change, only to shew myself, and did a little business there, and so home to dinner, and then to the

[1] He entered the theatre upon credit. See *ante*, December 30th, 1667.

[2] Edward Boscawen, M.P. for Truro, ancestor of the present Viscount Falmouth. — B.

office busy till the evening, and then to the Excize Office, where I find Mr. Ball in a mighty trouble that he is to be put out of his place at Midsummer, the whole Commission being to cease, and the truth is I think they are very fair dealing men, all of them. Here I did do a little business, and then to rights home, and there dispatched many papers, and so home late to supper and to bed, being eased of a great many thoughts, and yet have a great many more to remove as fast as I can, my mind being burdened with them, having been so much employed upon the public business of the office in their defence before the Parliament of late, and the further cases that do attend it.

10th. Up, and to the office betimes, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my clerks, and after dinner comes Kate Joyce, who tells me she is putting off her house, which I am glad of, but it was pleasant that she come on purpose to me about getting a ticket paid, and in her way hither lost her ticket, so that she is at a great loss what to do. There comes in then Mrs. Mercer, the mother, the first time she has been here since her daughter lived with us, to see my wife, and after a little talk I left them and to the office, and thence with Sir D. Gawden to Westminster Hall, thinking to have attended the Committee about the Victualling business, but they did not meet, but here we met Sir R. Brookes, who do mightily cry up my speech the other day, saying my fellow-officers are obliged to me, as indeed they are. Thence with Sir D. Gawden homewards, calling at Lincolne's Inn Fields: but my Lady Jemimah was not within: and so to Newgate, where he stopped to give directions to the jaylor about a Knight, one Sir Thomas Halford[1] brought in yesterday for killing one Colonel Temple, falling out at a taverne. So thence as far as Leadenhall, and there I 'light, and back by coach to Lincoln's Inn Fields; but my Lady was not come in, and so I am at a great loss whether she and her brother Hinchingbroke and sister will dine with me to-morrow or no, which vexes me. So home;

[1] Sir Thomas Halford, of Wistowe, Leicestershire, the second baronet of his race: he was born in 1638, and died in 1679, having succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates in 1658, and had twenty-two children by his first wife, Selina, daughter of William Welby, Esq., of Denton, Lincolnshire. No other notice of the duel has been traced. — B.

and there comes Mr. Moore to me, who tells me that he fears my Lord Sandwich will meet with very great difficulties to go through about the prizes, it being found that he did give orders for more than the King's letter do justify; and then for the Act of Resumption, which he fears will go on, and is designed only to do him hurt, which troubles me much. He tells me he believes the Parliament will not be brought to do anything in matters of religion, but will adhere to the Bishops. So he gone, I up to supper, where I find W. Joyce and Harman come to see us, and there was also Mrs. Mercer and her two daughters, and here we were as merry as that fellow Joyce could make us with his mad talking, after the old wont, which tired me. But I was mightily pleased with his singing; for the rogue hath a very good eare, and a good voice. Here he stayed till he was almost drunk, and then away at about ten at night, and then all broke up, and I to bed.

11th. Up, and betimes to the office, where busy till 8 o'clock, and then went forth, and meeting Mr. Colvill, I walked with him to his building, where he is building a fine house, where he formerly lived, in Lumbard Street: and it will be a very fine street. Thence walked down to the Three Cranes and there took boat to White Hall, where by direction I waited on the Duke of York about office business, and so by water to Westminster, where walking in the Hall most of the morning, and up to my Lady Jem. in Lincoln's Inn Fields to get her to appoint the day certain when she will come and dine with me, and she hath appointed Saturday next. So back to Westminster; and there still walked, till by and by comes Sir W. Coventry, and with him Mr. Chichly and Mr. Andrew Newport,[1] I to dinner with them to Mr. Chichly's, in Queene Street, in Covent Garden. A very fine house, and a man that lives in mighty great fashion, with all things in a most extraordinary manner noble and rich about him, and eats in the French fashion all; and mighty nobly served with his servants, and very civilly; that I was mighty pleased with it: and good discourse. He is a great defender of the Church of England, and against the Act for Comprehension, which is the work of this day, about

[1] A Commissioner of Customs. He was a younger son of the first Lord Newport, of High Ercall, Salop. — B.

which the House is like to sit till night. After dinner, away with them back to Westminster, where, about four o'clock, the House rises, and hath done nothing more in the business than to put off the debate to this day month. In the mean time the King hath put out his proclamations this day, as the House desired, for the putting in execution the Act against Nonconformists and Papists, but yet it is conceived that for all this some liberty must be given, and people will have it. Here I met with my cozen Roger Pepys, who is come to town, and hath been told of my performance before the House the other day, and is mighty proud of it, and Captain Cocke met me here to-day, and told me that the Speaker says he never heard such a defence made, in all his life, in the House; and that the Sollicitor-Generall do commend me even to envy. I carried cozen Roger as far as the Strand, where, spying out of the coach Colonel Charles George Cocke, formerly a very great man, and my father's customer, whom I have carried clothes to, but now walks like a poor sorry sneake, he stopped, and I 'light to him. This man knew me, which I would have willingly avoided, so much pride I had, he being a man of mighty height and authority in his time, but now signifies nothing. Thence home, where to the office a while and then home, where W. Batelier was and played at cards and supped with us, my eyes being out of order for working, and so to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, at noon home, and after dinner with wife and Deb., carried them to Unthanke's, and I to Westminster Hall expecting our being with the Committee this afternoon about Victualling business, but once more waited in vain. So after a turn or two with Lord Brouncker, I took my wife up and left her at the 'Change while I to Gresham College, there to shew myself; and was there greeted by Dr. Wilkins, Whistler, and others, as the patron of the Navy Office, and one that got great fame by my late speech to the Parliament. Here I saw a great trial of the goodness of a burning glass, made of a new figure, not spherical (by one Smithys, I think, they call him), that did burn a glove of my Lord Brouncker's from the heat of a very little fire, which a burning glass of the old form, or much bigger, could not do, which was mighty pretty. Here I heard Sir Robert South-

well give an account of some things committed to him by the Society at his going to Portugall, which he did deliver in a mighty handsome manner.[1] Thence went away home, and there at my office as long as my eyes would endure, and then home to supper, and to talk with Mr. Pelling, who tells me what a fame I have in the City for my late performance; and upon the whole I bless God for it. I think I have, if I can keep it, done myself a great deal of repute. So by and by to bed.

13th. Up betimes to my office, where to fit myself for attending the Parliament again, not to make any more speech, which, while my fame is good, I will avoid, for fear of losing it; but only to answer to what objections will be made against us. Thence walked to the Old Swan and drank at Michell's, whose house is going up apace. Here I saw Betty, but could not baiser la, and so to Westminster, there to the Hall, where up to my cozen Roger Pepys at the Parliament door, and there he took me aside, and told me how he was taken up by one of the House yesterday, for moving for going on with the King's supply of money, without regard to the keeping pace therewith, with the looking into miscarriages, and was told by this man privately that it did arise because that he had a kinsman concerned therein; and therefore he would prefer the safety of his kinsman to the good of the nation, and that there was great things against us and against me, for all my fine discourse the other day. But I did bid him be at no pain for me; for I knew of nothing but what I was very well prepared to answer; and so I

[1] At the meeting of the Royal Society on March 12th, 1668, "Mr. Smethwick's glasses were tried again; and his telescope being compared with another longer telescope, and the object-glasses exchanged, was still found to exceed the other in goodness; and his burning concave being compared with a spherical burning-glass of almost twice the diameter, and held to the fire, it burnt gloves, whereas the other spherical ones would not burn at all." "Sir Robert Southwell being lately returned from Portugal, where he had been ambassador from the king, and being desired to acquaint the society with what he had done with respect to the instructions, which he had received from them before his departure from England, related, that he had lodged the astronomical quadrant, which the society had sent to Portugal to make observations with there, with a body of men at Lisbon, who had applied themselves among other kinds of literature to mathematics" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 256).

think I am, and therefore was not at all disquieted by this. Thence he to the House, and I to the Hall, where my Lord Brouncker and the rest waiting till noon and not called for by the House, they being upon the business of money again, and at noon all of us to Chatelin's,[1] the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner — Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself: and there had a dinner cost us 8*s*. 6*d*. a-piece, a damned base dinner, which did not please us at all, so that I am not fond of this house at all, but do rather choose the Beare. After dinner to White Hall to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business, complaining of our standing still in every respect for want of money, but no remedy propounded, but so I must still be. Thence with our company to the King's playhouse, where I left them, and I, my head being full of to-morrow's dinner, I to my Lord Crew's, there to invite Sir Thomas Crew; and there met with my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, the first time I spoke to her. I saluted her; and she mighty civil: and, with my Lady Jemimah, do all resolve to be very merry to-morrow at my house. My Lady Hinchingbroke I cannot say is a beauty, nor ugly; but is altogether a comely lady enough, and seems very good-humoured, and I mighty glad of the occasion of seeing her before to-morrow. Thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and, it seems, it is his trade, and he gets much money by it; and do now and then furnish tables with plate and linnen for a feast at so much, which is mighty pretty, and a trade I could not have thought of. I find my wife upon the bed not over well, her breast being broke out with heat, which troubles her, but I hope it will be for her good. Thence I to Mrs. Turner, and did get her to go along with me to the French pewterer's, and there did buy some new pewter against to-morrow; and thence to White Hall, to have got a cook of her acquaintance, the best in England, as she says. But after we had with much ado found him, he could not come, nor was Mr. Gentleman in town, whom next I would have

[1] "*Briske*. A fellow that never wore a noble and polite garniture, or a white perriwig, one that has not a bit of interest at Chatolin's or ever ate a good fricacy, sup, or ragoust in his life." — Shadwell's *Humourists*, act v.

had, nor would Mrs. Stone let her man Lewis come, whom this man recommended to me; so that I was at a mighty loss what in the world to do for a cooke, Philips being out of town. Therefore, after staying here at Westminster a great while, we back to London, and there to Philips's, and his man directed us to Mr. Levett's, who could not come, and he sent to two more, and they could not; so that, at last, Levett as a great kindness did resolve he would leave his business and come himself, which set me in great ease in my mind, and so home, and there with my wife setting all things in order against to-morrow, having seen Mrs. Turner at home, and so late to bed.

14th. Up very betimes, and with Jane to Levett's, there to conclude upon our dinner; and thence to the pewterer's, to buy a pewter sesterne,[1] which I have ever hitherto been without, and so up and down upon several occasions to set matters in order, and that being done I out of doors to Westminster Hall, and there met my Lord Brouncker, who tells me that our business is put off till Monday, and so I was mighty glad that I was eased of my attendance here, and of any occasion that might put me out of humour, as it is likely if we had been called before the Parliament. Therefore, after having spoke with Mr. Godolphin and cozen Roger, I away home, and there do find everything in mighty good order, only my wife not dressed, which troubles me. Anon comes my company, viz., my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, Sir Philip Carteret and his lady, Godolphin and my cozen Roger, and Creed: and mighty merry; and by and by to dinner, which was very good and plentifull: (I should have said, and Mr. George Montagu), who come at a very little warning, which was exceeding kind of him. And there, among other things, my Lord had Sir Samuel Morland's[2] late

[1] A pewter cistern was formerly part of the furniture of a well-appointed dining-room; the plates were rinsed in it, when necessary, during the meal. A magnificent silver cistern is still preserved in the dining-room at Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. It is said to be the largest piece of plate in England, and was once the subject of a curious wager. — B.

[2] The same as Morland's so-called calculating machine. Sir Samuel published in 1673 "The Description and Use of two Arithmetick Instruments, together with a short Treatise of Arithmetic, as likewise a Perpetual Almanack and severall useful tables."

invention for casting up of sums of *£. s. d.;* which is very pretty, but not very useful. Most of our discourse was of my Lord Sandwich and his family, as being all of us of the family; and with extraordinary pleasure all the afternoon, thus together eating and looking over my closet: and my Lady Hinchingbroke I find a very sweet-natured and well-disposed lady, a lover of books and pictures, and of good understanding. About five o'clock they went; and then my wife and I abroad by coach into Moorefields, only for a little ayre, and so home again, staying no where, and then up to her chamber, there to talk with pleasure of this day's passages, and so to bed. This day I had the welcome news of our prize being come safe from Holland, so as I shall have hopes, I hope, of getting my money of my Lady Batten, or good part of it.

15th (Lord's day). Up and walked, it being fine dry weather, to Sir W. Coventry's, overtaking my boy Ely[1] (that was), and he walked with me, being grown a man, and I think a sober fellow. He parted at Charing Cross, and I to Sir W. Coventry's, and there talked with him about the Commissioners of Accounts, who did give in their report yesterday to the House, and do lay little upon us as aggravate any thing at present, but only do give an account of the dissatisfactory account they receive from Sir G. Carteret, which I am sorry for, they saying that he tells them not any time when he paid any sum, which is fit for them to know for the computing of interest, but I fear he is hardly able to tell it. They promise to give them an account of the embezzlement of prizes, wherein I shall be something concerned, but nothing that I am afeard of, I thank God. Thence walked with W. Coventry into the Park, and there met the King and the Duke of York, and walked a good while with them: and here met Sir Jer. Smith, who tells me he is like to get the better of Holmes, and that when he is come to an end of that, he will do Hollis's business for him, in the House, for his blasphemies, which I shall be glad of. So to White Hall, and there walked with this man and that man till chapel done, and the King dined: and then Sir Thomas Clifford, the Comptroller,[2] took me with him to dinner to his lodgings, where my Lord Arling-

[1] See August 27th, 1660.
[2] Of the Household.

ton and a great deal of good and great company; where I very civilly used by them, and had a most excellent dinner: and good discourse of Spain, Mr. Godolphin being there; particularly of the removal of the bodies of all the dead Kings of Spain that could be got together, and brought to the Pantheon[1] at the Escuriall, when it was finished, and there placed before the altar, there to lie for ever; and there was a sermon made to them upon this text, "Arida ossa, audite verbum Dei;"[2] and a most eloquent sermon, as they say, who say they have read it. After dinner, away hence, and I to Mrs. Martin's, and there spent the afternoon, and did hazer con elle, and here was her sister and Mrs. Burrows, and so in the evening got a coach and home, and there find Mr. Pelling and W. Hewer, and there talked and supped, Pelling being gone, and mightily pleased with a picture that W. Hewer brought hither of several things painted upon a deale board, which board is so well painted that in my whole life I never was so well pleased or surprized with any picture, and so troubled that so good pictures should be painted upon a piece of bad deale. Even after I knew that it was not board, but only the picture of a board, I could not remove my fancy. After supper to bed, being very sleepy, and, I bless God, my mind being at very good present rest.

16th. Up, to set my papers and books in order, and put up my plate since my late feast, and then to Westminster, by water, with Mr. Hater, and there, in the Hall, did walk all the morning, talking with one or other, expecting to have our business in the House; but did now a third time wait to no purpose, they being all this morning upon the business of Barker's petition about the making void the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which makes a great deal of hot work: and, at last, finding that by all men's opinion they could not come to

[1] "Panteon, a term given by the Spaniards to a Christian burial vault. . . . Philip III. began the present gorgeous chamber under the high altar, which Philip IV. completed in 1654, moving in the royal bodies on the 17th of March. The entrance, with its gilt ornaments and variegated marbles, has nothing in common with the sepulchral sentiment." —Ford's *Handbook for Spain*.

[2] The sermon here referred to was preached by a monk of the order of St. Jerome in 1654; part of it was translated by the Rev. Edward Clarke, who calls it the most extraordinary funeral sermon he ever met with (Clarke's "Letters concerning the Spanish Nation," 1763, p. 141).

our matter to-day, I with Sir W. Pen home, and there to dinner, where I find, by Willet's crying, that her mistress had been angry with her: but I would take no notice of it. Busy all the afternoon at the office, and then by coach to the Excize Office, but lost my labour, there being nobody there, and so back again home, and after a little at the office I home, and there spent the evening with my wife talking and singing, and so to bed with my mind pretty well at ease. This evening W. Pen and Sir R. Ford and I met at the first's house to talk of our prize that is now at last come safe over from Holland, by which I hope to receive some if not all the benefit of my bargain with W. Batten for my share in it, which if she had miscarried I should have doubted of my Lady Batten being left little able to have paid me.

17th. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning busy, and then at noon home to dinner, and so again to the office awhile, and then abroad to the Excize-Office, where I met Mr. Ball,[1] and did receive the paper I went for; and there fell in talk with him, who, being an old cavalier, do swear and curse at the present state of things, that we should be brought to this, that we must be undone and cannot be saved; that the Parliament is sitting now, and will till midnight, to find how to raise this £300,000, and he doubts they will not do it so as to be seasonable for the King: but do cry out against our great men at Court; how it is a fine thing for a Secretary of State to dance a jigg, and that it was not so heretofore; and, above all, do curse my Lord of Bristoll, saying the worst news that ever he heard in his life, or that the Devil could ever bring us, was this Lord's coming to prayers the other day in the House of Lords, by which he is

[1] John Ball, Treasurer of Excise. In a petition to the king, praying for a pension (dated September 2nd, 1668), he writes: "I served your majesty and your father in England and Ireland for 30 years, and lived in exile with your majesty until your restoration, finding the funds out of my private estate for 23 years, and receiving no pay nor gratuity. After the restoration, when the excise was settled on your majesty by Act of Parliament, I was constituted Treasurer of Excise, which office I held seven years, but the Treasury Commissioners upon the alteration of the management of that revenue dismissed me from my employment." On the 14th of the same month Ball was granted £200 in consideration of his loss of a salary of £400 a year ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, pp. 566, 585).

coming about again from being a Papist, which will undo this nation; and he says he ever did say, at the King's first coming in, that this nation could not be safe while that man was alive. Having done there, I away towards Westminster, but seeing by the coaches the House to be up, I stopped at the 'Change (where I met Mrs. Turner, and did give her a pair of gloves), and there bought several things for my wife, and so to my bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's Essays,[1] which I heard by my Lord Arlington and Lord Blaney so much commended, and intend to buy it, but did not now, but home, where at the office did some business, as much as my eyes would give leave, and so home to supper, Mercer with us talking and singing, and so to bed. The House, I hear, have this day concluded upon raising £100,000 of the £300,000 by wine, and the rest by a poll-[tax], and have resolved to excuse the Church, in expectation that they will do the more of themselves at this juncture; and I do hear that Sir W. Coventry did make a speech in behalf of the Clergy.

18th. Up betimes to Westminster, where met with cozen Roger and Creed and walked with them, and Roger do still continue of the mind that there is no other way of saving this nation but by dissolving this Parliament and calling another; but there are so many about the King that will not be able to stand, if a new Parliament come, that they will not persuade the King to it. I spent most of the morning walking with one or other, and anon met Doll Lane at the Dog tavern, and there je did hazer what I did desire with her . . . and I did give her as being my valentine 20*s.* to buy what elle would. Thence away by coach to my bookseller's, and to several places to pay my debts, and to Ducke Lane, and there bought Montaigne's Essays, in English, and so away home to dinner, and after dinner with W. Pen to White Hall, where we and my Lord Brouncker attended the Council, to discourse about the fitness of entering of men presently for the manning of the fleete, before one ship is in condition to receive them. W. Coventry did argue against it: I was wholly silent, because I saw the King, upon the earnestness of the Prince, was

[1] This must have been Florio's translation, as Cotton's was not published until 1685.

willing to it, crying very sillily, "If ever you intend to man the fleete, without being cheated by the captains and pursers, you may go to bed, and resolve never to have it manned;" and so it was, like other things, over-ruled that all volunteers should be presently entered. Then there was another great business about our signing of certificates to the Exchequer for [prize] goods, upon the £1,250,000 Act, which the Commissioners of the Treasury did all oppose, and to the laying fault upon us. But I did then speak to the justifying what we had done, even to the angering of Duncomb and Clifford, which I was vexed at: but, for all that, I did set the Office and myself right, and went away with the victory, my Lord Keeper saying that he would not advise the Council to order us to sign no more certificates. But, before I began to say anything in this matter, the King and the Duke of York talking at the Council-table, before all the Lords, of the Committee of Miscarriages, how this entering of men before the ships could be ready would be reckoned a miscarriage; "Why," says the King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them;" which made all the Lords, and there were by also the Atturny and Sollicitor-Generall, look upon me. Thence Sir W. Coventry, W. Pen and I, by hackney-coach to take a little ayre in Hyde Parke, the first time I have been there this year; and we did meet many coaches going and coming, it being mighty pleasant weather; and so, coming back again, I 'light in the Pell Mell; and there went to see Sir H. Cholmly, who continues very ill of his cold. And there come in Sir H. Yelverton, whom Sir H. Cholmly commended me to his acquaintance, which the other received, but without remembering to me, or I him, of our being school-fellows together; and I said nothing of it. But he took notice of my speech the other day at the bar of the House; and indeed I perceive he is a wise man by his manner of discourse, and here he do say that the town is full of it, that now the Parliament hath resolved upon £300,000, the King, instead of fifty, will set out but twenty-five ships, and the Dutch as many; and that Smith is to command them, who is allowed to have the better of Holmes in the late dispute, and is in good esteem in the Parliament, above the other. Thence home, and there, in favour to my

eyes, stayed at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle,[1] wrote by his wife, which shews her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him. Betty Turner sent my wife the book to read, and it being a fair print, to ease my eyes, which would be reading, I read that. Anon comes Mrs. Turner and sat and talked with us, and most about the business of Ackworth,[2] which comes before us to-morrow, that I would favour it, but I do not think, notwithstanding all the friendship I can shew him, that he can escape, and therefore it had been better that he had followed the advice I sent him the other day by Mrs. Turner, to make up the business. So parted, and I to bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

19th. Up, and betimes to the Old Swan, and by water to White Hall, and thence to W. Coventry's, where stayed but a little to talk with him, and thence by water back again, it being a mighty fine, clear spring morning. Back to the Old Swan, and drank at Michell's, whose house goes up apace, but I could not see Betty, and thence walked all along Thames Street, which I had not done since it was burned, as far as Billingsgate; and there do see a brave street likely to be, many brave houses being built, and of them a great many by Mr. Jaggard; but the raising of the street will make it mighty fine. So to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence to the office, very busy till five o'clock, and then to ease my eyes I took my wife out and Deb. to the 'Change, and there bought them some things, and so home again and to the office, ended my letters, and so home to read a little more in last night's book, with much sport, it being a foolish book, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon I was surprized with a letter without a name to it, very well writ, in a good stile, giving me notice of my cozen Kate Joyce's being

[1] "The Life of the thrice noble, high, and puissant Prince, William Cavendish, Duke . . . of Newcastle," by his duchess, of which the first edition, in folio, was published in 1667.

[2] William Acworth, storekeeper at Woolwich, was accused of converting stores to his own use (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 279).

likely to ruin herself by marriage, and by ill reports already abroad of her, and I do fear that this keeping of an inne may spoil her, being a young and pretty comely woman, and thought to be left well. I did answer the letter with thanks and good liking, and am resolved to take the advice he gives me, and go see her, and find out what I can: but if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it, though I should be troubled for it.

20th. Up betimes, and to my Office, where we had a meeting extraordinary to consider of several things, among others the sum of money fit to be demanded ready money, to enable us to set out 27 ships, every body being now in pain for a fleete, and every body endeavouring to excuse themselves for the not setting out of one, and our true excuse is lack of money. At it all the morning, and so at noon home to dinner with my clerks, my wife and Deb. being busy at work above in her chamber getting things ready and fine for her going into the country a week or two hence. I away by coach to White Hall, where we met to wait on the Duke of York, and, soon as prayers were done, it being Good Friday, he come to us, and we did a little business and presented him with our demand of money, and so broke up, and I thence by coach to Kate Joyce's, being desirous and in pain to speak with her about the business that I received a letter yesterday, but had no opportunity of speaking with her about it, company being with her, so I only invited her to come and dine with me on Sunday next, and so away home, and for saving my eyes at my chamber all the evening pricking down some things, and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing a better theory of musique than hath yet been abroad; and I think verily I shall do it. So to supper with my wife, who is in very good humour with her working, and so am I, and so to bed. This day at Court I do hear that Sir W. Pen do command this summer's fleete; and Mr. Progers of the Bedchamber, as a secret, told me that the Prince Rupert is troubled at it, and several friends of his have been with him to know the reason of it; so that he do pity Sir W. Pen, whom he hath great kindness for, that he should not at any desire of his be put to this service, and thereby make the Prince his enemy, and contract more envy

from other people. But I am not a whit sorry if it should be so, first for the King's sake, that his work will be better done by Sir W. Pen than the Prince, and next that Pen, who is a false rogue, may be bit a little by it.

21st. Up betimes to the office, and there we sat all the morning, at noon home with my clerks, a good dinner, and then to the Office, and wrote my letters, and then abroad to do several things, and pay what little scores I had, and among others to Mrs. Martin's, and there did give 20*s.* to Mrs. Cragg, her landlady, who was my Valentine in the house, as well as Doll Lane. . . . So home and to the office, there to end my letters, and so home, where Betty Turner was to see my wife, and she being gone I to my chamber to read a little again, and then after supper to bed.

22nd (Easter day). I up, and walked to the Temple, and there got a coach, and to White Hall, where spoke with several people, and find by all that Pen is to go to sea this year with this fleete; and they excuse the Prince's going, by saying it is not a command great enough for him. Here I met with Brisband, and, after hearing the service at the King's chapel, where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds,[1] the old presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their musick did appear most admirable to me, beyond anything of ours: I was never so well satisfied in my life with it. So back to White Hall, and there met Mr. Pierce, and adjusted together how we should spend to-morrow together, and so by coach I home to dinner, where Kate Joyce was, as I invited her, and had a good dinner, only she and us; and after dinner she and I alone to talk about her business, as I designed; and I find her very discreet, and she assures me she neither do nor will incline to the doing anything towards marriage, without my advice, and did tell me that she had many offers, and that Harman and his friends would fain have her; but he is poor, and hath poor friends, and so it will not be advisable:

[1] Edward Reynolds, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, was appointed Dean of Oxford in 1648, but ejected in 1650. He was restored March 13th, 1659–60, but was forced to quit soon afterwards. He was consecrated Bishop of Norwich, January 13th, 1660–61. He died July 28th, 1676, aged seventy-six.

but that there is another, a tobacconist, one Holinshed, whom she speaks well of, to be a plain, sober man, and in good condition, that offers her very well, and submits to me my examining and inquiring after it, if I see good, which I do like of it, for it will be best for her to marry, I think, as soon as she can — at least, to be rid of this house; for the trade will not agree with a young widow, that is a little handsome, at least ordinary people think her so. Being well satisfied with her answer, she anon went away, and I to my closet to make a few more experiments of my notions in musique, and so then my wife and I do walk in the garden, and then home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and after discoursing with my wife about many things touching this day's dinner, I abroad, and first to the taverne to pay what I owe there, but missed of seeing the mistress of the house, and there bespoke wine for dinner, and so away thence, and to Bishopsgate Streete, thinking to have found a Harpsicon-maker that used to live there before the fire, but he is gone, and I have a mind forthwith to have a little Harpsicon made me to confirm and help me in my musique notions, which my head is now-a-days full of, and I do believe will come to something that is very good. Thence to White Hall, expecting to have heard the Bishop of Lincolne, my friend, preach, for so I understood he would do yesterday, but was mistaken, and therefore away presently back again, and there find everything in good order against dinner, and at noon come Mr. Pierce and she, and Mrs. Manuel, the Jew's wife, and Mrs. Corbet, and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girl. But we are defeated of Knepp, by her being forced to act to-day, and also of Harris, which did trouble me, they being my chief guests. However, I had an extraordinary good dinner, and the better because dressed by my own servants, and were mighty merry; and here was Mr. Pelling by chance come and dined with me; and after sitting long at dinner, I had a barge ready at Tower-wharfe, to take us in, and so we went, all of us, up as high as Barne-Elms, a very fine day, and all the way sang; and Mrs. Manuel sings very finely, and is a mighty discreet, sober-carriaged woman, that both my wife and I are mightily taken with her, and sings well, and without importunity or the contrary. At Barne-Elms we walked round, and then

to the barge again, and had much merry talk, and good singing; and come before it was dark to the New Exchange stairs, and there landed, and walked up to Mrs. Pierce's, where we sat awhile, and then up to their dining-room. And so, having a violin and theorbo, did fall to dance, here being also Mrs. Floyd come hither, and by and by Mr. Harris. But there being so few of us that could dance, and my wife not being very well, we had not much pleasure in the dancing: there was Knepp also, by which with much pleasure we did sing a little, and so, about ten o'clock, I took coach with my wife and Deb., and so home, and there to bed.

24th. Up pretty betimes, and so there comes to me Mr. Shish, to desire my appearing for him to succeed Mr. Christopher Pett,[1] lately dead, in his place of Master-Shipwright of Deptford and Woolwich, which I do resolve to promote what I can. So by and by to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's chamber, where I understand it is already resolved by the King and Duke of York that Shish shall have the place. From the Duke's chamber Sir W. Coventry and I to walk in the Matted Gallery; and there, among other things, he tells me of the wicked design that now is at last contriving against him, to get a petition presented from people that the money they have paid to W. Coventry for their places may be repaid them back; and that this is set on by Temple and Hollis of the Parliament, and, among other mean people in it, by Captain Tatnell: and he prays me that I will use some effectual way to sift Tatnell what he do, and who puts him on in this business, which I do undertake, and will do with all my skill for his service, being troubled that he is still under this difficulty. Thence up and down Westminster by Mrs. Burroughes her mother's

[1] Ann Pett, writing to Pepys from Woolwich, March 26th, 1668, says: "My husband died last Sunday, and has left me in a mean condition, having spent by losses and sickness my own estate and his, and I have four children and am £300 in debt. His sickness has cost, since he came to Woolwich, £700, besides what is now to pay. I entreat you to assist me in obtaining £500 due to my husband, as also money owing in the yard, and to stand my friend to the Navy Commissioners, that I may continue in my house some time longer; my husband always attended to his majesty's service, and never looked after his own concerns" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 308).

shop, thinking to have seen her, but could not, and therefore back to White Hall, where great talk of the tumult at the other end of the town, about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down bawdy-houses.[1] And, Lord! to see the apprehensions which this did give to all people at Court, that presently order was given for all the soldiers, horse and foot, to be in armes! and forthwith alarmes were beat by drum and trumpet through Westminster, and all to their colours, and to horse, as if the French were coming into the town! So Creed, whom I met here, and I to Lincolne's Inn-fields, thinking to have gone into the fields to have seen the 'prentices; but here we found these fields full of soldiers all in a body, and my Lord Craven commanding of them, and riding up and down to give orders, like a madman. And some young men we saw brought by soldiers to the Guard at White Hall, and overheard others that stood by say, that it was only for pulling down the bawdy-houses; and none of the bystanders finding fault with them, but rather of the soldiers for hindering them. And we heard a Justice of the Peace this morning say to the King, that he had been endeavouring to suppress this tumult, but could not; and that, imprisoning some [of them] in the new prison at Clerkenwell,[2] the rest did come and break open the prison and release them; and that they do give out that they are for pulling down the bawdy-houses, which is one of the greatest grievances of the nation. To which the King made a very poor, cold, insipid answer: "Why, why do they go to them, then?" and that was all, and had no mind to go on with the discourse. Mr. Creed and I to dinner to my Lord

[1] It was customary for the apprentices of the metropolis to avail themselves of their holidays, especially on Shrove Tuesday, to search after women of ill fame, and to confine them during the season of Lent. See a "Satyre against Separatists," 1642.

> "Stand forth, Shrove Tuesday, one a' the silenc'st bricklayers;
> 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses."
>
> Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619,
> Works, ed. Bullen, vii., 209.

[2] The Clerkenwell Bridewell, although built in 1615, was long known as the New Prison; it stood on the site afterwards occupied by the House of Detention in Clerkenwell Close.

Crew, where little discourse, there being none but us at the table, and my Lord and my Lady Jemimah, and so after dinner away, Creed and I to White Hall, expecting a Committee of Tangier, but come too late. So I to attend the Council, and by and by were called in with Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen to advise how to pay away little money to most advantage to the men of the yards, to make them dispatch the ships going out, and there did make a little speech, which was well liked, and after all it was found most satisfactory to the men, and best for the king's dispatch, that what money we had should be paid weekly to the men for their week's work until a greater sum could be got to pay them their arrears and then discharge them. But, Lord! to see what shifts and what cares and thoughts there was employed in this matter how to do the King's work and please the men and stop clamours would make a man think the King should not eat a bit of good meat till he has got money to pay the men, but I do not see the least print of care or thoughts in him about it at all. Having done here, I out and there met Sir Fr. Hollis, who do still tell me that, above all things in the world, he wishes he had my tongue in his mouth, meaning since my speech in Parliament. He took Lord Brouncker and me down to the guards, he and his company being upon the guards to-day; and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which, with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument do not deserve at all; for, at the best, it is mighty barbarous musick. So home and there to my chamber, to prick out my song, "It is Decreed," intending to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday, when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knepp, which I cannot have opportunity to teach it to. This evening I come home from White Hall with Sir W. Pen, who fell in talk about his going to sea this year, and the difficulties that arise to him by it, by giving offence to the Prince, and occasioning envy to him, and many other things that make it a bad matter,— at this time of want of money and necessaries, and bad and

uneven counsels at home, — for him to go abroad: and did tell me how much with the King and Duke of York he had endeavoured to be excused, desiring the Prince might be satisfied in it, who hath a mind to go; but he tells me they will not excuse him, and I believe it, and truly do judge it a piece of bad fortune to W. Pen.

25th. Up, and walked to White Hall, there to wait on the Duke of York, which I did: and in his chamber there, first by hearing the Duke of York call me by my name, my Lord Burlington did come to me, and with great respect take notice of me and my relation to my Lord Sandwich,[1] and express great kindness to me; and so to talk of my Lord Sandwich's concernments. By and by the Duke of York is ready; and I did wait for an opportunity of speaking my mind to him about Sir J. Minnes, his being unable to do the King any service, which I think do become me to do in all respects, and have Sir W. Coventry's concurrence therein, which I therefore will seek a speedy opportunity to do, come what will come of it. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet [put] down, though the guards and militia of the town have been in armes all this night, and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Damaris Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down, who paid him for their wine licenses £15 a year. But here it was said how these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little bawdy-houses, and did not go and pull down the great bawdy-house at White Hall. And some of them have the last night had a word among them, and it was "Reformation and Reducement." This do make the courtiers ill at ease to see this spirit among people, though they think this matter will not come to much: but it speaks people's minds; and

[1] Now, as being the father of Lady Hinchingbrooke, connected with Pepys. — B.

then they do say that there are men of understanding among them, that have been of Cromwell's army: but how true that is, I know not. Thence walked a little to Westminster, but met with nobody to spend any time with, and so by coach homeward, and in Seething Lane met young Mrs. Daniel, and I stopt, and she had been at my house, but found nobody within, and tells me that she drew me for her Valentine this year, so I took her into the coach, and was going to the other end of the town, thinking to have taken her abroad, but remembering that I was to go out with my wife this afternoon, . . . and so to a milliner at the corner shop going into Bishopsgate and Leadenhall Street, and there did give her eight pair of gloves, and so dismissed her, and so I home and to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse to see "The Storme," which we did, but without much pleasure, it being but a mean play compared with "The Tempest," at the Duke of York's house, though Knepp did act her part of grief very well. Thence with my wife and Deb. by coach to Islington, to the old house, and there eat and drank till it was almost night, and then home, being in fear of meeting the 'prentices, who are many of them yet, they say, abroad in the fields, but we got well home, and so I to my chamber a while, and then to supper and to bed.

26th. Up betimes to the office, where by and by my Lord Brouncker and I met and made an end of our business betimes. So I away with him to Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and thence I alone to the Duke of York's house, to see the new play, called "The Man is the Master,"[1] where the house was, it being not above one o'clock, very full. But my wife and Deb. being there before, with Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, whom my wife carried with her, they made me room; and there I sat, it costing me 8*s.* upon them in oranges, at 6*d.* a-piece. By and by the King come; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. The play is a translation out of French, and the plot Spanish, but not anything extraordinary at all in it, though translated by Sir W. Davenant, and so I found the King and his company did think meanly of it, though there

[1] Sir W. Davenant's last play, a comedy published in 1669. The plot is taken from two plays of Scarron — "Jodelet, ou le Maître Valet," and "L'Héritière Ridicule." The scene is laid in Madrid.

was here and there something pretty: but the most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuffe, of eating of sack posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes; the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of it, it being sung by Harris and another[1] in the form of a ballet. Thence, by agreement, we all of us to the Blue Balls, hard by, whither Mr. Pierce also goes with us, who met us at the play, and anon comes Manuel, and his wife, and Knepp, and Harris, who brings with him Mr. Banister, the great master of musique; and after much difficulty in getting of musique, we to dancing, and then to a supper of some French dishes, which yet did not please me, and then to dance and sing; and mighty merry we were till about eleven or twelve at night, with mighty great content in all my company, and I did, as I love to do, enjoy myself in my pleasure as being the height of what we take pains for and can hope for in this world, and therefore to be enjoyed while we are young and capable of these joys. My wife extraordinary fine to-day, in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day: and everybody in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I having paid the reckoning, which come to almost £4, we parted: my company and William Batelier, who was also with us, home in a coach, round by the Wall, where we met so many stops by the Watches, that it cost us much time and some trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink; this being encreased by the trouble the 'prentices did lately give the City, so that the Militia and Watches are very strict at this time; and we had like to have met with a stop for all night at the Constable's watch, at Moorgate, by a pragmatical Constable; but we come well home at about two in the morning, and so to bed. This noon, from Mrs. Williams's, my Lord Brouncker sent to Somersett House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought him that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the smallpox, by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncer-

[1] Sandford. "This comedy in general was very well perform'd, especially the Master by Mr. Harris; the man by Mr. Underhill. Mr. Harris and Mr. Sandford singing the epilogue like two street Ballad-singers" (Downes, p. 30).

tainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath had the benefit of it to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a King, and yet without the least imputation. This afternoon, at the play, Sir Fr. Hollis spoke to me as a secret, and matter of confidence in me, and friendship to Sir W. Pen, who is now out of town, that it were well he were made acquainted that he finds in the House of Commons, which met this day, several motions made for the calling strictly again upon the Miscarriages, and particularly in the business of the Prizes, and the not prosecuting of the first victory, only to give an affront to Sir W. Pen, whose going to sea this year do give them matter of great dislike. So though I do not much trouble myself for him, yet I am sorry that he should have this fall so unhappily without any fault, but rather merit of his own that made him fitter for this command than any body else, and the more for that this business of his may haply occasion their more eager pursuit against the whole body of the office.

27th. Up, and walked to the waterside, and thence to White Hall to the Duke of York's chamber, where he being ready he went to a Committee of Tangier, where I first understand that my Lord Sandwich is, in his coming back from Spayne, to step over thither, to see in what condition the place is, which I am glad of, hoping that he will be able to do some good there, for the good of the place, which is so much out of order. Thence to walk a little in Westminster Hall, where the Parliament I find sitting, but spoke with nobody to let me know what they are doing, nor did I enquire. Thence to the Swan and drank, and did baiser Frank, and so down by water back again, and to the Exchange a turn or two, only to show myself, and then home to dinner, where my wife and I had a small squabble, but I first this day tried the effect of my silence and not provoking her when she is in an ill humour, and do find it very good, for it prevents its coming to that height on both sides which used to exceed what was fit between us So she become calm by and by and fond, and so took coach, and she to the mercer's to buy some lace, while I to White Hall, but did nothing, but then to Westminster Hall and took a turn, and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did sit a little and talk and drink, and did hazer

con her, and so took coach and called my wife at Unthanke's, and so up and down to the Nursery, where they did not act, then to the New Cockpit, and there missed, and then to Hide Parke, where many coaches, but the dust so great, that it was troublesome, and so by night home, where to my chamber and finished my pricking out of my song for Mr. Harris ("It is decreed"), and so a little supper, being very sleepy and weary since last night, and so by 10 o'clock to bed and slept well all night. This day, at noon, comes Mr. Pelling to me, and shews me the stone cut lately out of Sir Thomas Adams[1] (the old comely Alderman's) body, which is very large indeed, bigger I think than my fist, and weighs about twenty-five ounces: and, which is very miraculous, he never in all his life had any fit of it, but lived to a great age without pain, and died at last of something else, without any sense of this in all his life. This day Creed at White Hall in discourse told me what information he hath had, from very good hands, of the cowardice and ill-government of Sir Jer. Smith and Sir Thomas Allen, and the repute they have both of them abroad in the Streights, from their deportment when they did at several times command there; and that, above all Englishmen that ever were there, there never was any man that behaved himself like poor Charles Wager, whom the very Moores do mention with teares sometimes.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and at noon home to dinner with my clerks; and though my head full of business, yet I had a desire to end this holyday week with a play; and so, with my wife and Deb., to the King's house, and there saw the "Indian Emperour," a

[1] Sir Thomas Adams was born at Wem, in Shropshire, in 1586, and after being educated at Cambridge, carried on business as a draper in London. Sheriff, 1639; Lord Mayor, 1645. He was kept in the Tower for some time on account of his loyalty to the king. He was one of the deputies sent by the City to the Hague to attend on Charles II. on his return from Breda to London, and was there knighted. He was created a baronet, June 13th, 1660. He founded the free school at Wem, as well as the Arabic Lecture at Cambridge. He died February 24th, 1667-68. The shock caused by a fall from his coach displaced the stone mentioned by Pepys, and led to fatal consequences ("Dict. of Nat. Biog."). The stone was exhibited at the Royal Society (March 26th, 1668), the exact weight being 22½ oz. Troy (Birch's "History," vol. ii., p. 260).

very good play indeed, and thence directly home, and to my writing of my letters, and so home to supper and to bed for fearing my eyes. Our greatest business at the office to-day is our want of money for the setting forth of these ships that are to go out, and my people at dinner tell me that they do verily doubt that the want of men will be so great, as we must press; and if we press, there will be mutinies in the town; for the seamen are said already to have threatened the pulling down of the Treasury Office; and if they do once come to that, it will not be long before they come to our's.

29th (Lord's day). Up, and I to Church, where I have not been these many weeks before, and there did first find a strange Reader, who could not find in the Service-book the place for churching women, but was fain to change books with the clerke: and then a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of an oake-tree from an akehorne, than a man's body raising it, at the last day, from his dust (shewing the possibility of the Resurrection): which was, methought, a strange saying. At home to dinner, whither comes and dines with me W. Howe, and by invitation Mr. Harris and Mr. Banister, most extraordinary company both, the latter for musique of all sorts, the former for everything: here we sang, and Banister played on the theorbo, and afterwards Banister played on his flageolet, and I had very good discourse with him about musique, so confirming some of my new notions about musique that it puts me upon a resolution to go on and make a scheme and theory of musique not yet ever made in the world. Harris do so commend my wife's picture of Mr. Hale's, that I shall have him draw Harris's head; and he hath also persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's, which, though it cost £30, yet I will have done. Thus spent the afternoon most deliciously, and then broke up and walked with them as far as the Temple, and there parted, and I took coach to Westminster, but there did nothing, meeting nobody that I had a mind to speak with, and so home, and there find Mr. Pelling, and then also comes Mrs. Turner, and supped and talked with us, and so to bed. I do hear by several that Sir W. Pen's going to sea do dislike the Parliament mightily, and that they have revived the

Committee of Miscarriages to find something to prevent it; and that he being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the Duchess overheard and come in to him, and asks W. Pen how he durst have the confidence to offer to go to sea again, to the endangering of the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was, which, if true, is very severe.

30th. Up betimes, and so to the office, there to do business till about ten o'clock, and then out with my wife and Deb. and W. Hewer by coach to Common-garden Coffee-house, where by appointment I was to meet Harris; which I did, and also Mr. Cooper, the great painter, and Mr. Hales: and thence presently to Mr. Cooper's house,[1] to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I do never expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's[2] picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the smallpox: and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be, by people's discourse, now. Here I saw my Lord Generall's picture, and my Lord Arlington and Ashly's, and several others; but among the rest one Swinfen, that was Secretary to my Lord Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, with Cooling, done so admirably as I never saw any thing: but the misery was, this fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for his picture; but, it being seized on by his creditors, among his other goods, after his death, Cooper himself says that he did buy it, and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30. Being infinitely satisfied with this sight, and resolving that my wife shall be drawn by him when she comes out of the country, I away with Harris and Hales to the Coffee-house, sending my people away, and there resolve for Hales to begin Harris's head for me, which I will be at the cost of. After a little talk, I away to White Hall and Westminster, where I find the Parliament still bogling about the raising of this money; and every body's mouth full now; and Mr. Wren himself

[1] Samuel Cooper (1609–1672) was living in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in 1645, and he was still there when Pepys visited him.

[2] Duchess of Richmond.

tells me that the Duke of York declares to go to sea himself this year; and I perceive it is only on this occasion of distaste of the Parliament against W. Pen's going, and to prevent the Prince's: but I think it is mighty hot counsel for the Duke of York at this time to go out of the way; but, Lord! what a pass are all our matters come to! At noon by appointment to Cursitor's Alley, in Chancery Lane, to meet Captain Cocke and some other creditors of the Navy, and their Counsel, Pemberton, North,[1] Offly, and Charles Porter; and there dined, and talked of the business of the assignments on the Exchequer of the £1,250,000 on behalf of our creditors; and there I do perceive that the Counsel had heard of my performance in the Parliament-house lately, and did value me and what I said accordingly. At dinner we had a great deal of good discourse about Parliament: their number being uncertain, and always at the will of the King to encrease, as he saw reason to erect a new borough. But all concluded that the bane of the Parliament hath been the leaving off the old custom of the places allowing wages to those that served them in Parliament, by which they chose men that understood their business and would attend it, and they could expect an account from, which now they cannot; and so the Parliament is become a company of men unable to give account for the interest of the place they serve for. Thence, the meeting of the Counsel with the King's Counsel this afternoon being put off by reason of the death of Serjeant Maynard's Lady,[2] I to White Hall, where the Parliament was to wait on the King; and they did: and it was to be told that he did think fit to tell them that they might expect to be adjourned at Whitsuntide, and that they might make haste to raise their money; but this, I fear, will displease them, who did expect to sit as long as they pleased, and whether this be done by the King upon some new counsel I know not, for the King must be beholding to them till they do settle this business of money. Great talk to-day as if Beaufort[3] was come into the Channel with about 20 ships,

[1] Sir Francis Pemberton and Sir Dudley North.

[2] Jane, his second wife, daughter of Cheney Selherst, of Tenterden, and relict of Edward Austen.

[3] "March 30, 1668. The King to the Duke of York. The French fleet, under the Duke de Beaufort, is come to sea, and intends to cruise

and it makes people apprehensive, but yet the Parliament do not stir a bit faster in the business of money. Here I met with Creed, expecting a Committee of Tangier, but the Committee met not, so he and I up and down, having nothing to do, and particularly to the New Cockpit by the King's Gate in Holborne, but seeing a great deal of rabble we did refuse to go in, but took coach and to Hide Park, and there till all the tour[1] was empty, and so he and I to the Lodge in the Park, and there eat and drank till it was night, and then carried him to White Hall, having had abundance of excellent talk with him in reproach of the times and managements we live under, and so I home, and there to talk and to supper with my wife, and so to bed.

31st. Up pretty betimes and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon I home to dinner, where uncle Thomas dined with me, as he do every quarter, and I paid him his pension; and also comes Mr. Hollier a little fuddled, and so did talk nothing but Latin, and laugh, that it was very good sport to see a sober man in such a humour, though he was not drunk to scandal. At dinner comes a summons for this office and the Victualler to attend a Committee of Parliament this afternoon, with Sir D. Gawden, which I accordingly did, with my papers relating to the sending of victuals to Sir John Harman's fleete; and there, Sir R. Brookes in the chair, we did give them a full account, but, Lord! to see how full they are and immoveable in their jealousy that some means are used to keep Harman from coming home, for they have an implacable desire to know the bottom of the not improving the first victory, and would lay it upon Brouncker. Having given them good satisfaction I away thence, up and down, wanting a little to see whether I could get Mrs. Burroughes out, but elle being in the shop ego did speak con her much, she could not then

in the Channel; you are to order Sir Thos. Allin, admiral of the westward squadron, if he find the French fleet at sea, and much exceeding him in strength, to repair to the Downs with his own squadron and Sir Edw. Spragg's, leaving 2 vessels to give advice, and to inform him if the French fleet sails up the Channel. If it be at sea, and not too strong for him, he is to pursue his former instructions." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, p. 314).

[1] The Ring in Hyde Park.

go far, and so I took coach and away to Unthanke's, and there took up my wife and Deb., and to the Park, where, being in a hackney, and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the tour, but went round the park, and so with pleasure home, where Mr. Pelling come and sat and talked late with us, and he being gone, I called Deb. to take pen, ink, and paper and write down what things come into my head for my wife to do in order to her going into the country, and the girl, writing not so well as she would do, cried, and her mistress construed it to be sullenness, and so away angry with her too, but going to bed she undressed me, and there I did give her good advice and baiser la, elle weeping still.

April 1st. Up, and to dress myself, and call as I use Deb. to brush and dress me . . . , and I to my office, where busy till noon, and then out to bespeak some things against my wife's going into the country to-morrow, and so home to dinner, my wife and I alone, she being mighty busy getting her things ready for her journey, I all the afternoon with her looking after things on the same account, and then in the afternoon out and all alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box, to hide myself, and saw "The Black Prince," a very good play; but only the fancy, most of it, the same as in the rest of my Lord Orrey's plays; but the dance very stately; but it was pretty to see how coming after dinner and with no company with me to talk to, and at a play that I had seen, and went to now not for curiosity but only idleness, I did fall asleep the former part of the play, but afterward did mind it and like it very well. Thence called at my bookseller's, and took Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes,[1] newly reprinted, and sent my brother my old one. So home; and there to my chamber till anon comes Mr. Turner and his wife and daughter, and Pelling, to sup with us and talk of my wife's journey to-morrow, her daughter going with my wife; and after supper to talk with her husband about the Office, and his place, which, by Sir J. Minnes's age and inability, is very uncomfortable to him, as well as without profit, or certainty what he shall do, when Sir J. Minnes [dies], which is a sad condition for a man that hath lived so long in the Office as Mr. Turner hath

[1] "The Origin of Forms and Qualities, according to the Corpuscular Philosophy," by the Hon. Robert Boyle. Oxford, 1666, 4to.

done. But he aymes, and I advise him to it, to look for Mr. Ackworth's place,[1] in case he should be removed. His wife afterwards did take me into my closet, and give me a cellar[2] of waters of her own distilling for my father, to be carried down with my wife and her daughter to-morrow, which was very handsome. So broke up and to bed.

2nd. Up, after much pleasant talk with my wife, and upon some alterations I will make in my house in her absence, and I do intend to lay out some money thereon. So she and I up, and she got her ready to be gone, and by and by comes Betty Turner and her mother, and W. Batelier, and they and Deb., to whom I did give 10*s.* this morning, to oblige her to please her mistress (and ego did baiser her mouche), and also Jane, and so in two coaches set out about eight o'clock towards the carrier, there for to take coach for my father's, that is to say, my wife and Betty Turner, Deb., and Jane; but I meeting my Lord Anglesey going to the Office, was forced to 'light in Cheapside, and there took my leave of them (not baisado Deb., which je had a great mind to), left them to go to their coach, and I to the office, where all the morning busy, and so at noon with my other clerks (W. Hewer being a day's journey with my wife) to dinner, where Mr. Pierce come and dined with me, and then with Lord Brouncker (carrying his little kinswoman on my knee, his coach being full), to the Temple, where my Lord and I 'light and to Mr. Porter's chamber, where Cocke and his counsel, and so to the attorney's, whither the Sollicitor-Generall come, and there, their cause about their assignments on the £1,250,000 Act was argued, where all that was to be said for them was said, and so answered by the Sollicitor-Generall beyond what I expected, that I said not one word all my time, rather choosing to hold my tongue, and so mind my reputation with the Sollicitor-Generall, who did mightily approve of my speech in Parliament, than say anything against him to no purpose. This I believe did trouble Cocke and these gentlemen, but I do think this best for me, and so I do think that the business will go against them, though it is against my judgment, and I am sure

[1] At Deptford.

[2] A box to hold bottles. "Run for the cellar of strong waters quickly." — Ben Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, act iii., sc. 1.

against all justice to the men to be invited to part with their goods and be deceived afterward of their security for payment. Thence with Lord Brouncker to the Royall Society,[1] where they were just done; but there I was forced to subscribe to the building of a College, and did give £40; and several others did subscribe, some greater and some less sums; but several I saw hang off: and I doubt it will spoil the Society, for it breeds faction and ill-will, and becomes burdensome to some that cannot, or would not, do it. Here,[2] to my great content, I did try the use of the Otacousticon,[3] which was only a great glass bottle, broke at the bottom putting the neck to my eare, and there I did plainly hear the dashing of the oares of the boats in the Thames to Arundell gallery window, which, without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of. Thence with Lord Brouncker and several of them to the King's Head Taverne by Chancery Lane, and there did drink and eat and talk, and, above the rest, I did hear of Mr. Hooke and my Lord an account of the reason of concords and discords in musique, which they say is from the equality of vibrations; but I am not satisfied in it, but will at my leisure think of it more, and see how far that do go to explain it. So late at night home with Mr. Colwell, and parted, and I to the office, and then to Sir W. Pen to

[1] The Royal Society at this time was very persistent in its attempts to get money. At a meeting of the council on April 13th, Lord Berkeley and the Bishop of Salisbury were desired to ask in the House of Peers the bishops of the society for contributions. The president and Henry Howard, of Norfolk, were desired to speak to the temporal lords of the society for the same purpose. "Henry Howard, of Norfolk, accordingly took a list of several lords and gentlemen in order to solicit their contributions" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 265).

[2] At this meeting (April 2), "Mr. Hooke produced a glass receiver for the improvement of hearing. Being tried by holding the neck of it to the ear, it was found that a stronger sound was conveyed by it, than would have been without it. It was ordered, that at the next meeting there should be brought a better and larger receiver for hearing" (Birch, vol. ii., p. 261).

[3] Otacousticon, an instrument to facilitate hearing, or ear-trumpet.

"*Ronca.* Sir, this is called an autocousticon.
Pandolfo. Autocousticon!
Why, 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones."—*Albumazar*, i. 3.

confer with him, and Sir R. Ford and Young, about our St. John Baptist prize, and so home, without more supper to bed, my family being now little by the departure of my wife and two maids.

3rd. Up, and Captain Perryman come to me to tell me how Tatnell told him that this day one How is to charge me before the Commissioners of Prizes to the value of £8,000 in prizes, which I was troubled to hear, so fearful I am, though I know that there is not a penny to be laid to my charge that I dare not own, or that I have not owned under my hand, but upon recollection it signifies nothing to me, and so I value it not, being sure that I can have nothing in the world to my hurt known from the business. So to the office, where all the morning to despatch business, and so home to dinner with my clerks, whose company is of great pleasure to me for their good discourse in any thing of the navy I have a mind to talk of. After dinner by water from the Tower to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York as usual, and particularly in a fresh complaint the Commissioners of the Treasury do make to him, and by and by to the Council this day of our having prepared certificates on the Exchequer to the further sum of near £50,000, and soon as we had done with the Duke of York we did attend the Council; and were there called in, and did hear Mr. Sollicitor [General] make his Report to the Council in the business; which he did in a most excellent manner of words, but most cruelly severe against us, and so were some of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, as men guilty of a practice with the tradesmen, to the King's prejudice. I was unwilling to enter into a contest with them; but took advantage of two or three words last spoke, and brought it to a short issue in good words, that if we had the King's order to hold our hands, we would, which did end the matter: and they all resolved we should have it, and so it ended: and so we away; I vexed that I did not speak more in a cause so fit to be spoke in, and wherein we had so much advantage; but perhaps I might have provoked the Sollicitor and the Commissioners of the Treasury, and therefore, since, I am not sorry that I forbore. Thence my Lord Brouncker and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the latter part of "The Master and the Man,"

and thence by coach to Duck Lane, to look out for Marsanne,[1] in French, a man that has wrote well of musique, but it is not to be had, but I have given order for its being sent for over, and I did here buy Des Cartes his little treatise of musique, and so home, and there to read a little, and eat a little, though I find that my having so little taste do make me so far neglect eating that, unless company invite, I do not love to spend time upon eating, and so bring emptiness and the Cholique. So to bed. This day I hear that Prince Rupert and Holmes do go to sea: and by this there is a seeming friendship and peace among our great seamen; but the devil a bit is there any love among them, or can be.

4th. Up betimes, and by coach towards White Hall, and took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes virginalls, and did there like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me: for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room, and will do my business as to finding out of chords, and I am very well pleased that I have found it. Thence to White Hall, and after long waiting did get a small running Committee of Tangier, where I staid but little, and little done but the correcting two or three egregious faults in the Charter for Tangier after it had so long lain before the Council and been passed there and drawn up by the Atturney Generall, so slightly are all things in this age done. Thence home to the office by water, where we sat till noon, and then I moved we might go to the Duke of York and the King presently to get out their order in writing that was ordered us yesterday about the business of certificates, that we might be secure against the tradesmen who (Sir John Banks by name) have told me this day that they will complain in Parliament against us for denying to do them right. So we rose of a sudden, being mighty sensible of this inconvenience we are liable to should we delay to give them longer, and yet have no order for our indemnity. I did dine with Sir W. Pen, where my Lady Batten did come with

[1] Marin Mersenne (1588–1648) published in 1637 (in two volumes folio) his work entitled, "L'Harmonie Universelle, contenant la théorie et la pratique de la Musique." The author translated it into Latin, and enlarged it (1648). Mersenne was highly esteemed by Descartes.

desire of meeting me there, and speaking with me about the business of the £500 we demand of her for the Chest. She do protest, before God, she never did see the account, but that it was as her husband in his life-time made it, and he did often declare to her his expecting £500, and that we could not deny it him for his pains in that business, and that he hath left her worth nothing of his own in the world, and that therefore she could pay nothing of it, come what will come, but that he hath left her a beggar, which I am sorry truly for, though it is a just judgment upon people that do live so much beyond themselves in housekeeping and vanity, as they did. I did give her little answer, but generally words that might not trouble her, and so to dinner, and after dinner Sir W. Pen and I away by water to White Hall, and there did attend the Duke of York, and he did carry us to the King's lodgings: but he was asleep in his closet; so we stayed in the Green-Roome, where the Duke of York did tell us what rules he had, of knowing the weather, and did now tell us we should have rain before to-morrow, it having been a dry season for some time, and so it did rain all night almost; and pretty rules he hath, and told Brouncker and me some of them, which were such as no reason seems ready to be given. By and by the King comes out, and he did easily agree to what we moved, and would have the Commissioners of the Navy to meet us with him to-morrow morning: and then to talk of other things; about the Quakers not swearing, and how they do swear in the business of a late election of a Knight of the Shire of Hartfordshire in behalf of one they have a mind to have; and how my Lord of Pembroke[1] says he hath heard him (the Quaker) at the tennis-court swear to himself when he loses:[2] and told us what pretty notions my Lord Pembroke hath of the first chapter of Genesis, how Adam's sin was not the sucking (which he did before) but the swallowing of the apple, by which the contrary elements begun to work in him, and to stir up these passions, and a great deal of

[1] Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery. Died December 11th, 1669.

[2] Mr. Julian Marshall quotes this passage in illustration of the necessity for keeping a good temper during the game of tennis and the difficulty of doing so ("Annals of Tennis," p. 205).

such fooleries, which the King made mighty mockery at. Thence my Lord Brouncker and I into the Park in his coach, and there took a great deal of ayre, saving that it was mighty dusty, and so a little unpleasant. Thence to Common Garden with my Lord, and there I took a hackney and home, and after having done a few letters at the office, I home to a little supper and so to bed, my eyes being every day more and more weak and apt to be tired.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there to the writing fair some of my late musique notions, and so to church, where I have not been a good while, and thence home, and dined at home, with W. Hewer with me; and after dinner, he and I a great deal of good talk touching this Office, how it is spoiled by having so many persons in it, and so much work that is not made the work of any one man, but of all, and so is never done; and that the best way to have it well done, were to have the whole trust in one, as myself, to set whom I pleased to work in the several businesses of the Office, and me to be accountable for the whole, and that would do it, as I would find instruments: but this is not to be compassed; but something I am resolved to do about Sir J. Minnes before it be long. Then to my chamber again, to my musique, and so to church; and then home, and thither comes Captain Silas Taylor to me, the Storekeeper of Harwich, where much talk, and most of it against Captain Deane, whom I do believe to be a high, proud fellow; but he is an active man, and able in his way, and so I love him. He gone, I to my musique again, and to read a little, and to sing with Mr. Pelling, who come to see me, and so spent the evening, and then to supper and to bed. I hear that eight of the ringleaders in the late tumults of the 'prentices at Easter are condemned to die.[1]

[1] Four were executed on May 9th, namely, Thomas Limmerick, Edward Cotton, Peter Massenger, and Richard Beasley. They were drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, and two of their heads fixed upon London Bridge ("The London Gazette," No. 259). See "The Tryals of such persons as under the notion of London Apprentices were tumultuously assembled in Moore Fields, under colour of pulling down bawdy-houses," 4to, London, 1668. "It is to be observed," says "The London Gazette," "to the just vindication of the City, that none of the persons apprehended upon the said tumult were found to be apprentices, as was given out, but some idle persons, many of them

6th. Betimes I to Alderman Backewell, and with him to my Lord Ashly's, where did a little business about Tangier, and to talk about the business of certificates, wherein, contrary to what could be believed, the King and Duke of York themselves, in my absence, did call for some of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and give them directions about the business [of the certificates], which I, despairing to do any thing on a Sunday, and not thinking that they would think of it themselves, did rest satisfied, and stayed at home all yesterday, leaving it to do something in this day; but I find that the King and Duke of York had been so pressing in it, that my Lord Ashly was more forward with the doing of it this day, than I could have been. And so I to White Hall with Alderman Backewell in his coach, with Mr. Blany, my Lord's Secretary: and there did draw up a rough draught of what order I would have, and did carry it in, and had it read twice and approved of, before my Lord Ashly and three more of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and then went up to the Council-chamber, where the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the rest of the Committee of the Navy were sitting: and I did get some of them to read it there: and they would have had it passed presently, but Sir John Nicholas desired they would first have it approved by a full Council: and, therefore, a Council Extraordinary was readily summoned against the afternoon, and the Duke of York run presently to the King, as if now they were really set to mind their business, which God grant! So I thence to Westminster, and walked in the Hall and up and down, the House being called over to-day, and little news, but some talk as if the agreement between France and Spain were like to be, which would be bad for us, and at noon with Sir Herbert Price to Mr. George Montagu's to dinner, being invited by him in the hall, and there mightily made of, even to great trouble to me to be so commended before my face, with that flattery and importunity, that I was quite troubled with it. Yet he is a fine gentleman, truly, and his lady a fine woman;[1] and, among many sons that I saw there, there

nursed in the late Rebellion, too readily embracing any opportunity of making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace, and injury of others."

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Irby. — B.

was a little daughter that is mighty pretty, of which he is infinite fond: and, after dinner, did make her play on the gittar and sing, which she did mighty prettily, and seems to have a mighty musical soul, keeping time with most excellent spirit. Here I met with Mr. Brownlow, my old schoolfellow, who come thither, I suppose, as a suitor to one of the young ladies that were there, and a sober man he seems to be. But here Mr. Montagu did tell me how Mr. Vaughan, in that very room, did say that I was a great man, and had great understanding, and I know not what, which, I confess, I was a little proud of, if I may believe him. Here I do hear, as a great secret, that the King, and Duke of York and Duchesse, and my Lady Castlemayne, are now all agreed in a strict league, and all things like to go very current, and that it is not impossible to have my Lord Clarendon, in time, here again. But I do hear that my Lady Castlemayne is horribly vexed at the late libell,[1] the petition of the poor whores about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day. I have got one of them, but it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the King: and I wonder how it durst be printed and spread abroad, which shews that the times are loose, and come to a great disregard of the King, or Court, or Government. Thence I to White Hall to attend the Council, and when the Council rose we find my order mightily enlarged by the Sollicitor Generall, who was called thither, making it more safe for him and the Council, but their order is the same in the command of it that I drew, and will I think defend us well. So thence, meeting Creed, he and I to the new Cocke-pitt by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come thither; and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures, without any provocation, do fight and kill one another, and

[1] "The Poor Whores' Petition to the most splendid, illustrious, serene and eminent Lady of Pleasure the Countess of Castlemayne, &c., signed by us, Madam Cresswell and Damaris Page, this present 25th day of March, 1668." This sham petition occasioned a pretended answer, entitled "The Gracious Answer of the Most Illustrious Lady of Pleasure, the Countess of Castlem . . . . to the Poor Whores' Petition." It is signed, "Given at our Closset, in King Street, Westminster, die Veneris, April 24, 1668. Castlem . . . ." Compare Evelyn, April 2nd, 1668.

aim only at one another's heads, and by their good will not leave till one of them be killed; and thence to the Park in a hackney coach, so would not go into the tour, but round about the Park, and to the House, and there at the door eat and drank; whither come my Lady Kerneagy,[1] of whom Creed tells me more particulars: how her Lord, finding her and the Duke of York at the King's first coming in too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him, and so bid her continue . . . which is the most pernicious and full piece of revenge that ever I heard of; and he at this day owns it with great glory, and looks upon the Duke of York and the world with great content in the ampleness of his revenge.[2] Thence (where the place was now by the last night's rain very pleasant, and no dust) to White Hall, and set Creed down, and I home and to my chamber, and there about my musique notions again, wherein I take delight and find great satisfaction in them, and so, after a little supper, to bed. This day, in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained: and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park.

7th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where great hurry to be made in the fitting forth of this present little fleet, but so many rubs by reason of want of money, and people's not believing us in cases where we had money unless (which in several cases, as in hiring of vessels, cannot be) they be paid beforehand, that every thing goes backward instead of forward. At noon comes Mr. Clerke, my solicitor, and the Auditor's men with my account drawn up in the Exchequer way with their queries, which are neither many nor great, or hard to answer upon it, and so dined with me, and then I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The English Monsieur;"[3] sitting for privacy sake in an upper box: the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the sev-

[1] Lady Carnegy. See March 19th, 1664-65.

[2] The disgusting story of Lord Carnegy's (Earl of Southesk) revenge is also told in the "Grammont Memoirs," chap. viii.

[3] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard. See December 8th, 1666.

eral players, men and women go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that come to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her, for fear of her being undone in her service, by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead;[1] and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. The eldest Davenport[2] is, it seems, gone from this house to be kept by somebody; which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor. I took her then up into a coach and away to the Park, which is now very fine after some rain, but the company was going away most, and so I took her to the Lodge, and there treated her and had a deal of good talk, and now and then did baiser la, and that was all, and that as much or more than I had much mind to because of her paint. She tells me mighty news, that my Lady Castlemayne is mightily in love with Hart[3] of their house: and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Becke Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis. This done, I carried her and set her down at Mrs. Manuel's, but stayed not there myself, nor went in; but straight home, and there to my letters, and so home to bed.

8th. Up, and at my office all the morning, doing business, and then at noon home to dinner all alone. Then to White Hall with Sir J. Minnes in his coach to attend the Duke of York upon our usual business, which was this day but little, and thence with Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw "The Unfortunate Lovers,"[4] no extraordinary play, methinks, and thence I to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder,[5] which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of

[1] He died the same day, April 7th.

[2] Frances Davenport, the eldest sister of Elizabeth Davenport, the famous Roxalana. In previous editions the name has been printed incorrectly as Davenant.

[3] Charles Hart (see note, *ante*, August 26th, 1667). This name has been printed in previous editions as Hall.

[4] A tragedy by Sir W. Davenant (see March 7th, 1663-64).

[5] The recorder was a reed instrument, but on the side near the

it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me. Thence home, and to visit Mrs. Turner, where among other talk, Mr. Foly and her husband being there, she did tell me of young Captain Holmes's[1] marrying of Pegg Lowther[2] last Saturday by stealth, which I was sorry for, he being an idle rascal, and proud, and worth little, I doubt; and she a mighty pretty, well-disposed lady, and good fortune. Her mother and friends take on mightily; but the sport is, Sir Robert Holmes do seem to be mad too with his brother, and will disinherit him, saying that he hath ruined himself, marrying below himself, and to his disadvantage; whereas, I said, in this company, that I had married a sister lately,[3] with little above half that portion, that he should have kissed her breech before he should have had her, which, if R. Holmes should hear, would make a great quarrel; but it is true I am heartily sorry for the poor girl that is undone by it. So home to my chamber, to be fingering of my Recorder, and getting of the scale of musique without book, which I at last see is necessary for a man that would understand musique, as it is now taught to understand, though it be a ridiculous and troublesome way, and I know I shall be able hereafter to show the world a simpler way; but, like the old hypotheses in philosophy, it must be learned, though a man knows a better. Then to supper, and to bed. This morning Mr. Christopher Pett's widow and daughter come to me, to desire my help to the King and Duke of York, and I did promise, and do pity her.[4]

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, then at noon home to dinner with my people, and so to the office again writing of my letters, and then abroad to my booksellers, and up and down to the Duke of York's play-

mouth-piece there was a hole covered with a piece of bladder, which modified the quality of the sound.

[1] Afterwards Sir John Holmes, Governor of Usk Castle. His grandson, Thomas, was created Lord Holmes of Kilmallock.

[2] Margaret, sister of Anthony Lowther, who had married Margaret Penn. The marriage licence of John Holmes, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, bachelor, about 28, and Margaret Lowther of the same, spinster, aged 20, is dated April 6th, 1668 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 702).

[3] Paulina, lately married to Mr. Jackson.

[4] See note, *ante*, March 24th.

house, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out[1] towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys. And there I left them coming forth, and I to the New Exchange, there to meet Mrs. Burroughs, and did take her in a carosse and carry elle towards the Park, kissing her . . . , but did not go into any house, but come back and set her down at White Hall, and did give her wrapt in paper for my Valentine's gift for the last year before this, which I never did yet give her anything for, twelve half-crowns, and so back home and there to my office, where come a packet from the Downes from my brother Balty, who, with Harman, is arrived there, of which this day come the first news. And now the Parliament will be satisfied, I suppose, about the business they have so long desired between Brouncker[2] and Harman[3] about not prosecuting the first victory. Balty is very well, and I hope hath performed his work well, that I may get him into future employment. I wrote to him this night, and so home, and there to the perfecting my getting the scale of musique without book, which I have done to perfection backward and forward, and so to supper and to bed.

10th (Friday).[4] All the morning at Office. At noon with W. Pen to Duke of York, and attended Council. So to piper and Duck Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife, and bought Legend.[5] So home, coach. Sailor. Mrs. Hannan dead. News of Peace. Conning my gamut.

[1] Davenant's house adjoined the theatre.

[2] Henry Brouncker.

[3] The proceedings against Harman will be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, April 17th, 1668. — B.

[4] The entries from April 10th to April 19th are transcribed from three leaves (six pages) of rough notes, which are inserted in the MS. Eight pages are left blank for the insertion of the amplified Diary; but apparently Pepys never found time to write up the missing entries, and therefore inserted the rough notes when he came to bind the Diary. These notes are interesting as showing how the journals were compiled. It will be seen that the rough notes were made to serve for a sort of account book, but the amounts paid are not registered in the fair copy.

[5] Probably the "Golden Legend" of Jac. de Voragine; there were several early editions of the English version. — B.

12th (Sunday). Dined at Brouncker's, and saw the new book. Peace. Cutting away sails.

13th (Monday). Spent at Michel's *6d.*; in the Folly,[1] *1s.*; oysters *1s.*; coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, *1s.*; thence to Commissioners of Treasury, and so to Westminster Hall by water, *6d.* With G. Montagu and Roger Pepys, and spoke with Birch and Vaughan, all in trouble about the prize business. So to Lord Crew's (calling for a low pipe by the way), where Creed and G. M. and G. C. come, *1s.* So with Creed to a play. Little laugh, *4s.* Thence towards the Park by coach *2s. 6d.* Come home, met with order of Commissioners of Accounts, which put together with the rest vexed me, and so home to supper and to bed.

14th (Tuesday). Up betimes by water to the Temple. In the way read the Narrative about prizes; and so to Lord Crew's bedside, and then to Westminster, where I hear Pen is, and sent for by messenger last night. Thence to Commissioners of Accounts and there examined, and so back to Westminster Hall, where all the talk of committing all to the Tower, and Creed and I to the Quaker's, dined together. Thence to the House, where rose about four o'clock; and, with much ado, Pen got to Thursday to bring in his answer; so my Lord escapes to-day. Thence with Godage and G. Montagu to G. Carteret's, and there sat their dinner-time: and hear myself, by many Parliament-men, mightily commended. Thence to a play, "Love's Cruelty," and so to my Lord Crew's, who glad of this day's time got, and so home, and there office, and then home to supper and to bed, my eyes being the better upon leaving drinking at night. Water, *1s.* Porter, *6d.* Water, *6d.* Dinner, *3s. 6d.* Play part, *2s.* Oranges, *1s.* Home coach, *1s. 6d.*

15th. After playing a little upon my new little flageolet, that is so soft that pleases me mightily, betimes to my office, where most of the morning. Then by coach, *1s.*, and meeting Lord Brouncker, 'light at the Exchange, and thence by water to White Hall, *1s.*, and there to the Chapel, expecting wind musick: and to the Harp-and-Ball, and drank all alone, *2d.* Back, and to the fiddling-concert, and heard a practice mighty good of Grebus, and thence to Westminster

[1] The Folly was a floating house of entertainment on the Thames, which at this time was a fashionable resort.

Hall, where all cry out that the House will be severe with Pen; but do hope well concerning the buyers, that we shall have no difficulty, which God grant! Here met Creed, and, about noon, he and I, and Sir P. Neale to the Quaker's, and there dined with a silly Executor of Bishop Juxon's, and cozen Roger Pepys. Business of money goes on slowly in the House. Thence to White Hall by water, and there with the Duke of York a little, but stayed not, but saw him and his lady at his little pretty chapel, where I never was before: but silly devotion, God knows! Thence I left Creed, and to the King's playhouse, into a corner of the 18*d.* box, and there saw "The Maid's Tragedy,"[1] a good play. Coach, 1*s.*: play and oranges, 2*s.* 6*d.* Creed come, dropping presently here, but he did not see me, and come to the same place, nor would I be seen by him. Thence to my Lord Crew's, and there he come also after, and there with Sir T. Crew bemoaning my Lord's folly in leaving his old interest, by which he hath now lost all. An ill discourse in the morning of my Lord's being killed, but this evening Godolphin tells us here that my Lord is well. Thence with Creed to the Cock alehouse, and there spent 6*d.*, and so by coach home, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and so to bed.

16th. Th[ursday]. Greeting's book, 1*s.* Begun this day to learn the Recorder. To the office, where all the morning. Dined with my clerks: and merry at Sir W. Pen's crying yesterday, as they say, to the King, that he was his martyr. So to White Hall by coach to Commissioners of [the] Treasury about certificates, but they met not, 2*s.* To Westminster by water. To Westminster Hall, where I hear W. Pen is ordered to be impeached, 6*d.* There spoke with many, and particularly with G. Montagu: and went with him and Creed to his house, where he told how W. Pen hath been severe to Lord Sandwich; but the Coventrys both labouring to save him, by laying it on Lord Sandwich, which our friends cry out upon, and I am silent, but do believe they did it as the only way to save him. It could not be carried to commit him. It is thought the House do coole: W. Coventry's being for him, provoked Sir R. Howard and his party; Court, all for W. Pen. Thence to White Hall, but no

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher (see note, *ante*, May 16th, 1661).

meeting of the Commissioners, and there met Mr. Hunt, and thence to Mrs. Martin's, and there did what I would, she troubled for want of employ for her husband, spent on her 1*s.* Thence to the Hall to walk awhile and ribbon, spent 1*s.* So [to] Lord Crew's, and there with G. Carteret and my Lord to talk, and they look upon our matters much the better, and by this and that time is got, 1*s.* So to the Temple late, and by water, by moonshine, home, 1*s.* Cooks, 6*d.* Wrote my letters to my Lady Sandwich, and so home, where displeased to have my maid bring her brother, a countryman, to lye there, and so to bed.

17th (Friday). Called up by Balty's coming, who gives me a good account of his voyage, and pleases me well, and I hope hath got something. This morning paid the Royall Society £1 6*s.*, and so to the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my people, and there much pretty discourse of Balty's. So by coach to White Hall: the coachman on Ludgate Hill 'lighted, and beat a fellow with a sword, 2*s.* 6*d.* Did little business with the Duke of York. Hear that the House is upon the business of Harman, who, they say, takes all on himself. Thence, with Brouncker, to the King's house, and saw "The Surprizall," where base singing, only Knepp,[1] who come, after her song in the clouds, to me in the pit, and there, oranges, 2*s.* After the play, she, and I, and Rolt, by coach, 6*s.* 6*d.*, to Kensington, and there to the Grotto, and had admirable pleasure with their singing, and fine ladies listening to us: with infinite pleasure, I enjoyed myself: so to the tavern there, and did spend 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the gardener 2*s.* Mighty merry, and sang all the way to the town, a most pleasant evening, moonshine, and set them at her house in Covent Garden, and I home and to bed.

18th (Saturday). Up, and my bookseller brought home books, bound — the binding comes to 17*s.* Advanced to my maid Bridget £1. Sir W. Pen at the Office, seemingly merry. Do hear this morning that Harman is committed by the Parliament last night, the day he come up, which is hard; but he took all upon himself first, and then when a witness come in to say otherwise, he would have retracted; and the House took it so ill, they would commit him. Thence

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard. Mrs. Knepp played Emelia.

home to dinner with my clerks, and so to White Hall by water, 1*s*., and there a short Committee for Tangier, and so I to the King's playhouse, 1*s*., and to the play of the "Duke of Lerma," 2*s*. 6*d*., and oranges, 1*s*. Thence by coach to Westminster, 1*s*., and the House just up, having been about money business, 1*s*. So home by coach, 3*s*., calling in Duck Lane, and did get Des Cartes' Musique in English,[1] and so home and wrote my letters, and then to my chamber to save my eyes, and to bed.

19th (Sunday). Lay long. Roger Pepys and his son come, and to Church with me, where W. Pen was, and did endeavour to shew himself to the Church. Then home to dinner, and Roger Pepys did tell me the whole story of Harman, how he prevaricated, and hath undoubtedly been imposed on, and wheedled; and he is called the miller's man that, in Richard the Third's time, was hanged for his master.[2] So after dinner I took them by water to White Hall, taking in a very pretty woman at Paul's Wharf, and

[1] "Musicæ Compendium, translated by a Person of Honour. London, 1653." 4to. This work of Descartes was translated by Viscount Brouncker.

[2] The story alluded to by Pepys, which belongs not to the reign of Richard III., but to that of Edward VI., occurred during a seditious outbreak at Bodmin, in Cornwall, and is thus related by Holinshed: "At the same time, and neare the same place [Bodmin], dwelled a miller, that had beene a greate dooer in that rebellion, for whom also Sir Anthonie Kingston sought: but the miller being thereof warned, called a good tall fellow that he had to his servant, and said unto him, 'I have business to go from home; if anie therefore come to ask for me, saie thou art the owner of the mill, and the man for whom they shall so aske, and that thou hast kept this mill for the space of three yeares; but in no wise name me.' The servant promised his maister so to doo. And shortlie after, came Sir Anthonie Kingston to the miller's house, and calling for the miller, the servant came forth, and answered that he was the miller. 'How long,' quoth Sir Anthonie, 'hast thou kept this mill?' He answered, 'Three years.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'come on: thou must go with me;' and caused his men to laie hands on him, and to bring him to the next tree, saieing to him, 'Thou hast been a busie knave, and therefore here shalt thou hang.' Then cried the fellow out, and saide that he was not the miller, but the miller's man. 'Well, then,' said Sir Anthonie, 'thou art a false knave to be in two tales: therefore,' said he, 'hang him up;' and so incontinentlie hanged he was indeed. After he was dead, one that was present told Sir Anthonie, 'Surelie, sir, this was but the miller's man.'—'What then!' said he, 'could he ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?'"—B.

there landed we, and I left Roger Pepys and to St. Margaret's Church, and there saw Betty, and so to walk in the Abbey with Sir John Talbot,[1] who would fain have pumped me about the prizes, but I would not let him, and so to walk towards Michell's to see her, but could not, and so to Martin's, and her husband was at home, and so took coach and to the Park, and thence home and to bed betimes. Water 1*s*., coach 5*s*. Balty borrowed £2.

20th. Up betimes and to the getting ready my answer to the Committee of Accounts to several questions, which makes me trouble, though I know of no blame due to me from any, let them enquire what they can out.[2] I to White Hall, and there hear how Henry Brouncker is fled, which, I think, will undo him: but what good it will do Harman I know not, he hath so befooled himself; but it will be good sport to my Lord Chancellor to hear how his great enemy is fain to take the same course that he is. There met Robinson, who tells me that he fears his master, W. Coventry, will this week have his business brought upon the stage again, about selling of places, which I shall be sorry for, though the less, since I hear his standing for Pen the other day, to the prejudice, though not to the wrong, of my Lord Sandwich; and yet I do think what he did, he did out of a principle of honesty. Thence to Committee of Accounts, and delivered my paper, and had little discourse, and was unwilling to stay long with them to enter into much, but away and glad to be from them, though very civil to me, but cunning and close I see they are. So to Westminster Hall, and there find the Parliament upon the Irish business, where going into the Speaker's chamber I did hear how plainly one lawyer of counsel for the complainants did inveigh by name against all the late Commissioners there. Thence with Creed, thinking, but failed, of dining with Lord Crew, and so he and I to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence home by coach,

[1] See January 17th, *ante*.

[2] The first part of the entry for April 20th is among the rough notes, and stands as follows: "Monday 20. Up and busy about answer to Committee of Accounts this morning about several questions which vexed me though in none I have reason to be troubled. But the business of The Flying Greyhound begins to find me some care, though in that I am wholly void of blame." This may be compared with the text.

and so with Jack Fenn to the Chamberlain of London to look after the state of some Navy assignments that are in his hands, and thence away, and meeting Sir William Hooker,[1] the Alderman, he did cry out mighty high against Sir W. Pen for his getting such an estate, and giving £15,000 with his daughter, which is more, by half, than ever he did give; but this the world believes, and so let them. Thence took coach and I all alone to Hyde Park (passing through Duck Lane among the booksellers, only to get a sight of the pretty little woman I did salute the other night, and did in passing), and so all the evening in the Park, being a little unwilling to be seen there, and at night home, and there to W. Pen's and sat and talked there with his wife and children a good while, he being busy in his closet, I believe preparing his defence in Parliament, and so home to bed.

21st. Up, and at the office all the morning, at noon dined at home, and thence took Mrs. Turner out and carried her to the King's house, and saw "The Indian Emperour;" and after that done, took Knepp out, and to Kensington; and there walked in the garden, and then supped, and mighty merry, there being also in the house Sir Philip Howard, and some company, and had a dear reckoning, but merry, and away, it being quite night, home, and dark, about 9 o'clock or more, and in my coming had the opportunity the first time in my life to be bold with Knepp . . . , and so left her at home, and so Mrs. Turner and I home to my letters and to bed. Here hear how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was read, and agreed to, in the House this day, and ordered to be engrossed; and he suspended[2] the House: Harman set at liberty; and Brouncker put out of the House, and a writ for a new election,[3] and an impeachment ordered to be brought in against him, he being fled.[4]

[1] Sir William Hooker, grocer. Sheriff of London in 1665, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor in 1674. His daughter was Anne, who married Sir John Lethieulier, of Sutton Place, Kent, Sheriff of London in 1674. — B.

[2] From sitting as a member pending the impeachment. — B.

[3] At Romney, which Henry Brouncker represented. — B.

[4] Sir Charles Berkeley, jun., was chosen in his room. In the sea-fight off Southwold Bay on June 3rd, 1665, the English triumphed over the Dutch, but the very considerable victory was not followed up. During the night, while the Duke of York slept, Henry Brouncker, his

22nd. Up, and all the morning at my office busy. At noon, it being washing day, I toward White Hall, and stopped and dined all alone at Hercules Pillars, where I was mighty pleased to overhear a woman talk to her counsel how she had troubled her neighbours with law, and did it very roguishly and wittily. Thence to White Hall, and there we attended the Duke of York as usual; and I did present Mrs. Pett, the widow, and her petition to the Duke of York, for some relief from the King. Here was to-day a proposition made to the Duke of York by Captain Von Hemskirke for £20,000, to discover an art how to make a ship go two foot for one what any ship do now, which the King inclines to try, it costing him nothing to try; and it is referred to us to contract with the man. Thence to attend the Council about the business of certificates to the Exchequer, where the Commissioners of the Treasury of different minds, some would, and my Lord Ashly would not have any more made out, and carried it there should not. After done here, and the Council up, I by water from the Privy-stairs to Westminster Hall; and, taking water, the King and the Duke of York were in the new buildings; and the Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, "To wait on our maisters at Westminster;" at which he and all the company laughed; but I was sorry and troubled for it afterwards, for fear any Parliament-man should have been there; and will be a caution to me for the time to come. Met with Roger Pepys, who tells me they have been on the business of money, but not ended yet, but will take up more time. So to the fishmonger's, and bought a couple of lobsters, and over to the 'sparagus garden, thinking to have met Mr. Pierce, and his wife and Knepp; but met their servant coming to bring me to Chatelin's, the French house, in Covent Garden, and there with musick and good com-

groom of the bedchamber, ordered the lieutenant to shorten sail, by which means the progress of the whole fleet was retarded, the Duke of York's being the leading ship. The duke affirmed that he first heard of Brouncker's unjustifiable action in July, and yet he kept the culprit in his service for nearly two years after the offence had come to his knowledge. After Brouncker had been dismissed from the duke's service, the House of Commons ejected him. The whole matter is one of the unsolved difficulties of history. See Lister's "Life of Clarendon," ii., 334, 335.

pany, Manuel and his wife, and one Swaddle, a clerk of Lord Arlington's, who dances, and speaks French well, but got drunk, and was then troublesome, and here mighty merry till ten at night, and then I away, and got a coach, and so home, where I find Balty and his wife come to town, and did sup with them, and so they to bed. This night the Duke of Monmouth and a great many blades were at Chatelin's, and I left them there, with a hackney-coach attending him.

23rd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon comes Knepp and Mrs. Pierce, and her daughter, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and shewed them all to be seen there, and, among other things, the Crown and Scepters and rich plate, which I myself never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cocke alehouse,[1] and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knepp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the King's coronation-day. And there she and I drank; . . . . and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and, walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruines at St. Dunstan's, I was met by two rogues with clubs, who come towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the wall, and got well home, and to bed weary, but pleased at my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expence, and time I lose.

24th. Up betimes, and by water to White Hall, to the Duke of York, and there hear that this day Hollis and Temple purpose to bring in the petition against Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for, but hope he will get out of it. Here I presented Mrs. Pett and her condition to Mr. Wren for his favour, which he promised us. Thence to

[1] The famous Cock tavern (formerly the Cock and Bottle) in Fleet Street, opposite Middle Temple Gate, was pulled down to make room for the Law Courts branch of the Bank of England (erected 1888). Some of the old fittings were removed to No. 22 on the south side of the street, where the revived Cock was opened in 1888.

Lord Brouncker and sat and talked with him, who thinks the Parliament will, by their violence and delay in money matters, force the King to run any hazard, and dissolve them. Thence to Ducke Lane, and there did overlook a great many of Monsieur Fouquet's[1] library, that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish [work], "Los Illustres Varones."[2] Here did I endeavour to see my pretty woman that I did baiser in las tenebras a little while depuis. And did find her sola in the book[shop], but had not la confidence para aller à elle. So lost my pains. But will another time, and so home and to my office, and then to dinner. After dinner down to the Old Swan, and by the way called at Michell's, and there did see Betty, and that was all, for either she is shy or foolish, and su mardi hath no mind para laiser me see su moher. To White Hall by water, and there did our business with the Duke of York, which was very little, only here I do hear the Duke of York tell how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was brought into the House of Lords to-day; and spoke with great kindness of him: and that the Lords would not commit him till they could find precedent for it, and did incline to favour him. Thence to the King's play-

[1] Nicholas Fouquet, "Surintendant des Finances" in France. Most of the great libraries contain some of his books, distinguished by his arms. He had been disgraced, and imprisoned in 1661. Voltaire mentions that Fouquet had built at Vaux (now Villars) a house which surpassed in magnificence any palace belonging to Louis XIV., prior to the erection of Versailles, and caused much envy to all the Court, especially to Colbert. "On voyait partout dans cette maison les armes et la devise de Fouquet; c'est un ecureuil, avec ces paroles, *Quò non ascendam?* 'Où ne monterai-je point?' Le Roi se les fit expliquer. L'ambition de cette devise ne servit pas à apaiser le monarque. Les courtisans remarquèrent que l'ecureuil était peint partout poursuivi par un couleuvre, qui était les armes de Colbert!" Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680, after nineteen years' incarceration; and whilst Pepys was buying his books in London, Colbert had become prime minister in France, and Colbert's brother ambassador in England. The *viper* had caught the *squirrel!* — B.

[2] Probably "Los Claros Varones," "The Celebrated Men," of Fernando del Pulgar, historiographer to Isabella and Ferdinand. He was ambitious to be thought the Plutarch of his nation, whence the title of his book. However, the book meant by Pepys may be, "Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo, descubridores, conquistadores, pacificadores de las Indias Occidentales," by Fernando Pizarro y Orellana; printed at Madrid in 1639. — B.

house, and there saw a piece of "Beggar's Bush," which I have not seen some years, and thence home, and there to Sir W. Pen's and supped and sat talking there late, having no where else to go, and my eyes too bad to read right, and so home to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to my Lord Brouncker, and with him all of us to my Lord Ashly to satisfy him about the reason of what we do or have done in the business of the tradesmen's certificates, which he seems satisfied with, but is not, but I believe we have done what we can justify, and he hath done what he cannot in stopping us to grant them, and I believe it will come into Parliament and make trouble. So home and there at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Marr-all," which, the more I see, the more I like, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with Roger Pepys; and he tells me that nothing hath lately passed about my Lord Sandwich, but only Sir Robert Carr did speak hardly of him. But it is hoped that nothing will be done more, this meeting of Parliament, which the King did, by a message yesterday, declare again, should rise the 4th of May, and then only adjourne for three months: and this message being only adjournment, did please them mightily, for they are desirous of their power mightily. Thence homeward by the Coffee House in Covent Garden, thinking to have met Harris here but could not, and so home, and there, after my letters, I home to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed.[1] This day I did first put off my waste-coate, the weather being very hot, but yet lay in it at night, and shall, for a little time.

26th (Lord's day). Lay long, and then up and to Church, and so home, where there come and dine with me Harris, Rolt, and Bannister, and one Bland, that sings well also, and very merry at dinner, and, after dinner, to sing all the afternoon. But when all was done, I did begin to think that the pleasure of these people was not worth so often charge and cost to me, as it hath occasioned me. They being gone I and Balty walked as far as Charing Cross, and there got a coach and to Hales's the painter, thinking to have found

[1] Balty St. Michel and his wife.

Harris sitting there for his picture, which is drawing for me. But he, and all this day's company, and Hales, were got to the Crown tavern, at next door, and thither I to them and stayed a minute, leaving Captain Grant telling pretty stories of people that have killed themselves, or been accessory to it, in revenge to other people, and to mischief other people, and thence with Hales to his house, and there did see his beginning of Harris's picture, which I think will be pretty like, and he promises a very good picture. Thence with Balty away and got a coach and to Hide Park, and there up and down and did drink some milk at the Lodge, and so home and to bed.

27th. Up, and Captain Deane come to see me, and he and I toward Westminster together, and I set him down at White Hall, while I to Westminster Hall, and up to the Lords' House, and there saw Sir W. Pen go into the House of Lords, where his impeachment was read to him, and he used mighty civilly, the Duke of York being there; and two days hence, at his desire, he is to bring in his answer, and a day then to be appointed for his being heard with Counsel. Thence down into the Hall, and with Creed and Godolphin walked; and do hear that to-morrow is appointed, upon a motion on Friday last, to discourse the business of my Lord Sandwich, moved by Sir R. Howard, that he should be sent for, home; and I fear it will be ordered. Certain news come, I hear, this day, that the Spanish Plenipotentiary[1] in Flanders will not agree to the peace and terms we and the Dutch have made for him and the King of France; and by this means the face of things may be altered, and we forced to join with the French against Spain, which will be an odd thing. At noon with Creed to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; and here was a very fine-skinned lady dined, the daughter of my Lord Roberts, and also a fine Lady, Mr. John Parkhurst his wife, that was but a boy the other day. And after dinner there comes in my Lady Roberts herself,[2]

[1] The Baron de Bergeick? — B.

[2] Letitia Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, of Kent. Lord Robartes's first wife was Lady Lucy, daughter of Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, the mother of Robert Robartes, here mentioned, who had married Sarah, daughter and heir of John Bodvile, of Bodvile Castle, in Caernarvonshire. He died, s. p., in 1681, while ambassador

and with her Mr. Roberts's daughter, that was Mrs. Boddevill, the great beauty, and a fine lady indeed, the first time I saw her. My Lord Crew, and Sir Thomas, and I, and Creed, all the afternoon debating of my Lord Sandwich's business, against to-morrow, and thence I to the King's playhouse, and there saw most of "The Cardinall," a good play, and thence to several places to pay my debts, and then home, and there took a coach and to Mile End to take a little ayre, and thence home to Sir W. Pen's, where I supped, and sat all the evening; and being lighted homeward by Mrs. Markham, I blew out the candle and kissed her, and so home to bed.

28th. Up betimes, and to Sir W. Coventry's by water, but lost my labour, so through the Park to White Hall, and thence to my Lord Crew's to advise again with him about my Lord Sandwich, and so to the office, where till noon, and then I by coach to Westminster Hall, and there do understand that the business of religion, and the Act against Conventicles, have so taken them up all this morning, and do still, that my Lord Sandwich's business is not like to come on today, which I am heartily glad of. This law against Conventicles is very severe; but Creed, whom I met here, do tell me that, it being moved that Papists' meetings might be included, the House was divided upon it, and it was carried in the negative; which will give great disgust to the people, I doubt. Thence with Creed to Hercules Pillars by the Temple again, and there dined he and I all alone, and thence to the King's house, and there did see "Love in a Maze," wherein very good mirth of Lacy, the clown, and Wintersell,[1] the country-knight, his master. Thence to the New Exchange to pay a debt of my wife's there, and so home, and there to the office and walk in the garden in the dark to ease my eyes, and so home to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and to my office, where all the morning busy. At noon dined at home, and my clerks with me, and thence

to Denmark, having assumed the title of Viscount Bodmin, upon his father's elevation to the earldom of Radnor, in 1679. — B. See note, May 3rd, 1664.

[1] William Wintershall, or Wintersell, was one of the original actors under Killigrew, at Drury Lane, and played the king in "The Humourous Lieutenant," at the opening of that theatre. He was also Sir Amo-

I to White Hall, and there do hear how Sir W. Pen hath delivered in his answer; and the Lords have sent it down to the Commons, but they have not yet read it, nor taken notice of it, so as, I believe, they will by design defer it till they rise, that so he, by lying under an impeachment, may be prevented in his going to sea, which will vex him, and trouble the Duke of York. Did little business with the Duke of York, and then Lord Brouncker and I to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "Love in a Tubb;" and, after the play done, I stepped up to Harris's dressing-room, where I never was, and there I observe much company come to him, and the Witts, to talk, after the play is done, and to assign meetings. Mine was to talk about going down to see "The Resolution,"[1] and so away, and thence to Westminster Hall, and there met with Mr. G. Montagu, and walked and talked; who tells me that the best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay, and recommended it to me, in my friends' business and my own, if I have any; and is that, that Sir W. Coventry do take, and will secure himself; that the King will deliver up all to the Parliament; and being petitioned the other day by Mr. Brouncker to protect him, with teares in his eyes, the King did say he could not, and bid him shift for himself, at least till the House is up. Thence I away to White Hall, and there took coach home with a stranger I let into the coach, to club with me for it, he going into London, I set him down at the lower end of Cheapside, and I home, and to Sir W. Pen's, and there sat, and by and by, it being now about nine o'clock at night, I heard Mercer's voice, and my boy Tom's singing in the garden, which pleased me mightily, I longing to see the girl, having not seen her since my wife went; and so into the garden to her and sang, and then home to supper, and mightily pleased

rous in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman;" Subtle in the "Alchemist;" the king in "Henry the Fourth," &c. Downes ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 17) says, "Mr. Wintersell was good in tragedy, as well as in comedy, especially in Cokes, in 'Bartholomew Fair,' that the famous comedian, Nokes, came, in that part, far short of him." He was an excellent instructor, and died in July, 1679. One of his best comic parts, to the last, was Master Slender, which John Dennis praises highly.

[1] "April 2. 'The Resolution,' a new ship, is rigging at Harwich." "May 6. 'The Resolution' has sailed to Erith." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667–68, pp. 324, 377.

with her company, in talking and singing, and so parted, and to bed.

30th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon Sir J. Minnes and I to the Dolphin Tavern, there to meet our neighbours, all of the Parish, this being procession-day, to dine. And did; and much very good discourse; they being, most of them, very able merchants as any in the City: Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Vandeputt,[1] Sir John Fredericke, Harrington, and others. They talked with Mr. Mills about the meaning of this day, and the good uses of it; and how heretofore, and yet in several places, they do whip a boy[2] at each place they stop at in their procession. Thence I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," which still pleases me mightily, and thence to the New Exchange, and then home, and in the way stopped to talk with Mr. Brisband, who gives me an account of the rough usage Sir G. Carteret and his Counsel had the other day, before the Commissioners of Accounts, and what I do believe we shall all of us have, in a greater degree than any he hath had yet with them, before their three years are out, which are not yet begun, nor God knows when they will, this being like to be no session of Parliament, when they now rise. So home, and there took up Mrs. Turner and carried her to Mile End and drank, and so back talking, and so home and to bed, I being mighty cold, this being a mighty cold day, and I had left off my waistcoat three or four days. This evening, coming home in the dusk, I saw and spoke to our Nell, Pain's daughter, and had I not been very cold I should have taken her to Tower hill para together et toker her. Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expence; and some trouble for my friends, my Lord Sandwich, by the Parliament, and more for my eyes, which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost any thing. The Parliament going in a few days to rise; myself so long without accounting now, for seven or eight months, I think, or more, that I know not what condition almost I am in, as to getting or spending for all that time, which troubles me, but I will soon do it. The kingdom

[1] Was this Benjamin Vandeputt, draper, Sheriff of London in 1685? —B.

[2] See note, May 23rd, 1661.

in an ill state through poverty; a fleete going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again; our Office able to do little, nobody trusting us, nor we desiring any to trust us, and yet have not money for any thing, but only what particularly belongs to this fleete going out, and that but lamely too. The Parliament several months upon an Act for £300,000, but cannot or will not agree upon it, but do keep it back, in spite of the King's desires to hasten it, till they can obtain what they have a mind, in revenge upon some men for the late ill managements; and he is forced to submit to what they please, knowing that, without it, he shall have no money, and they as well, that, if they give the money, the King will suffer them to do little more; and then the business of religion do disquiet every body, the Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists, while the King seems to be willing to countenance them. So we are all poor, and in pieces — God help us! while the peace is like to go on between Spain and France; and then the French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us![1]

[1] Here ends the fifth volume of the original MS.

END OF VOL. VII.

VOL. VIII.

May 1st, 1668.

Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. Then to Westminster Hall, and there met Sir W. Pen, who labours to have his answer to his impeachment, and sent down from the Lords' House, read by the House of Commons; but they are so busy on other matters, that he cannot, and thereby will, as he believes, by design, be prevented from going to sea this year. Here met my cozen Thomas Pepys of Deptford, and took some turns with him; who is mightily troubled for this Act now passed against Conventicles, and in few words, and sober, do lament the condition we are in, by a negligent Prince and a mad Parliament. Thence I by coach to the Temple, and there set him down, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dine, but he not being at home, I back again to the New Exchange a little, and thence back again to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall:" and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top, it being a very foul day, and cold, so as there are few I believe go to the Park to-day, if any. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there I understand how the Houses of Commons and Lords are like to disagree very much, about the business of the East India Company and one Skinner;[1] to the latter of which the Lords have

[1] The dispute here alluded to had its origin in a petition against the East India Company, presented to the Peers by Thomas Skinner, a merchant, which led to the memorable quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament upon a question of privilege. The particulars of the case are detailed in Lingard's "History of England," vol. xii., p. 234, fourth

awarded £5,000 from the former, for some wrong done him heretofore; and the former appealing to the Commons, the Lords vote their petition a libell; and so there is like to follow very hot work. Thence by water, not being able to get a coach, nor boat but a sculler, and that with company, it being so foul a day, to the Old Swan, and so home, and there spent the evening, making Balty read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon with Lord Brouncker in his coach as far as the Temple, and there 'light and to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, at a little past twelve, to get a good place in the pit, against the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out, and spent an hour at Martin's, my bookseller's, and so back again, where I find the house quite full. But I had my place, and by and by the King comes and the Duke of York; and then the play begins, called "The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents,"[1] having many good humours in it, but the play tedious, and no design at all in it. But a little boy, for a farce, do dance Polichinelli, the best that ever anything was done in the world, by all men's report: most pleased with that, beyond anything in the world, and much beyond all the play. Thence to the King's house to see Knepp, but the play done; and so I took a hackney alone, and to the park, and there spent the evening, and to the lodge, and drank new milk. And so home to the Office, ended my letters, and, to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where I saw Sir A. Rickard, though he be under the Black Rod, by order of the Lords' House, upon the quarrel between the East India Company and Skinner, which is like to come to a very great

edition. The session was prorogued without the matter being settled, and the dispute was only adjusted in 1670 by the Peers consenting to the expedient proposed by the Commons, that a general razure should be made of all the transactions relating to the disputed point. Anchitel Grey, in his "Debates," vol. i., p. 150, speaking of the quarrel between the two Houses, states, that in order to reconcile them, the king recommended the entries relating thereto should be erased from their journals. Grey, however, has preserved an account of this memorable case. — B.

[1] A comedy by Thomas Shadwell, published in 1668.

heat between the two Houses.[1] At noon comes Mr. Mills and his wife, and Mr. Turner and his wife, by invitation to dinner, and we were mighty merry, and a very pretty dinner, of my Bridget and Nell's dressing, very handsome. After dinner to church again. . . . So home and with Sir W. Pen took a hackney, and he and I to Old Street, to a brewhouse there, to see Sir Thomas Teddiman, who is very ill in bed of a fever, got, I believe, by the fright the Parliament have put him into, of late. But he is a good man, a good seaman, and stout. Thence Pen and I to Islington, and there, at the old house, eat, and drank, and merry, and there by chance giving two pretty fat boys each of them a cake, they proved to be Captain Holland's children, whom therefore I pity. So round by Hackney home, having good discourse, he [Pen] being very open to me in his talk, how the King ought to dissolve this Parliament, when the Bill of Money is passed, they being never likely to give him more; how he [the King] hath great opportunity of making himself popular by stopping this Act against Conventicles; and how my Lord Lieutenant[2] of Ireland, if the Parliament continue, will undoubtedly fall, he having managed that place with so much self-seeking, and disorder, and pleasure, and some great men are designing to overthrow [him], as, among the rest, my Lord Orrery; and that this will try the King mightily, he being a firm friend to my Lord Lieutenant. So home, and to supper a little, and then to bed, having stepped, after I come home, to Alderman Backewell's about business, and there talked a while with him and his wife, a fine woman of the country, and how they had bought an estate at Buckeworth,[3] within four miles of Brampton.

4th. Up betimes, and by water to Charing Cross, and so to W. Coventry, and there talked a little with him, and thence over the Park to White Hall, and there did a little business at the Treasury, and so to the Duke, and there present Balty to the Duke of York and a letter from the Board to him about him, and the Duke of York is mightily

[1] It is given at length in the parliamentary histories. — B.

[2] The Duke of Ormonde, Lord Lieutenant 1643–47, 1648–50, 1662–69, 1677–85.

[3] A parish in Huntingdonshire, seven miles N.W. of Huntingdon.

pleased with him, and I doubt not his continuance in employment, which I am glad of. Thence with Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster Hall talking, and he crying mightily out of the power the House of Lords usurps in this business of the East India Company. Thence away home and there did business, and so to dinner, my sister Michell and I, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Impertinents" again, and with less pleasure than before, it being but a very contemptible play, though there are many little witty expressions in it; and the pit did generally say that of it. Thence, going out, Mrs. Pierce called me from the gallery, and there I took her and Mrs. Corbet by coach up and down, and took up Captain Rolt in the street; and at last, it being too late to go to the Park, I carried them to the Beare in Drury Lane, and there did treat them with a dish of mackrell, the first I have seen this year, and another dish, and mighty merry; and so carried her home, and thence home myself, well pleased with this evening's pleasure, and so to bed.

5th. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner and Creed with me, and after dinner he and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, he and I up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemayne and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw "The Impertinents" once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the house do this day cry up the play more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better, too; by Sir Positive At-all, I understand, is meant Sir Robert Howard. My Lady [Castlemayne] pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemayne: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there met with cozen Roger, who

tells me of the great conference this day between the Lords and Commons, about the business of the East India Company, as being one of the weightiest conferences that hath been, and managed as weightily. I am heartily sorry I was not there, it being upon a mighty point of the privileges of the subjects of England, in regard to the authority of the House of Lords, and their being condemned by them as the Supreme Court, which, we say, ought not to be, but by appeal from other Courts. And he tells me that the Commons had much the better of them, in reason and history there quoted, and believes the Lords will let it fall. Thence to walk in the Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead, and so by water to the Old Swan, and thence home, and there a little at Sir W. Pen's, and so to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, and thence to White Hall, but come too late to see the Duke of York, with whom my business was, and so to Westminster Hall, where met with several people and talked with them, and among other things understand that my Lord St. John is meant by Mr. Woodcocke, in "The Impertinents."[1] Here met with Mrs. Washington, my old acquaintance of the Hall, whose husband has a place in the Excise at Windsor, and it seems lives well. I have not seen her these 8 or 9 years, and she begins to grow old, I perceive, visibly. So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself. This morning the House is upon the City Bill, and they say hath passed it, though I am sorry that I did not think to put somebody in mind of moving for the churches to be allotted according to the convenience of the people, and not to gratify this Bishop, or that College. Thence by water to the New Exchange, where bought a pair of shoe-strings, and so to Mr. Pierce's, where invited, and there was Knepp and Mrs. Foster, and here dined, but a poor, sluttish dinner, as usual, and so I could not be heartily merry at it: here

[1] "Whilst Positive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk."

Andrew Marvell's "Instructions to a painter," part iii., to which is subjoined the following note: "Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell, the brewer." — *Works*, ed. by Capt. E. Thompson, vol. iii., p. 405. — B.

saw her girl's picture, but it is mighty far short of her boy's, and not like her neither; but it makes Hales's picture of her boy appear a good picture. Thence to White Hall, walked with Brisband, who dined there also, and thence I back to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Virgin Martyr," and heard the musick that I like so well, and intended to have seen Knepp, but I let her alone; and having there done, went to Mrs. Pierce's back again, where she was, and there I found her on a pallet in the dark . . . , that is Knepp. And so to talk, and by and by did eat some curds and cream, and thence away home, and it being night, I did walk in the dusk up and down, round through our garden, over Tower Hill, and so through Crutched Friars, three or four times, and once did meet Mercer and another pretty lady, but being surprized I could say little to them, although I had an opportunity of pleasing myself with them, but left them, and then I did see our Nell, Payne's daughter, and her je did desire venir after me, and so elle did see me to Tower Hill to our back entry there that comes upon the degres entrant into nostra garden . . . , and so parted, and je home to put up things against to-morrow's carrier for my wife; and, among others, a very fine salmon-pie, sent me by Mr. Steventon, W. Hewer's uncle, and so to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thither I sent for Mercer to dine with me, and after dinner she and I called Mrs. Turner, and I carried them to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Man's the Master," which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. Thence called Knepp from the King's house, where going in for her, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed, off of the stage, and looks mighty fine, and pretty, and noble: and also Nell, in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But, Lord! their confidence! and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg,[1] that was Sir Charles Sidly's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest.

[1] Lord Braybrooke supposes this to be Margaret Hughes, but it seems scarcely possible that this actress, described as "newly come,"

Here took up Knepp into our coach, and all of us with her to her lodgings, and thither comes Bannister with a song of her's, that he hath set in Sir Charles Sidly's play for her,[1] which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo in "The Tempest," which pleases me mightily. Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house, and a seeming civil man, and sings pretty well, and they gone, we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden,[2] the first time I ever was there; and a pretty place it is, and here we eat and drank and stayed till 9 at night, and so home by moonshine. . . . And so set Mrs. Knepp at her lodgings, and so the rest, and I home talking with a great deal of pleasure, and so home to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Towards noon I to Westminster and there understand that the Lords' House did sit till eleven o'clock last night, about the business in difference between them and the Commons, in the matter of the East India Company. Here took a turn or two, and up to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; where Mr. Case, the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull. After dinner my Lord and I together. He tells me he hears that there are great disputes like to be at Court, between the factions of the two women, my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart,[3] who is now well again, and the King hath made several

could be the mistress of Prince Rupert, who was one of the original actresses of the King's Company, and was the first woman to act Desdemona.

[1] The song in Sir C. Sedley's play, "The Mulberry Garden," is "Ah, Cloris, that I now could sit;" the author of which, until within these few years, was supposed to be a Scotchman, from the circumstance of its having been sung to a Scotch air, called "Gilderoy." Banister's music to it has not been discovered. — B.

[2] Marylebone Gardens, situated in the fields at the back of the manor house, on ground now occupied by Beaumont Street and part of Devonshire Street. The carriage entrance was in High Street, Marylebone.

[3] The Duchess of Richmond, who had recently been ill of the smallpox. — B.

public visits to her, and like to come to Court: the other is to go to Barkeshire-house,[1] which is taken for her, and they say a Privy-Seal is passed for £5,000 for it. He believes all will come to ruin. Thence I to White Hall, where the Duke of York gone to the Lords' House, where there is to be a conference on the Lords' side to the Commons this afternoon, giving in their Reasons, which I would have been at, but could not; for, going by direction to the Prince's chamber,[2] there Brouncker, W. Pen, and Mr. Wren, and I, met, and did our business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! to see how this play[3] of Sir Positive At-all, in abuse of Sir Robert Howard, do take, all the Duke's and every body's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that of his playing at trap-ball is true, and told several other stories of him. This being done, Brouncker, Pen, and I to Brouncker's house, and there sat and talked, I asking many questions in mathematics to my Lord, which he do me the pleasure to satisfy me in, and here we drank and so spent an hour, and so W. Pen and I home, and after being with W. Pen at his house an hour, I home and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning we sat. Here I first hear that the Queene hath miscarryed of a perfect child, being gone about ten weeks, which do shew that she can conceive, though it be unfortunate that she cannot bring forth. Here we are told also that last night the Duchesse of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh.[4] Here we are told also that the House of Commons sat till five o'clock this morning, upon the business of the difference between the Lords and them, resolving to do something therein before they rise, to assert

[1] Subsequently named after the title of Cleveland conferred on Lady Castlemaine, and now preserved in the names of Cleveland Row and Cleveland Square. It stood on the site of the present Bridgewater House.

[2] "The Prince's Chamber stood on the north side of Palace Yard, and the Sovereigns passed through it in their way to the old House of Lords." — Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*. — B.

[3] "The Impertinents."

[4] She never recovered from this lameness. See May 15th, *post*. — B.

their privileges. So I at noon by water to Westminster, and there find the King hath waited in the Prince's chamber these two hours, and the Houses are not ready for him. The Commons having sent this morning, after their long debate therein the last night, to the Lords, that they do think the only expedient left to preserve unity between the two Houses is, that they do put a stop to any proceedings upon their late judgment against the East India Company, till their next meeting; to which the Lords returned answer that they would return answer to them by a messenger of their own,[1] which they not presently doing, they were all inflamed, and thought it was only a trick, to keep them in suspense till the King come to adjourne them; and, so, rather than lose the opportunity of doing themselves right, they presently with great fury come to this vote: "That whoever should assist in the execution of the judgment of the Lords against the Company, should be held betrayers of the liberties of the people of England, and of the privileges of that House." This the Lords had notice of, and were mad at it; and so continued debating without any design to yield to the Commons, till the King come in, and sent for the Commons, where the Speaker made a short but silly speech, about their giving Him £300,000; and then the several Bills, their titles were read, and the King's assent signified in the proper terms, according to the nature of the Bills, of which about three or four were public Bills, and seven or eight private ones, the additional Bills for the building of the City and the Bill against Conventicles being none of them. The King did make a short, silly speech, which he read, giving them thanks for the money, which now, he said, he did believe would be sufficient, because there was peace between his neighbours, which was a kind of a slur, methought, to the Commons; and that he was sorry for what he heard of difference between the two Houses, but that he hoped their recesse would put them into a way of accommodation; and so adjourned them to the 9th of August, and then recollected himself, and told them the 11th; so imperfect a speaker he is. So the Commons went to their House, and forthwith adjourned; and the

[1] The usual form at this day. — B.

Lords resumed their House, the King being gone, and sat an hour or two after, but what they did, I cannot tell; but every body expected they would commit Sir Andrew Rickard, Sir Samuel Barnardiston,[1] Mr. Boone, and Mr. Wynne, who were all there, and called in, upon their knees, to the bar of the House; and Sir John Robinson I left there, endeavouring to prevent their being committed to the Tower,[2] lest he should thereby be forced to deny their order, because of this vote of the Commons, whereof he is one, which is an odde case.[3] Thence I to the Rose Taverne in Covent Garden, and there sent for a pullet and dined all alone, being to meet Sir W. Pen, who by and by come, and he and I into the King's house, and there "The Mayd's Tragedy," a good play, but Knepp not there; and my head and eyes out of order, the first from my drinking wine at dinner, and the other from my much work in the morning. Thence parted, and I towards the New Exchange and there bought a pair of black silk stockings at the hosier's that hath the very pretty woman to his wife, about ten doors on this side of the 'Change, and she is indeed very pretty, but I think a notable talking woman by what I heard to others there. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I hear the Lords are up, but what they have done I know not, and so walked toward White Hall and thence by water to the Tower, and so home and there to my letters, and so to Sir W. Pen's, and there did talk with Mrs. Lowther, who is very kind to me, more than usual, and I will make use of it. She begins to draw very well, and I think do as well, if not better, than my wife, if it be true that she do it herself, what she shews me, and so to bed, and my head akeing all night with the wine I drank to-day, and my eyes ill. So lay long, my head pretty well in the morning.

[1] Sir Samuel Barnadiston (1620–1707), of Brightwell Hall, Suffolk, created a baronet May 11th, 1663, and described in the patent as of "irreproachable loyalty."

[2] Of which he was Deputy-Governor.

[3] This "odd case" was that of Thomas Skinner and the East India Company. According to Ralph, the Commons had ordered Skinner, the plaintiff, into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Lords did the same by Sir Samuel Barnadiston, deputy-governor of the company, as likewise Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Rowland Gwynn, and Mr. Christopher Boone. — B.

10th (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, there to do business till church time, when Mr. Shepley, newly come to town, come to see me, and we had some discourse of all matters, and particularly of my Lord Sandwich's concernments, and here did by the by as he would seem tell me that my Lady[1] had it in her thoughts, if she had occasion, to borrow £100 of me, which I did not declare any opposition to, though I doubt it will be so much lost. But, however, I will not deny my Lady, if she ask it, whatever comes of it, though it be lost; but shall be glad that it is no bigger sum. And yet it vexes me though, and the more because it brings into my head some apprehensions what trouble I may hereafter be brought to when my Lord comes home, if he should ask me to come into bonds with him, as I fear he will have occasions to make money, but I hope I shall have the wit to deny it. He being gone, I to church, and so home, and there comes W. Hewer and Balty, and by and by I sent for Mercer to come and dine with me, and pretty merry, and after dinner I fell to teach her "Canite Jehovæ," which she did a great part presently, and so she away, and I to church, and from church home with my Lady Pen; and, after being there an hour or so talking, I took her, and Mrs. Lowther, and old Mrs. Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water with great pleasure as far as Chelsy, and so back to Spring Garden, at Fox-hall, and there walked, and eat, and drank, and so to water again, and set down the old woman at home at Durham Yard:[2] and it raining all the way, it troubled us; but, however, my cloak kept us all dry, and so home, and at the Tower wharf there we did send for a pair of old shoes for Mrs. Lowther, and there I did pull the others off and put them on, elle being peu shy, but do speak con mighty kindness to me that she would desire me pour su mari if it were to be done. . . . Here staid a little at Sir W. Pen's, who was gone to bed, it being about eleven at night, and so I home to bed.

11th. Up, and to my office, where alone all the morning.

[1] Lady Sandwich.

[2] So called from the palace of the bishops of Durham from the thirteenth century. Bishop Hatfield rebuilt the house in 1345. It stood on the site of the buildings now called the Adelphi, and the name is preserved in Durham Street.

About noon comes to me my cousin Sarah, and my aunt Livett, newly come out of Gloucestershire, good woman, and come to see me; I took them home, and made them drink, but they would not stay dinner, I being alone. But here they tell me that they hear that this day Kate Joyce was to be married[1] to a man called Hollingshed, whom she indeed did once tell me of, and desired me to enquire after him. But, whatever she said of his being rich, I do fear, by her doing this without my advice, it is not as it ought to be; but, as she brews, let her bake. They being gone, I to dinner with Balty and his wife, who is come to town to-day from Deptford to see us, and after dinner I out and took a coach, and called Mercer, and she and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, when I had done it, having done it without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see the actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again. But there happened one thing which vexed me, which is, that the orange-woman did come in the pit, and challenge me for twelve oranges, which she delivered by my order at a late play, at night, to give to some ladies in a box, which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true. But, however, I did deny it, and did not pay her; but, for quiet, did buy 4*s.* worth of oranges of her, at 6*d.* a-piece. Here I saw first my Lord Ormond since his coming from Ireland, which is now about eight days. After the play done, I took Mercer by water to Spring Garden; and there with great pleasure walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, making people come about us, to hear us, and two little children of one of our neighbours that happened to be there, did come into our arbour, and we made them dance prettily. So by water, with great pleasure, down to the Bridge, and there landed, and took water again on the other side; and so to the Tower, and I saw her home, I myself home to my chamber, and by and by to bed.

[1] See July 7th, *post.*

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat, and sat all the morning. Here Lord Anglesey was with us, and in talk about the late difference between the two Houses, do tell us that he thinks the House of Lords may be in an error, at least, it is possible they may, in this matter of Skinner; and he doubts they may, and did declare his judgment in the House of Lords against their proceedings therein, he having hindered 100 originall causes being brought into their House, notwithstanding that he was put upon defending their proceedings: but that he is confident that the House of Commons are in the wrong, in the method they take to remedy an error of the Lords, for no vote of theirs can do it; but, in all like cases, the Commons have done it by petition to the King, sent up to the Lords, and by them agreed to, and so redressed, as they did in the Petition of Right. He says that he did tell them indeed, which is talked of, and which did vex the Commons, that the Lords were "*Judices nati et Conciliarii nati;*" but all other Judges among us are under salary, and the Commons themselves served for wages; and therefore the Lords, in reason, were the freer Judges. At noon to dinner at home, and after dinner, where Creed dined with me, he and I by water to the Temple, where we parted, and I both to the King's and Duke of York's playhouses, and there went through the houses to see what faces I could spy that I knew, and meeting none, I away by coach to my house, and then to Mrs. Mercer's, where I met with her two daughters, and a pretty lady I never knew yet, one Mrs. Susan Gayet, a very pretty black lady, that speaks French well, and is a Catholick, and merchant's daughter, by us, and here was also Mrs. Anne Jones, and after sitting and talking a little, I took them out, and carried them through Hackney to Kingsland, and there walked to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where I have not been many a day; and so to the old house at Islington, and eat, and drank, and sang, and mighty merry; and so by moonshine with infinite pleasure home, and there sang again in Mercer's garden. And so parted, I having there seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse there, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before, and, therefore, it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me

a little bit, and a bone of an arme, I suppose, and so home, and there to bed.

13th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to Sir H. Cholmly's, who not being up I made a short visit to Sir W. Coventry, and he and I through the Park to White Hall, and thence I back into the Park, and there met Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Sir Stephen Fox's, where we met and considered the business of the Excise, how far it is charged in reference to the payment of the Guards and Tangier. Thence he and I walked to Westminster Hall and there took a turn, it being holyday, and so back again, and I to the mercer's, and my tailor's about a stuff suit that I am going to make. Thence, at noon, to Hercules Pillars, and there dined all alone, and so to White Hall, some of us attended the Duke of York as usual, and so to attend the Council about the business of Hemskirke's project of building a ship that sails two feet for one of any other ship,[1] which the Council did agree to be put in practice, the King to give him, if it proves good, £5,000 in hand, and £15,000 more in seven years, which, for my part, I think a piece of folly for them to meddle with, because the secret cannot be long kept. So thence, after Council, having drunk some of the King's wine and water with Mr. Chevins,[2] my Lord Brouncker, and some others, I by water to the Old Swan, and there to Michell's, and did see her and drink there, but he being there je ne baiser la; and so back again by water to Spring Garden all alone, and walked a little, and so back again home, and there a little to my viall, and so to bed, Mrs. Turner having sat and supped with me. This morning I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush in his mouth: a good man, and stout and able, and much lamented; though people do make a little mirth, and say, as I believe it did in good part, that the business of the Parliament did break his heart, or, at least, put him into this fever and disorder, that caused his death.

14th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner with my people, but did

[1] See April 22nd, 1668.
[2] Chiffinch.

not stay to dine out with them, but rose and straight by water to the Temple, and so to Penny's, my tailor's, where by and by by agreement Mercer, and she, to my great content, brings Mrs. Gayet, and I carried them to the King's house; but, coming too soon, we out again to the Rose taverne, and there I did give them a tankard of cool drink, the weather being very hot, and then into the playhouse again, and there saw "The Country Captain,"[1] a very dull play, that did give us no content, and besides, little company there, which made it very unpleasing. Thence to the waterside, at Strand bridge, and so up by water and to Foxhall, where we walked a great while, and pleased mightily with the pleasure thereof, and the company there, and then in, and eat and drank, and then out again and walked, and it beginning to be dark, we to a corner and sang, that everybody got about us to hear us; and so home, where I saw them both at their doors, and, full of the content of this afternoon's pleasure, I home and to walk in the garden a little, and so home to bed.

15th. Up, and betimes to White Hall, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Sir Stephen Fox's, and there was also the Cofferer, and we did there consider about our money and the condition of the Excise, and after much dispute agreed upon a state thereof and the manner of our future course of payments. Thence to the Duke of York, and there did a little navy business as we used to do, and so to a Committee for Tangier, where God knows how my Lord Bellasses's accounts passed; understood by nobody but my Lord Ashly, who, I believe, was mad to let them go as he pleased. But here Sir H. Cholmly had his propositions read, about a greater price for his work of the Mole, or to do it upon account, which, being read, he was bid to withdraw. But, Lord! to see how unlucky a man may be, by chance; for, making an unfortunate minute when they were almost tired with the other business, the Duke of York did find fault with it, and that made all the rest, that I believe he had better have given a great deal, and had nothing said to it to-day; whereas, I have seen other things

[1] The Duke of Newcastle's play. See October 26th, 1661.

more extravagant passed at first hearing, without any difficulty. Thence I to my Lord Brouncker's, at Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and she did shew me her closet, which I was sorry to see, for fear of her expecting something from me; and here she took notice of my wife's not once coming to see her, which I am glad of; for she shall not — a prating, vain, idle woman. Thence with Lord Brouncker to Loriners'-hall,[1] by Mooregate, a hall I never heard of before, to Sir Thomas Teddiman's burial, where most people belonging to the sea were. And here we had rings: and here I do hear that some of the last words that he said were, that he had a very good King, God bless him! but that the Parliament had very ill rewarded him for all the service he had endeavoured to do them and his country; so that, for certain, this did go far towards his death. But, Lord! to see among [the company] the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that come, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballets. By and by the corpse went; and I, with my Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Clerke, and Mr. Pierce, as far as the foot of London-bridge; and there we struck off into Thames Street, the rest going to Redriffe, where he is to be buried. And we 'light at the Temple, and there parted; and I to the King's house, and there saw the last act of "The Committee," thinking to have seen Knepp there, but she did not act. And so to my bookseller's, and there carried home some books — among others, "Dr. Wilkins's Reall Character," and thence to Mrs. Turner's, and there went and sat, and she showed me her house from top to bottom, which I had not seen before, very handsome, and here supped, and so home, and got Mercer, and she and I in the garden singing till ten at night, and so home to a little supper, and then parted, with great content, and to bed. The Duchesse of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now

[1] The Loriners, or Lorimers (bit-makers), of London are by reputation an ancient mistery, but they were first incorporated by letters patent of 10 Queen Anne (December 3rd, 1711). Their small hall was at the corner of Basinghall Street in London Wall. The company has no hall now.

set again, after much pain.[1] I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, Madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's,"[2] which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

16th. Up; and to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon, home with my people to dinner; and thence to the Office all the afternoon, till, my eyes weary, I did go forth by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of "The Sea Voyage,"[3] where Knepp I see do her part of sorrow very well. I afterwards to her house; but she did not come presently home; and there je did kiss her ancilla, which is so mighty belle; and I to my tailor's, and to buy me a belt for my new suit against to-morrow; and so home, and there to my Office, and afterwards late walking in the garden; and so home to supper, and to bed, after Nell's cutting of my hair close, the weather being very hot.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace, of the colour of my suit: and so, very handsome, to Church, where a dull sermon and of a stranger, and so home; and there I find W. Howe, and a younger brother of his, come to dine with me; and there comes Mercer, and brings with her Mrs. Gayet, which pleased me mightily; and here was also W. Hewer, and mighty merry; and after dinner to sing psalms. But, Lord! to hear what an excellent base this younger brother of W. Howe's sings, even to my astonishment, and mighty pleasant. By and by Gayet goes away, being a Catholick, to her devotions, and Mercer to church; but we continuing an hour or two singing, and so parted; and I to Sir W. Pen's, and there sent for a hackney-

[1] See May 9th (*ante*).

[2] Lord Fairfax.

[3] A comedy by Fletcher, first acted in 1622 (Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647). Genest does not mention the revival of the play at this date.

coach; and he and she [Lady Pen] and I out, to take the ayre. We went to Stepney, and there stopped at the Trinity House, he to talk with the servants there against to-morrow,[1] which is a great day for the choice of a new Master, and thence to Mile End, and there eat and drank, and so home; and I supped with them — that is, eat some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for not eating any other of their victuals, which I hate, because of their sluttery: and so home, and made my boy read to me part of Dr. Wilkins's new book of the "Real Character;" and so to bed.

18th. Up, and to my office, where most of the morning doing business and seeing my window-frames new painted, and then I out by coach to my Lord Bellasses, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's,[2] and there met him and Mr. Sherwin, Auditor Beale, and Creed, about my Lord's accounts, and here my Lord shewed me his new house, which, indeed, is mighty noble, and good pictures — indeed, not one bad one in it. Thence to my tailor's, and there did find Mercer come with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire, and there I took them up, it being almost twelve o'clock, or a little more, and carried them to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open; and we in, and find many people already come in, by private ways, into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sidly's new play, so long expected, "The Mullberry Guarden,"[3] of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile, and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton, off of the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen, by and by, come, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was, here and there, a pretty

[1] Trinity Monday.

[2] Probably in Bloomsbury Square, the north side of which was then occupied by Southampton House, the town residence of the late Lord Treasurer Southampton. Lord Bellasis began to build in St. James's Square in 1670, and occupied the house at the corner of Charles Street (now Derby House) in 1688-89 (Dasent's "St. James's Square," 1895).

[3] See note to January 11th, 1667-68.

saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh, nor pleased the whole play from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think. And which made it the worse was, that there never was worse musick played — that is, worse things composed, which made me and Captain Rolt, who happened to sit near me, mad. So away thence, very little satisfied with the play, but pleased with my company. I carried them to Kensington, to the Grotto, and there we sang, to my great content, only vexed, in going in, to see a son of Sir Heneage Finch's[1] beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie in so much pain that made me mad to see it, till, by and by, the servants of the house chiding of their young master, one of them come with a thong, and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster palace, and there took boat and to Fox Hall, where we walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, and very merry. But I find Mrs. Horsfield one of the veriest citizen's wives in the world, so full of little silly talk, and now and then a little sillily bawdy, that I believe if you had her sola a man might hazer all with her. So back by water to Westminster Palace, and there got a coach which carried us as far as the Minorys, and there some thing of the traces broke, and we forced to 'light, and walked to Mrs. Horsfield's house, it being a long and bad way, and dark, and having there put her in a doors, her husband being in bed, we left her and so back to our coach, where the coachman had put it in order, but could not find his whip in the dark a great while, which made us stay long. At last getting a neighbour to hold a candle out of their window Mercer found it, and so away we home at almost 12

[1] Who resided at the mansion afterwards called Kensington Palace. In 1661 Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder of London, purchased this property from his younger brother, Sir John Finch, M.D., and which, after his advancement to the peerage, obtained the name of Nottingham House. In 1691 it was purchased by King William. Dryden has finely drawn the character of Sir Heneage Finch in the poem of "Absalom and Achitophel," under the name of Amri. — Faulkner's *Kensington*. — B.

at night, and setting them both at their homes, I home and to bed.

19th. Up, and called on Mr. Pierce, who tells me that after all this ado Ward is come to town, and hath appeared to the Commissioners of Accounts and given such answers as he thinks will do every body right, and let the world see that their great expectations and jealousies have been vain in this matter of the prizes. The Commissioners were mighty inquisitive whether he was not instructed by letters or otherwise from hence from my Lord Sandwich's friends what to say and do, and particularly from me, which he did wholly deny, as it was true, I not knowing the man that I know of. He tells me also that, for certain, Mr. Vaughan[1] is made Lord Chief Justice, which I am glad of. He tells me, too, that since my Lord of Ormond's coming over, the King begins to be mightily reclaimed, and sups every night with great pleasure with the Queene: and yet, it seems, he is mighty hot upon the Duchess of Richmond; insomuch that, upon Sunday was se'nnight, at night, after he had ordered his Guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the Park, he did, on a sudden, take a pair of oars or sculler, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somersett House, and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clamber over the walls to make a visit to her, which is a horrid shame. He gone, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, Sir W. Pen sick of the gout comes not out. After dinner at home, to White Hall, it being a very rainy day, and there a committee for Tangier, where I was mightily pleased to see Sir W. Coventry fall upon my Lord Bellasses' business of the 3*d.* in every piece of it which he would get to himself, making the King pay 4*s.* 9*d.* while he puts them off for 4*s.* 6*d.*, so that Sir W. Coventry continues still the same man for the King's good. But here Creed did vex me with saying that I ought first to have my account past by the Commissioners of Tangier before in the Exchequer. Thence W. Coventry and I in the Matted gallery, and there he did talk very well to me about the way to save the credit

[1] John Vaughan, M.P., the celebrated lawyer, who is frequently mentioned in the Diary. He took an active part in the proceedings against Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and was rewarded with the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in May, 1668, when he was knighted.

of the officers of the Navy, and their places too, by making use of this interval of Parliament to be found to be mending of matters in the Navy, and that nothing but this will do it, and gives an instance in themselves of the Treasury, whereof himself and Sir John Duncombe all the world knows have enemies, and my Lord Ashly a man obnoxious to most, and Sir Thomas Clifford one that as a man suddenly rising and a creature of my Lord Arlington's hath enemies enough (none of them being otherwise but the Duke of Albemarle), yet with all this fault they hear nothing of the business of the Treasury, but all well spoken of there. He is for the removal of Sir John Minnes, thinking that thereby the world will see a greater change in the hands than now they do; and I will endeavour it, and endeavour to do some good in the office also. So home by coach, and to the office, where ended my letters, and then home, and there got Balty to read to me out of Sorbiere's Observations in his Voyage into England,[1] and then to bed.

20th. Up, and with Colonell Middleton, in a new coach he hath made him, very handsome, to White Hall, where the Duke of York having removed his lodgings for this year to St. James's, we walked thither; and there find the Duke of York coming to White Hall, and so back to the Council-chamber, where the Committee of the Navy sat; and here we discoursed several things; but, Lord! like fools; so as it was a shame to see things of this importance managed by a Council that understand nothing of them: and, among other things, one was about this building of a ship with Hemskirke's secret, to sail a third faster than any other ship; but he hath got Prince Rupert on his side, and by that means, I believe, will get his conditions made better than he would otherwise, or ought indeed. Having done there, I met with Sir Richard Browne,[2] and he took me to dinner with him to a new tavern, above Charing Cross, where some clients of his did give him a good dinner, and good company; among others, one Bovy, a solicitor,[3] and

[1] Samuel Sorbière's original work was published at Cologne in 1667, and entitled "Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre." It was afterwards translated into English.

[2] Clerk of the Council.

[3] "You cannot have forgot what happened to that ugly Beau Bovey, in the time of King Charles the Second:

lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well; but only he is a "Sir Positive:"[1] but the talk of their travels over the Alps very fine. Thence walked to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Mulberry-Garden" again, and cannot be reconciled to it, but only to find here and there an independent sentence of wit, and that is all. Here met with Creed, and took him to Hales's, and there saw the beginnings of Harris's head which he draws for me, which I do not yet like. So he and I down to the New Exchange, and there cheapened ribbands for my wife, and so down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds, which did by and by make my belly ake mightily. So he and I to White Hall, and walked over the Park to the Mulberry-Garden,[2] where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring-garden, and but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude. Did not stay to drink, but walked an hour and so away to Charing Cross, and there took coach and away home, in my way going into Bishopsgate Street, to bespeak places for myself and boy to go to Cambridge in the coach this week, and so to Brampton, to see my wife. So home, and to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and busy to send some things into the country, and then to the Office, where meets me Sir Richard Ford, whom among other things congratulates me, as one or two did yesterday, [on] my great purchase; and he advises me rather to forbear, if it be not done, as a thing that the world

> "'Bovey's a beauty, if some few agree
> To call him so; the rest to that degree
> Affected are that with their ears they see.'"
> Dennis's *Letters*, 8vo., 1721, vol. i., p. 42.

He is mentioned by Oldham in his "Imitation of Boileau":

> "Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
> And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please."

And in a note we find this description of Bovey — "An old battered court-fop of those times." — B.

[1] See note to May 6th (*ante*).

[2] On the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens. Originally a garden of mulberry trees, planted by James I. in 1609 with the intention of cultivating the manufacture of English silks.

will envy me in: and what is it but my cozen Tom Pepys's buying of Martin Abbey,[1] in Surry! which is a mistake I am sorry for, and yet do fear that it may spread in the world to my prejudice. All the morning at the office, and at noon my clerks dined with me, and there do hear from them how all the town is full of the talk of a meteor, or some fire, that did on Saturday last fly over the City at night, which do put me in mind that, being then walking in the dark an hour or more myself in the garden, after I had done writing, I did see a light before me come from behind me, which made me turn back my head; and I did see a sudden fire or light running in the sky, as it were towards Cheapside ward, and it vanished very quick, which did make me bethink myself what holyday it was, and took it for some rocket, though it was much brighter than any rocket, and so thought no more of it, but it seems Mr. Hater and Gibson going home that night did meet with many clusters of people talking of it, and many people of the towns about the city did see it, and the world do make much discourse of it, their apprehensions being mighty full of the rest of the City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats. Which God prevent! Thence after dinner I by coach to the Temple, and there bought a new book of songs set to musique by one Smith of Oxford, some songs of Mr. Cowley's, and so to Westminster, and there to walk a little in the Hall, and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did hazer cet que je voudrai mit her, and drank and sat most of the afternoon with her and her sister, and here she promises me her fine starling, which was the King's, and speaks finely, which I shall be glad of, and so walked to the Temple, meeting in the street with my cozen Alcocke,[2] the young man, that is a good sober youth, I have not seen these four or five years, newly come to town to look for employment: but I cannot serve him, though I think he deserves well, and so I took coach and home to my business, and in the evening took Mrs. Turner and Mercer out to Mile End and drank, and then home, and sang; and eat

[1] In 1666 the site of Merton, *alias* Martin Priory, was conveyed by Ellis Crispe to Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II. and James II. — Manning's *Surrey*. — B.

[2] Henry Alcocke.

a dish of greene pease, the first I have seen this year, given me by Mr. Gibson, extraordinary young and pretty, and so saw them at home, and so home to bed. Sir W. Pen continues ill of the gout.

22nd. Up, and all the morning at the office busy. At noon home with my people to dinner, where good discourse and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Martin, the purser, and brings me his wife's starling, which was formerly the King's bird, that do speak and whistle finely, which I am mighty proud of and shall take pleasure in it. Thence to the Duke of York's house to a play, and saw Sir Martin Marr-all, where the house is full; and though I have seen it, I think, ten times, yet the pleasure I have is yet as great as ever, and is undoubtedly the best comedy ever was wrote. Thence to my tailor's and a mercer's for patterns to carry my wife of cloth and silk for a bed, which I think will please her and me, and so home, and fitted myself for my journey to-morrow, which I fear will not be pleasant, because of the wet weather, it raining very hard all this day; but the less it troubles me because the King and Duke of York and Court are at this day at Newmarket, at a great horse-race, and proposed great pleasure for two or three days, but are in the same wet. So from the office home to supper, and betimes to bed.

23rd. Up by four o'clock; and, getting my things ready, and recommending the care of my house to W. Hewer, I with my boy Tom, whom I take with me, to the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street,[1] and there, about six, took coach, he and I, and a gentleman and his man, there being another coach also, with as many more, I think, in it; and so away to Bishop's Stafford,[2] and there dined, and changed horses and coach, at Mrs. Aynsworth's;[3] but I took no knowledge of her. Here the gentleman and I to dinner, and in comes Captain Forster, an acquaintance of his, he that do belong to my Lord Anglesey, who had been at the late horse-races at Newmarket, where the King now is, and says that they

[1] There is a farthing token of "Edw. Nourse next the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, 1666" (Boyne's "Trade Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., 1889, p. 534).

[2] Bishop Stortford.

[3] See note to October 7th, 1667.

had fair weather there yesterday, though we here, and at London, had nothing but rain, insomuch that the ways are mighty full of water, so as hardly to be passed. Here I hear Mrs. Aynsworth is going to live at London: but I believe will be mistaken in it; for it will be found better for her to be chief where she is, than to have little to do at London. There being many finer than she there. After dinner away again and come to Cambridge, after much bad way, about nine at night; and there, at the Rose, I met my father's horses, with a man, staying for me. But it is so late, and the waters so deep, that I durst not go to-night; but after supper to bed; and there lay very ill, by reason of some drunken scholars making a noise all night, and vexed for fear that the horses should not be taken up from grass, time enough for the morning. Well pleased all this journey with the conversation of him that went with me, who I think is a lawyer, and lives about Lynne, but his name I did not ask.

24th (Lord's day). I up, at between two and three in the morning, and, calling up my boy, and father's boy, we set out by three o'clock, it being high day; and so through the water's with very good success, though very deep almost all the way, and got to Brampton, where most of them in bed, and so I weary up to my wife's chamber, whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well, and indeed she hath those upon her, but fell to talk and mightily pleased both of us, and up got the rest, Betty Turner and Willet and Jane, all whom I was glad to see, and very merry, and got me ready in my new stuff clothes that I sent down before me, and so my wife and they got ready too, while I to my father, poor man, and walked with him up and down the house — it raining a little, and the waters all over Portholme and the meadows, so as no pleasure abroad. Here I saw my brothers and sister Jackson, she growing fat, and, since being married, I think looks comelier than before: but a mighty pert woman she is, and I think proud, he keeping her mighty handsome, and they say mighty fond, and are going shortly to live at Ellington of themselves, and will keep malting, and grazing of cattle. At noon comes Mr. Phillips and dines with us, and a pretty odd-humoured man he seems to be; but good withal, but of mighty great

methods in his eating and drinking, and will not kiss a woman since his wife's death. After dinner my Lady Sandwich sending to see whether I was come, I presently took horse, and find her and her family at chapel; and thither I went in to them, and sat out the sermon, where I heard Jervas Fullword, now their chaplain, preach a very good and seraphic kind of sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation. After sermon, I with my Lady, and my Lady Hinchingbroke, and Paulina, and Lord Hinchingbroke, to the dining-room, saluting none of them, and there sat and talked an hour or two, with great pleasure and satisfaction, to my Lady, about my Lord's matters; but I think not with that satisfaction to her, or me, that otherwise would, she knowing that she did design to-morrow, and I remaining all the while in fear, of being asked to lend her some money, as I was afterward, when I had taken leave of her, by Mr. Shepley, £100, which I will not deny my Lady, and am willing to be found when my Lord comes home to have done something of that kind for them, and so he riding to Brampton and supping there with me he did desire it of me from my Lady, and I promised it, though much against my will, for I fear it is as good as lost. After supper, where very merry, we to bed, myself very weary and to sleep all night.

25th. Waked betimes, and lay long, . . . and there fell to talking, and by and by rose, it being the first fair day, and yet not quite fair, that we have had some time, and so up, and to walk with my father again in the garden, consulting what to do with him and this house when Pall and her husband go away; and I think it will be to let it, and he go live with her, though I am against letting the house for any long time, because of having it to retire to, ourselves. So I do intend to think more of it before I resolve. By and by comes Mr. Cooke to see me and so spent the morning, and he gone by and by at noon to dinner, where Mr. Shepley come and we merry, all being in good humour between my wife and her people about her, and after dinner took horse, I promising to fetch her away about fourteen days hence, and so calling all of us, we men on horseback, and the women and my father, at Goody Gorum's, and there in a frolic drinking I took leave, there going with me and

my boy, my two brothers,[1] and one Browne, whom they call in mirth Colonell, for our guide, and also Mr. Shepley, to the end of Huntingdon, and another gentleman who accidentally come thither, one Mr. Castle; and I made them drink at the Chequers, where I observed the same tapster, Tom, that was there when I was a little boy: and so we, at the end of the town, took leave of Shepley and the other gentleman, and so we away and got well to Cambridge, about seven to the Rose, the waters not being now so high as before. And here 'lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College: and there into the butterys, as a stranger, and there drank my belly full of their beer, which pleased me, as the best I ever drank: and hear by the butler's man, who was son to Goody Mulliner over against the College, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the College and persons in it; and find very few, only Mr. Hollins[2] and Pechell,[3] I think, that were of my time. But I was mightily pleased to come in this condition to see and ask, and thence, giving the fellow something, away walked to Chesterton, to see our old walk, and there into the Church, the bells ringing, and saw the place I used to sit in, and so to the ferry, and ferried over to the other side, and walked with great pleasure, the river being mighty high by Barnewell Abbey: and so by Jesus College to the town, and so to our quarters, and to supper, and then to bed, being very weary and sleepy and mightily pleased with this night's walk.

26th. Up by four o'clock; and by the time we were ready, and had eat, we were called to the coach, where about six o'clock we set out, there being a man and two women of one company, ordinary people, and one lady alone, that is tolerably handsome, but mighty well spoken, whom I took great pleasure in talking to, and did get her to read aloud in a book she was reading, in the coach, being the King's Meditations;[4] and then the boy and I to sing, and so about

[1] John Pepys and Mr. Jackson.

[2] John Hollins, of Medley, in Yorkshire; admitted a pensioner of Magdalene College, March, 1651. — B.

[3] John Peachell, afterwards master.

[4] The meditations on death, and prayers used by Charles I. shortly before his execution, are printed at the end of the Εἰκὼν βασιλική.

noon come to Bishop's Stafford, to another house than what we were at the other day, and better used. And here I paid for the reckoning 11*s.*, we dining together, and pretty merry; and then set out again, sleeping most part of the way; and got to Bishopsgate Street before eight o'clock, the waters being now most of them down, and we avoiding the bad way in the forest[1] by a privy way, which brought us to Hodsden; and so to Tibalds,[2] that road, which was mighty pleasant. So home, where we find all well, and brother Balty and his wife looking to the house, she mighty fine, in a new gold-laced *just à cour*.[3] I shifted myself, and so to see Mrs. Turner, and Mercer appearing over the way, called her in, and sat and talked, and then home to my house by and by, and there supped and talked mighty merry, and then broke up and to bed, being a little vexed at what W. Hewer tells me Sir John Shaw[4] did this day in my absence say at the Board, complaining of my doing of him injury and the board permitting it, whereas they had more reason to except against his attributing that to me alone which I could not do but with their consent and direction, it being to very good service to the King, and which I shall be proud to have imputed to me alone. The King I hear come to town last night.

27th. Up, and to the office, where some time upon Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and then I by water to Westminster for some Tangier orders, and so meeting with Mr. Sawyer,[5] my old chamber-fellow, he and I by water together to the Temple, he giving me an account of the base, rude usage, which he and Sir G. Carteret had lately, before the Commissioners of Accounts, where he was, as Counsel to Sir

[1] Epping Forest.

[2] The palace of Theobalds, where James I. died.

[3] *Juste au corps.*

[4] Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp was rejected by the Navy Commissioners. William Bodham, writing from Woolwich Ropeyard, May 12th, 1668, says: "There are 15 or 16 tons of Sir John Shaw's Flanders hemp thrown by and refused; it must be weighed and taken away before he can tell what the net will be, and make out bills. Asks orders how to rate a portion of it, as out of 35 tons 15 or 16 were ejected" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 387).

[5] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General, ancestor of the Earls of Carnarvon, who inherit High Clere from him. — B.

G. Carteret, which I was sorry to hear, they behaving themselves like most insolent and ill-mannered men. Thence by coach to the Exchange, and there met with Sir H. Cholmly at Colvill's, and there did give him some orders, and so home, and there to the office again, where busy till two o'clock, and then with Sir D. Gawden to his house, with my Lord Brouncker and Sir J. Minnes, to dinner, where we dined very well, and much good company, among others, a Dr. ——, a fat man, whom by face I know, as one that uses to sit in our church, that after dinner did take me out, and walked together, who told me that he had now newly entered himself into Orders, in the decay of the Church, and did think it his duty so to do, thereby to do his part toward the support and reformation thereof; and spoke very soberly, and said that just about the same age Dr. Donne[1] did enter into Orders. I find him a sober gentleman, and a man that hath seen much of the world, and I think may do good. Thence after dinner to the office, and there did a little business, and so to see Sir W. Pen, who I find still very ill of the goute, sitting in his great chair, made on purpose for persons sick of that disease, for their ease; and this very chair, he tells me, was made for my Lady Lambert.[2] Thence I by coach to my tailor's, there to direct about the making of me another suit, and so to White Hall, and through St. James's Park to St. James's, thinking to have met with Mr. Wren, but could not, and so homeward toward the New Exchange, and meeting Mr. Creed he and I to drink some whey at the whey-house, and so into the 'Change and took a walk or two, and so home, and there vexed at my boy's being out of doors till ten at night, but it was upon my brother Jack-

[1] John Donne, D.D. (1573-1631), was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and spent his early life as a courtier, being for a time secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton. He was forty-two years of age when he took orders. In 1621, five years after ordination, he became Dean of St. Paul's.

[2] John Lambert, the parliamentary general, was born at Calton Hall, in the parish of Kirkby-Malhamdale, in Yorkshire, September 7th, 1619, and married September 10th, 1639, Frances, daughter of Sir William Lister, of Thornton, his neighbour, who seems to be the Lady Lambert of whom Pepys speaks ("History of Malham," 8vo., 1786, Appendix, p. 18). His wife and two of his daughters were with him in 1673 during his confinement in Plymouth Sound (see note, *ante*, January 2nd, 1659-60).

son's business, and so I was the less displeased, and then made the boy to read to me out of Dr. Wilkins his "Real Character," and particularly about Noah's arke, where he do give a very good account thereof, shewing how few the number of the several species of beasts and fowls were that were to be in the arke, and that there was room enough for them and their food and dung, which do please me mightily and is much beyond what ever I heard of the subject, and so to bed.

28th. Up, to set right some little matters of my Tangier accounts, and so to the office, where busy all the morning, and then home with my people to dinner, and after dinner comes about a petition for a poor woman whose ticket she would get paid, and so talked a little and did baiser her, and so to the office, being pleased that this morning my bookseller brings me home Marcennus's book of musick,[1] which costs me £3 2*s.*; but is a very fine book. So to the office and did some business, and then by coach to the New Exchange, and there by agreement at my bookseller's shop met Mercer and Gayet, and took them by water, first to one of the Neat-houses,[2] where walked in the garden, but nothing but a bottle of wine to be had, though pleased with seeing the garden; and so to Fox Hall, where with great pleasure we walked, and then to the upper end of the further retired walk, and there sat and sang, and brought great many gallants and fine people about us, and, upon the bench, we did by and by eat and drink what we had, and very merry: and so with much pleasure to the Old Swan, and walked with them home, and there left them, and so I home to my business at the office a little, and so to bed.

29th. Betimes up, and up to my Tangier accounts, and then by water to the Council Chamber, and there received some directions from the Duke of York and the Committee of the Navy there about casting up the charge of the present summer's fleete, that so they may come within the bounds of the sum given by the Parliament. But it is pretty to see how Prince Rupert and other mad, silly people, are for setting out but a little fleete, there being no occasion for it;

[1] Mersenne's "Harmonie Universelle." See April 3rd, 1668.
[2] See August 1st, 1667.

and say it will be best to save the money for better uses. But Sir W. Coventry did declare that, in wisdom, it was better to do so; but that, in obedience to the Parliament, he was [for] setting out the fifty sail talked on, though it spent all the money, and to little purpose; and that this was better than to leave it to the Parliament to make bad construction of their thrift, if any trouble should happen. Thus wary the world is grown! Thence back again presently home, and did business till noon: and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, with much good company, it being the King's birthday, and many healths drunk: and here I did receive another letter from my Lord Sandwich, which troubles me to see how I have neglected him, in not writing, or but once, all this time of his being abroad; and I see he takes notice, but yet gently, of it, that it puts me to great trouble, and I know not how to get out of it, having no good excuse, and too late now to mend, he being coming home. Thence home, whither, by agreement, by and by comes Mercer and Gayet, and two gentlemen with them, Mr. Monteith and Pelham, the former a swaggering young handsome gentleman, the latter a sober citizen merchant. Both sing, but the latter with great skill — the other, no skill, but a good voice, and a good basse, but used to sing only tavern tunes; and so I spent all this evening till eleven at night singing with them, till I was tired of them, because of the swaggering fellow with the base, though the girl Mercer did mightily commend him before to me. This night je had agreed para aller at Deptford, there para avoir lain con the moher de Bagwell, but this company did hinder me.

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit, and so to the office; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20*s*. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. All the morning at the office and at noon home to dinner, and so to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Philaster;"[1] where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's;

[1] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. See November 18th, 1661.

and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman. Thence to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knepp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu[1] come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.[2] Here I was freed from a fear that Knepp was angry or might take advantage to declare the essay that je did the other day, quand je was con her. . . . Thence to the New Exchange, and there met Harris and Rolt, and one Richards, a tailor and great company-keeper, and with these over to Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our Court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that come by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but, Lord! their mad bawdy talk did make my heart ake! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet[3] and her ladies; and their there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world. But, Lord! what loose cursed company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives. Thence set Rolt and some of [them] at the New Exchange, and so I home, and my business being done at the office, I to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and to church in the morning.

[1] See September 3rd, 1661.

[2] She died January 15th, 1757, aged *ninety-six!* — B.

[3] Evidently adopted as a cant expression. The woman here alluded to was a procuress well known in her day, and described in the "Tatler" (No. 84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet." We further learn, from the "Spectator" (No. 266), that she was the Lady B. to whom Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of "The Plain Dealer," which is considered as a masterpiece of raillery. It is worthy of remark that the fair sex may justly complain of almost every word in the English language designating a woman having, at some time or another, been used as a term of reproach; for we find Mother, Madam, Mistress, and Miss, all denoting women of bad character; and here Pepys adds the title of my Lady to the number, and completes the ungracious catalogue. — B.

At noon I sent for Mr. Mills and his wife and daughter to dine, and they dined with me, and W. Hewer, and very good company, I being in good humour. They gone to church, comes Mr. Tempest, and he and I sang a psalm or two, and so parted, and I by water to the New Exchange, and there to Mrs. Pierce's, where Knepp, and she, and W. Howe, and Mr. Pierce, and little Betty, over to Fox Hall, and there walked and supped with great pleasure. Here was Mrs. Manuel also, and mighty good company, and good mirth in making W. Howe spend his six or seven shillings, and so they called him altogether "Cully."[1] So back, and at Somerset-stairs do understand that a boy is newly drowned, washing himself there, and they cannot find his body. So seeing them home, I home by water, W. Howe going with me, and after some talk he lay at my house, and all to bed. Here I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of. At the play at Court the other night, Mrs. Davis was there; and when she was to come to dance her jigg, the Queene would not stay to see it, which people do think it was out of displeasure at her being the King's whore, that she could not bear it. My Lady Castlemayne, is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the King coming little to her, and thus she mighty melancholy and discontented.

June 1st. Up and with Sir J. Minnes to Westminster, and in the Hall there I met with Harris and Rolt, and carried them to the Rhenish wine-house,[2] where I have not been in a morning — nor any tavern, I think, these seven years and more. Here I did get the words of a song of Harris that I wanted. Here also Mr. Young and Whistler by chance met us, and drank with us. Thence home, and to prepare business against the afternoon, and did walk an hour in the garden with Sir W. Warren, who do tell me of the great difficulty he is under in the business of his accounts with the Commissioners of Parliament, and I fear some inconveniences and troubles may be occasioned thereby to me.

[1] Pepys here alludes to Sir Nicholas Cully (Nokes's character) in Etherege's "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub." — B.

[2] In Cannon Row.

So to dinner, and then with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, and there attended the Lords of the Treasury and also a committee of Council with the Duke of York about the charge of this year's fleete, and thence I to Westminster and to Mrs. Martin's, and did hazer what je would con her, and did once toker la thigh de su landlady, and thence all alone to Fox Hall, and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on; perhaps civil ladies; and there I left them, and so home, and thence to Mr. Mills's, where I never was before, and here find, whom I indeed saw go in, and that did make me go thither, Mrs. Hallworthy and Mrs. Andrews, and here supped, and, extraordinary merry till one in the morning, Mr. Andrews coming to us: and mightily pleased with this night's company and mirth I home to bed. Mrs. Turner, too, was with us.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there dined with me, besides my own people, W. Batelier and Mercer, and we very merry. After dinner, they gone, only Mercer and I to sing a while, and then parted, and I out and took a coach, and called Mercer at their back-door, and she brought with her Mrs. Knightly, a little pretty sober girl, and I carried them to Old Ford, a town by Bow, where I never was before, and there walked in the fields very pleasant, and sang: and so back again, and stopped and drank at the Gun, at Mile End, and so to the Old Exchange door, and did buy them a pound of cherries, cost me 2*s.*, and so set them down again; and I to my little mercer's Finch, that lives now in the Minores, where I have left my cloak, and did here baiser su moher, a belle femme, and there took my cloak which I had left there, and so by water, it being now about nine o'clock, down to Deptford, where I have not been many a day, and there it being dark I did by agreement aller a la house de Bagwell, and there after a little playing and baisando we did go up in the dark a su camera . . . and to my boat again, and against the tide home. Got there by twelve o'clock, taking into my boat, for company, a man that desired a passage — a certain western bargeman, with whom I had good sport, talking of the

old woman of Woolwich,[1] and telling him the whole story.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where busy till 9 o'clock, and then to White Hall, to the Council-chamber, where I did present the Duke of York with an account of the charge of the present fleete, to his satisfaction; and this being done, did ask his leave for my going out of town five or six days, which he did give me, saying, that my diligence in the King's business was such, that I ought not to be denied when my own business called me any whither. Thence with Sir D. Gawden to Westminster, where I did take a turn or two, and met Roger Pepys, who is mighty earnest for me to stay from going into the country till he goes, and to bring my people thither for some time: but I cannot, but will find another time this summer for it. Thence with him home, and there to the office till noon, and then with Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir G. Carteret, upon whose accounts they have been this day to the Three Tuns to dinner, and thence back again home, and after doing a little business I by coach to the King's house, and there saw good part of "The Scornfull Lady," and that done, would have taken out Knepp, but she was engaged, and so to my Lord Crew's to visit him; from whom I learn nothing but that there hath been some controversy at the Council-table, about my Lord Sandwich's signing, where some would not have had him, in the treaty with Portugall; but all, I think, is over in it. Thence by coach to Westminster to the Hall, and thence to the Park, where much good company, and many fine ladies; and in so handsome a hackney I was, that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others, who looked on me, did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for. So to the lodge, and drank a cup of new milk, and so home, and there to Mrs. Turner's, and sat and talked with her, and then home to bed, having laid my business with W. Hewer to go out of town Friday next, with hopes of a great deal of pleasure.

4th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, dined

[1] What this story may have been it would now be futile to inquire. It evidently gave great amusement to Pepys. See May 14th and 28th, 1669, *post*. — B.

with me and my clerks. After dinner I carried and set him down at the Temple, he observing to me how St. Sepulchre's church steeple is repaired already[1] a good deal, and the Fleet Bridge is contracted for by the City to begin to be built this summer, which do please me mightily. I to White Hall, and walked through the Park for a little ayre; and so back to the Council-chamber, to the Committee of the Navy, about the business of fitting the present fleete, suitable to the money given, which, as the King orders it, and by what appears, will be very little; and so as I perceive the Duke of York will have nothing to command, nor can intend to go abroad. But it is pretty to see how careful these great men are to do everything so as they may answer it to the Parliament, thinking themselves safe in nothing but where the judges, with whom they often advise, do say the matter is doubtful; and so they take upon themselves then to be the chief persons to interpret what is doubtful. Thence home, and all the evening to set matters in order against my going to Brampton to-morrow, being resolved upon my journey, and having the Duke of York's leave again to-day; though I do plainly see that I can very ill be spared now, there being much business, especially about this, which I have attended the Council about, and I the man that am alone consulted with; and, besides, my Lord Brouncker is at this time ill, and Sir W. Pen. So things being put in order at the Office, I home to do the like there; and so to bed.

5th[2] (Friday). At Barnet, for milk, 6*d*. On the highway, to menders of the highway, 6*d*. Dinner at Stevenage, 5*s*. 6*d*.

6th (Saturday). Spent at Huntingdon with Bowles, and Appleyard, and Shepley, 2*s*.

7th (Sunday). My father, for money lent, and horse-hire, £1 11*s*.

8th (Monday). Father's servants (father having in the

[1] The body of the church was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt; but the tower only needed repair. The works were completed in 1670.

[2] The rough notes for the journal from this time to the 17th of June are contained on five leaves, inserted in the book; and after them follow several pages left blank for the fair copy which was never made.

garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill words), 14*s.*; one that helped at the horses, 1*s.*; menders of the highway, 2*s.* Pleasant country to Bedford, where, while they stay, I rode through the town; and a good country-town; and there, drinking, 1*s.* We on to Newport; and there 'light, and I and W. Hewer to the Church, and there give the boy 1*s.* So to Buckingham, a good old town. Here I to see the Church, which very good, and the leads, and a school in it: did give the sexton's boy 1*s.* A fair bridge here, with many arches: vexed at my people's making me lose so much time; reckoning, 13*s.* 4*d.* Mighty pleased with the pleasure of the ground all the day. At night to Newport Pagnell;[1] and there a good pleasant country-town, but few people in it. A very fair — and like a Cathedral — Church; and I saw the leads, and a vault that goes far under ground, and here lay with Betty Turner's sparrow: the town, and so most of this country, well watered. Lay here well, and rose next day by four o'clock: few people in the town: and so away. Reckoning for supper, 19*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 6*d.* Mischance to the coach, but no time lost.

9th (Tuesday). When come to Oxford, a very sweet place: paid our guide, £1 2*s.* 6*d.*; barber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; book, Stonage,[2] 4*s.* To dinner; and then out with my wife and people, and landlord: and to him that showed us the schools and library, 10*s.*; to him that showed us All Souls' College, and Chichly's picture,[3] 5*s.* So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, with W. Hewer, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me 1*s.* Strawberries, 1*s.* 2*d.* Dinner and servants, £1 0*s.* 6*d.* After come home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazen-nose College; — to the butteries, and in

[1] Newport Pagnell, a town in Buckinghamshire, which takes its second name from the family of Paganel, who formerly owned the manor. The church is a handsome building, with nave, aisles, and chancel, and with pinnacled tower.

[2] This must have been either Inigo Jones's "The most notable Antiquity of Great Britain vulgarly called Stonehenge," printed in 1655, or "Chorea Gigantum, or the most famous Antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stones Heng, standing on Salisbury Plain, restor'd to the Danes," by Walter Charleton, M.D., and published in 1663.

[3] Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of All Souls' College, born 1363, died 1443.

the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hales,[1] . . . long. Butler, 2*s.* Thence with coach and people to Physic-garden, 1*s.* So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and give the man 1*s.* Bottle of sack for landlord, 2*s.* Oxford mighty fine place; and well seated, and cheap entertainment. At night come to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good musick, and sang and danced till supper: 5*s.*

10th (Wednesday). Up, and walked to the Hospitall:[2] very large and fine; and pictures of founders, and the History[3] of the Hospitall; and is said to be worth £700 per

[1] John Middleton, the remarkable person here alluded to, known by the name of "The Child of Hale," was born in 1578, and buried in the churchyard of Hale, in Lancashire, in 1623, where his gravestone is still to be seen. About the year 1617 Sir Gilbert Ireland took him up to the court of James I., when he threw the king's wrestler, and put out his thumb, by which feat he disobliged the courtiers, and was sent back, with a present of £20 from the sovereign. He returned home by Brazenose College, then full of Lancashire students, and his picture was taken, and is still preserved there. Likenesses of this English giant are also extant at High Legh, at Knowsley, and at Mr. Ireland Blackburne's seat, at Hale. "Middleton's hand," observes Plot ("History of Staffordshire," p. 295), "measured, from the carpus to the end of his middle finger, seventeen inches, his palm was eight inches and a half broad, and his whole height nine feet three inches, wanting but six inches of the height of Goliath, if the portrait of him in Brazenose Library, drawn at length, as it is said, in his just proportion, be a true piece of him." These dimensions appear to have been compared with the portrait at Hale, with which they exactly accorded, as did the shape of the giant's hand cut upon a stone in the college cellar, with the date affixed, to which Pepys alludes. The blank in the Diary, after the word Hales, was obviously left for the dimensions of the hand. — B. Mr. Falconer Madan, Assistant Librarian of the Bodleian, has kindly given the editor the following particulars, which supplement Lord Braybrooke's note. Middleton was treated at Brasenose College because it drew largely from Lancashire and Cheshire. The portrait referred to above is now in the Buttery. There is also in the Buttery a picture of the hand of the man full size, and till the last ten years there was an outline of a hand on a gilt background on the eastern one of the two doorposts of the cellar door under the hall on the south side of the latter, at the foot of a flight of stone steps.

[2] Christ's Hospital.

[3] A MS. History of Abingdon, collected by Francis Little, one of the principal burgesses, in the year 1627, now in the possession of the corporation. — B.

annum; and that Mr. Foly[1] was here lately to see how their lands were settled; and here, in old English, the story of the occasion of it, and a rebus at the bottom.[2] So did give the poor, which they would not take but in their box, *2s. 6d.* So to the inn, and paid the reckoning and what not, *13s.* So forth towards Hungerford, led this good way by our landlord, one Heart, an old but very civil and well-spoken man, more than I ever heard, of his quality. He gone, we forward; and I vexed at my people's not minding the way. So come to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: a mean town. At dinner there, *12s.* .Thence set out with a guide, who saw us to Newmarket-heath,[3] and then left us, *3s. 6d.* So all over the Plain by the sight of the steeple, the Plain high and low, to Salisbury, by night; but before I come to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there 'light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to frighten me to be in it all alone at that time of night, it being dark. I understand, since, it to be that, that is called Old Sarûm.[4] Come to the George Inne, where lay in a silk bed; and very good diet. To supper; then to bed.

11th (Thursday). Up, and W. Hewer and I up and down the town, and find it a very brave place. The river goes through every street; and a most capacious market-place. The city great, I think greater than Hereford. But the

[1] Thomas Foley, of Witley Court, who himself founded a hospital for sixty boys at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. See October 27th, 1664. He probably wished for precedents as to the mode of settlement. — B.

[2] See Ashmole's "Antiquities of Berkshire," vol. i., 1719, p. 134. The following is the rebus noticed by Pepys: "V.A.B.I.N.D.O.N.R.F.I. Take the first letter of youre foure fader, with A., the worker of Wer, and I. and N. the colore of an asse; set them togeder, and tel me yf you can, what it is than. RICHARD FANNANDE, Irenmonger, hathe made this Tabul, and here in the yere of King Herry the Sexte, XXVI[te]."

[3] Probably a mistake for East or Market Lavington, which lies in the same direction. — B.

[4] Pepys must mean that the earthworks, more than a hundred feet in height, were prodigious and alarming, the space contained within them being only twenty-seven acres. There is undoubtedly something sublime in standing within the area, in the complete solitude and magnificence of the ramparts. — B.

Minster most admirable;[1] as big, I think, and handsomer than Westminster: and a most large Close about it, and houses for the Officers thereof, and a fine palace for the Bishop. So to my lodging back, and took out my wife and people to shew them the town and Church; but they being at prayers, we could not be shown the Quire. A very good organ; and I looked in, and saw the Bishop, my friend Dr. Ward.[2] Thence to the inne; and there not being able to hire coach-horses, and not willing to use our own, we got saddle-horses, very dear. Boy that went to look for them, 6*d.* So the three women behind W. Hewer, Murford, and our guide, and I single to Stonage, over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told. Give the shepherd-woman, for leading our horses, 4*d.* So back by Wilton, my Lord Pembroke's house, which we could not see, he being just coming to town; but the situation I do not like, nor the house promise much, it being in a low but rich valley. So back home; and there being 'light, we to the Church, and there find them at prayers again, so could not see the Quire; but I sent the women home, and I did go in, and saw very many fine tombs, and among the rest some very ancient, of the Montagus.[3] So home to dinner; and, that being done, paid the reckoning, which was so exorbitant, and particular in rate of my horses, and 7*s.* 6*d.* for bread and beer, that I was mad, and resolve to trouble the master about it, and get something for the poor; and come away in that humour: £2 5*s.* 6*d.* Servants, 1*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 1*s.*; guide to the Stones, 2*s.*; poor woman in the street, 1*s.*; ribbands, 9*d.*; washwoman, 1*s.*; sempstress

[1] It was much to the credit of Pepys's taste that in an age when Gothic architecture was little admired he could see the beauties of this matchless building.

[2] Seth Ward, born 1617; F.R.S.; Savilian Professor and President of Trinity College, Oxford; Dean of Exeter, 1661; Bishop of Exeter, 1662; translated to Salisbury, 1667. In 1671 he was made Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, which office he procured to be annexed to the see. Died January 6th, 1689.

[3] The Montacutes, from whom Lord Sandwich's family claimed descent. — B.

for W. Hewer, 3*s.*; lent W. Hewer, 2*s.* Thence about six o'clock, and with a guide went over the smooth Plain indeed till night; and then by a happy mistake, and that looked like an adventure, we were carried out of our way to a town where we would lye, since we could not go so far as we would. And there with great difficulty come about ten at night to a little inn, where we were fain to go into a room where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise; and there wife and I lay, and in a truckle-bed Betty Turner and Willett. But good beds, and the master of the house a sober, understanding man, and I had good discourse with him about this country's matters, as wool, and corne, and other things. And he also merry, and made us mighty merry at supper, about manning the new ship, at Bristol, with none but men whose wives do master them; and it seems it is become in reproach to some men of estate that are such hereabouts, that this is become common talk. By and by to bed, glad of this mistake, because, it seems, had we gone on as we intended, we could not have passed with our coach, and must have lain on the Plain all night. This day from Salisbury I wrote by the post my excuse for not coming home, which I hope will do, for I am resolved to see the Bath, and, it may be, Bristol.

12th (Friday). Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry. We set out, the reckoning and servants coming to 9*s.* 6*d.*; my guide thither, 2*s.*; coachman, advanced, 10*s.* So rode a very good way, led to my great content by our landlord to Philips-Norton, with great pleasure, being now come into Somersetshire; where my wife and Deb. mightily joyed thereat,[1] I commending the country, as indeed it deserves. And the first town we came to was Brekington, where, we stopping for something for the horses, we called two or three little boys to us, and pleased ourselves with their manner of speech,[2] and did make one of them kiss Deb., and another say the Lord's Prayer (hallowed be thy kingdom come). At Philips-Norton I walked to the Church, and there saw a very ancient tomb of some Knight Templar, I think; and here

[1] They were natives of that country. — B.
[2] The *Zummerzetshire* dialect. — B.

saw the tombstone whereon there were only two heads cut, which, the story goes, and credibly, were two sisters, called the Fair Maids of Foscott,[1] that had two bodies upward and one belly, and there lie buried. Here is also a very fine ring of six bells, and they mighty tuneable. Having dined very well, 10*s*., we come before night to the Bath; where I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the baths, with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping.

13th (Saturday). Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath,[2] where we were carried one after one another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men herein, that live all the season in these waters, that cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath!

[1] "In the floor of the nave of the church of Norton St. Philips are the mutilated portraitures, in stone, of two females, close to each other, and called, by the inhabitants, *The Fair Maidens of Fosscot* or *Fosstoke*, a neighbouring hamlet, now depopulated. There is a tradition that the persons they represent were twins, whose bodies were at their birth conjoined together: that they arrived at a state of maturity; and that one of them dying, the survivor was compelled to drag about her lifeless companion, till death released her of the horrid burthen." — Collinson's *Hist. of Somersetshire*, vol. iii., p. 371, in which no notice occurs of the Templar's tomb. At Biddenden, in Kent, is a tradition of the same kind, but, according to Hasted, without foundation. See "History of Kent," vol. iii., p. 66, folio ed. — B.

[2] The Cross Bath took its name from an old cross which stood in the centre of the bath. This was repaired in 1675 by Mr. W. Coo, of Grandford, Northamptonshire, who put a bordure of lead round it. In 1687 Mary of Modena, queen of James II., tried the effect of the Cross Bath, and was benefited by it. John, Earl of Melfort, erected a marble pillar, with a Latin inscription, in honour of the event, in place of the old cross. The pillar being insecure was taken down in 1783.

Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and there one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by, comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s.* Up, to go to Bristol, about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern, 10*s.*, and the serjeant of the bath, 10*s.*, and the man that carried us in chairs, 3*s.* 6*d.* Set out towards Bristoll, and come thither (in a coach hired to spare our own horses); the way bad, but country good, about two o'clock, where set down at the Horseshoe, and there, being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2*s.*, walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it, to stand in the country, no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts.[1] So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but, when I come in, the master told me that he had newly given over the selling of wine; it seems, grown rich; and so went to the Sun; and there Deb. going with W. Hewer and Betty Turner to see her uncle [Butts], and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the quay, which is a most large and noble place; and to see the new ship building by Bally,[2] neither he nor Furzer[3] being in town. It will be a fine ship. Spoke with the foreman, and did give the boys that kept the cabin 2*s.* Walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober, wealthy, London merchants, as pleased

[1] "They draw all their heavy goods here on sleds, or sledges, which they call 'gee hoes,' without wheels, which kills a multitude of horses." Another writer says, "They suffer no carts to be used in the city, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (the sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." An order of Common Council occurs in 1651 to prohibit the use of carts and waggons — only suffering drays. "Camden in giving our city credit for its cleanliness in forming 'goutes,' says they use sledges here instead of carts, lest they destroy the arches beneath which are the goutes." — Chilcott's *New Guide to Bristol*, &c., 1826. — B.

[2] Francis Baylie, shipbuilder of Bristol, whose name frequently appears in the "Calendars of State Papers."

[3] Daniel Furzer, who was surveyor to the Navy from 1699 to 1714.

me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with him, 7*s.* 6*d.*: a messenger to Sir John Knight,[1] who was not at home, 6*d.* Then walked with him [Butts] and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he shewed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street, where our girl was born. But, Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us a back way by surprize to his house, where a substantial good house, and well furnished; and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison-pasty, cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristoll milk:[2] where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she come in, that it made me weep too: I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears. His wife a good woman, and so sober and substantiall as I was never more pleased anywhere. Servant-maid, 2*s.* So thence took leave, and he with us through the city, where in walking I find the city pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest, which pleased me mightily. He shewed us the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine Cross yet standing, like Cheapside.

[1] Mayor of Bristol, 1663, and M.P. for that city. — B.

[2] A sort of rum punch (milk punch), which, and turtle, were products of the trade of Bristol with the West Indies. So Byron says in the first edition of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

> "Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
> Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night."

These lines will not be found in the modern editions; but the following are substituted:

> "Your turtle feeder's verse must needs be flat,
> Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat."

Lord Macaulay says of the collations with which the sugar-refiners of Bristol regaled their visitors: "The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich brewage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as *Bristol milk*" ("Hist. of England," vol. i., p. 335). — B.

And so to the Horseshoe, where paid the reckoning, 2*s.* 6*d.* We back, and by moonshine to the Bath again, about ten o'clock: bad way; and giving the coachman 1*s.*, went all of us to bed.

14th (Sunday). Up, and walked up and down the town, and saw a pretty good market-place, and many good streets, and very fair stone-houses. And so to the great Church,[1] and there saw Bishop Montagu's[2] tomb; and, when placed, did there see many brave people come, and, among others, two men brought in, in litters, and set down in the chancel to hear: but I did not know one face. Here a good organ; but a vain, pragmatical fellow preached a ridiculous, affected sermon, that made me angry, and some gentlemen that sat next me, and sang well. So home, walking round the walls of the City, which are good, and the battlements all whole. The sexton of the church 1*s.* So home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Butts again to see me, and he and I to church, where the same idle fellow preached; and I slept most of the sermon. Thence home, and took my wife out and the girls, and come to this church again, to see it, and look over the monuments, where, among others, Dr. Venner[3] and Pelling,[4] and a lady of Sir W. Waller's;[5] he lying with his face broken. So to the fields a little and walked, and then home and had my head looked [at], and so to supper, and then comes my landlord to me, a sober understanding man, and did give me a good account of the antiquity of this town and Wells; and of two Heads, on two pillars, in Wells church. But he a Catholick. So he gone, I to bed.

15th (Monday). Up, and with Mr. Butts to look into the baths, and find the King and Queen's full of a mixed sort, of good and bad, and the Cross only almost for the

[1] The Abbey Church.

[2] James Montagu, Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1608, and of Winchester in 1616: died 1618. He was uncle to the Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Pepys's great-aunt. Hence Pepys's curiosity respecting the tomb.—B.

[3] Tobias Venner, who practised as a physician at Bath nearly half a century, and died March 27th, 1660, aged eighty-five.—B.

[4] John Pelling, B.D., rector of Bath for thirty years.—B.

[5] Jane, sole daughter of Sir Richard Reynell, wife of Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general.—B.

gentry. So home and did the like with my wife, and did pay my guides, two women, 5*s.*; one man, 2*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 6*d.*; woman to lay my foot-cloth, 1*s.* So to our inne, and there eat and paid reckoning, £1 8*s.* 6*d.*; servants, 3*s.*; poor, 1*s.*; lent the coachman, 10*s.* Before I took coach, I went to make a boy dive in the King's bath, 1*s.* I paid also for my coach and a horse to Bristol, £1 1*s.* 6*d.* Took coach, and away, without any of the company of the other stage-coaches, that go out of this town to-day; and rode all day with some trouble, for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes, where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon come to Abebury,[1] where, seeing great stones like those of Stonage standing up, I stopped, and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and shewed me a place trenched in,[2] like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those at Stonage in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning, coming by, do come and view them, and that the King did so: and that the Mount cast hard by is called Selbury,[3] from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1*s.* So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which, I believe, was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonage. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies, stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground so thick as to cover the ground, which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonage, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abebury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3*s.* Before night come to Marlborough, and lay at the Hart; a good house, and a pretty fair town for a street or two; and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their pent-houses supported with pillars, which makes it a good walk. My wife pleased with all, this evening reading of "Mustapha" to me till

[1] Abury.

[2] The well-known temple of the Druids.

[3] There is a notice of Silbury in Rickman's paper on the antiquity of Abury and Stonehenge in "The Archæologia," vol. xxviii., p. 402.

supper, and then to supper, and had musique whose innocence pleased me, and I did give them 3*s*. So to bed, and lay well all night, and long, so as all the five coaches that come this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

16th (Tuesday). So paying the reckoning, 14*s*. 4*d*., and servants, 2*s*., poor 1*s*., set out; and overtook one coach and kept a while company with it, till one of our horses losing a shoe, we stopped and drank and spent 1*s*. So on, and passing through a good part of this county of Wiltshire, saw a good house [1] of Alexander Popham's,[2] and another of my Lord Craven's,[3] I think in Barkeshire. Come to Newbery, and there dined, which cost me, and musick, which a song of the old courtier of Queen Elizabeth's,[4] and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out, 3*s*. 6*d*. Then comes the reckoning, forced to change gold, 8*s*. 7*d*.; servants and poor, 1*s*. 6*d*. So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed, but come into it again; and in the evening betimes come to Reading, and there heard my wife read more of "Mustapha," and then to supper, and then I to walk about the town, which is a very great one, I think bigger than Salsbury: a river [5] runs through it,

[1] Littlecott House, a fine old mansion, in the parish of Ramsbury, Wilts, still in the possession of the Popham family. Special interest has attached to the place, as the supposed scene of the extraordinary child murder ascribed to William Darel, who sold Littlecott to Sir John Popham, 1587, accounts of which have been given by Aubrey, by Sir Walter Scott in "Rokeby," and in Britton's "Wiltshire," vol. iii., p. 260.

[2] M.P. for Bath.

[3] Hampstead Marshall is in Hampshire. Lord Craven's celebrated mansion, designed by Sir Balthasar Gerbier after the model of Heidelberg Castle, was built 1626–65. It was destroyed by fire in 1718, and succeeded by the present mansion of the Earl of Craven, which is styled Hampstead House.

[4] This ballad was first printed in the reign of James I. by T. Simcocke, and is reprinted in most of the collections of songs and ballads. In the reign of Charles II., "T. Howard, Gent.," wrote and published "An old song of the old Courtiers of the King's, with a new song of a new Courtier of the King's to the tune of 'The Queen's old Courtier.'" A still more modern version has been in vogue under the title of "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

[5] The Kennet.

in seven branches, and unite in one, in one part of the town, and runs into the Thames half-a-mile off: one odd sign of the Broad Face. W. Hewer troubled with the head-ake we had none of his company last night, nor all this day nor night to talk. Then to my inn, and so to bed.

17th (Wednesday). Rose, and paying the reckoning, 12*s.* 6*d.*; servants and poor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; musick, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber-door, but calling us by wrong names, we lay; so set out with one coach in company, and through Maydenhead, which I never saw before, to Colebrooke[1] by noon; the way mighty good; and there dined, and fitted ourselves a little to go through London, and on. Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with; for she is a fool. Thence pleasant way to London, before night, and find all very well, to great content; and there to talk with my wife, and saw Sir W. Pen, who is well again. I hear of the ill news by the great fire at Barbados. By and by home, and there with my people to supper, all in pretty good humour, though I find my wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up; but I will not, for my content-sake, give it. So I to bed, glad to find all so well here, and slept well.[2]

18th. Up betimes and to the office, there to set my papers in order and books, my office having been new whited and windows made clean, and so to sit, where all the morning, and did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesey, as if he thought much of my taking the ayre as I have done; but I care not a turd; but whatever the matter is, I think he hath some ill-will to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner, where my wife still in a melancholy, fusty humour, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day, in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out, I think, in a little time. After dinner carried her by

[1] Colnbrook. [2] The rough notes end here.

coach to St. James's, where she sat in the coach till I to my Lady Peterborough's, who tells me, among other things, her Lord's good words to the Duke of York lately, about my Lord Sandwich, and that the Duke of York is kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am glad to hear: my business here was about her Lord's pension from Tangier. Here met with Povy, who tells me how hard Creed is upon him, though he did give him, about six months since, I think he said, fifty pieces in gold; and one thing there is in his accounts that I fear may touch me, but I shall help it, I hope. So my wife not speaking a word, going nor coming, nor willing to go to a play, though a new one, I to the Office, and did much business. At night home, where supped Mr. Turner and his wife, and Betty and Mercer and Pelling, as merry as the ill, melancholy humour that my wife was in, would let us, which vexed me; but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear away itself. After supper, parted, and to bed; and my wife troubled all night, and about one o'clock goes out of the bed to the girl's bed, which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing, without telling the cause. By and by she comes back to me, and still crying; I then rose, and would have sat up all night, but she would have me come to bed again; and being pretty well pacified, we to sleep.

19th. When between two and three in the morning we were waked with my maids crying out, "Fire, fire, in Markelane!" So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful; and strange apprehensions in me, and us all, of being presently burnt. So we all rose; and my care presently was to secure my gold, and plate, and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin-lane, over against the Cloth-workers'-hall, which burned furiously: the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt. So homeward, and stopped at Mr. Mills's, where he and she at the door, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, and Mrs. Hollworthy, and there I stayed and talked, and up to the church leads, and saw the fire, which spent itself, till all fear over. I home, and there

we to bed again, and slept pretty well, and about nine rose, and then my wife fell into her blubbering again, and at length had a request to make to me, which was, that she might go into France, and live there, out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends, and so I to the office, where all the morning doing business. Yesterday I heard how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body.[1] At noon home to dinner, and thence by coach to White Hall, where we attended the Duke of York in his closet, upon our usual business. And thence out, and did see many of the Knights of the Garter, with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy-chamber, to elect the Elector of Saxony[2] into that Order, who, I did hear the Duke of York say, was a good drinker: I know not upon what score this compliment is done him. Thence with W. Pen, who is in great pain of the gowte, by coach round by Holborne home, he being at every kennel full of pain. Thence home, and by and by comes my wife and Deb. home, have been at the King's playhouse to-day, thinking to spy me there; and saw the new play, "Evening

[1] "Such an operation was performed in this year, after a consultation of medical men, and chiefly by Locke's advice, and the wound was afterwards always kept open, a silver pipe being inserted. This saved Lord Ashley's life, and gave him health." — Christie's *Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury*, vol. ii., p. 34. *Tapski* was a name given to Shaftesbury in derision, and vile defamers described the abscess, which had originated in a carriage accident in Holland, as the result of extreme dissipation. Lines by Duke, a friend and imitator of Dryden:

> "The working ferment of his active mind,
> In his weak body's cask with pain confined,
> Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
> But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent."

[2] John George, Elector of Saxony, invested with the Garter, April 13th, 1668; installed by proxy, May 29th, 1671; and died 1680.

Love,"[1] of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not. So to supper and talk, and all in good humour, and then to bed, where I slept not well, from my apprehensions of some trouble about some business of Mr. Povy's he told me of the other day.

20th. Up, and talked with my wife all in good humour, and so to the office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and so she and I alone to the King's house, and there I saw this new play my wife saw yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty, and nothing so good as "The Maiden Queen," or "The Indian Emperour," of his making, that I was troubled at it; and my wife tells me wholly (which he confesses a little in the epilogue) taken out of the "Illustre Bassa."[2] So she to Unthanke's and I to Mr. Povy, and there settled some business; and here talked of things, and he thinks there will be great revolutions, and that Creed will be a great man, though a rogue, he being a man of the old strain, which will now be up again. So I took coach, and set Povy down at Charing Cross, and took my wife up, and calling at the New Exchange at Smith's shop, and kissed her pretty hand, and so we home, and there able to do nothing by candle-light, my eyes being now constantly so bad that I must take present advice or be blind. So to supper, grieved for my eyes, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and home and dined with my wife and Deb. alone, but merry and in good humour, which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all, and after dinner she to read in the "Illustre Bassa" the plot of yesterday's play, which is most exactly the same, and so to church I alone, and thence to see Sir W. Pen, who is ill again, and then home, and there get my wife to read to me till supper, and then to bed.

22nd. Up, and with Balty to St. James's, and there presented him to Mr. Wren about his being Muster-Master this year, which will be done. So up to wait on the Duke of York, and thence, with W. Coventry, walked to White Hall:

[1] A comedy, "Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer," not published until 1671. The scene was at Madrid, and the time the last evening of the Carnival in 1665.

[2] See February 24th, *ante*.

good discourse about the Navy, where want of money undoes us. Thence to the Harp and Ball I to drink, and so to the Coffee-house in Covent Garden; but met with nobody but Sir Philip Howard, who shamed me before the whole house there, in commendation of my speech in Parliament, and thence I away home to dinner alone, my wife being at her tailor's, and after dinner comes Creed, whom I hate, to speak with me, and before him comes Mrs. Daniel about business. . . . She gone, Creed and I to the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play [" Evening's Love "] again, but like it not. Calling this day at Herringman's,[1] he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play. Thence with him to my Lord Brouncker's, where a Council of the Royall Society; and there heard Mr. Harry Howard's[2] noble offers about ground for our College, and his intentions of building his own house there most nobly. My business was to meet Mr. Boyle, which I did, and discoursed about my eyes; and he did give me the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville,[3] of

[1] H. Herringman, a printer and publisher in the New Exchange. See August 10th, 1667, *ante.* — B.

[2] June 22nd. At a meeting of the Council " Mr. Hoskyns reported, that he had conferred with Mr. Henry Howard concerning the security of the ground given by him to build upon; and that Mr. Howard was willing to enter into a bond of six thousand pounds for performance of covenants forthwith, and into another of six thousand pounds more, that he would within a twelvemonth either procure an act of parliament to enable him to make estates of the ground belonging to Arundel House notwithstanding the act of 3 Car. I. that had intailed it; or other good and indefeasible title for the society, or else give them collateral security by conveying land to them" (Birch's " History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 299–300).

[3] Daubigny Turberville, of Oriel College; created M.D. at Oxford, 1660. He was a physician of some eminence, and, dying at Salisbury on the 21st April, 1696, aged eighty-five, he was buried in the cathedral, where his monument remains. Cassan, in his " Lives of the Bishops of Sarum," part iii., p. 103, has reprinted an interesting account of Turberville, from the " Memoir of Bishop Seth Ward," published in 1697, by Dr. Walter Pope. Turberville was born at Wayford, co. Somerset. in 1612, and became an expert oculist; and probably Pepys received great benefit from his advice, as his vision does not appear to have failed during the many years that he lived after discontinuing the Diary. The doctor died rich, and subsequently to his decease his sister Mary, inheriting all his prescriptions, and knowing how to use them, practised as an oculist in London with good reputation. — B.

Salsbury, lately come to town, which I will go to. Thence home, where the streets full, at our end of the town, removing their wine against the Act begins, which will be two days hence, to raise the price. I did get my store in of Batelier this night. So home to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and then to Westminster to Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it. So I away with my wife and Deb., whom I left at Unthanke's, and so to Hercules Pillars, and there we three supped on cold powdered beef, and thence home and in the garden walked a good while with Deane, talking well of the Navy miscarriages and faults. So home to bed.

24th. Up, and Creed and Colonell Atkins come to me about sending coals to Tangier: and upon that most of the morning. Thence Creed and I to Alderman Backewell's about Tangier business of money, and thence I by water (calling and drinking, but not baisado, at Michell's) to Westminster, but it being holyday did no business, only to Martin's . . . and so home again by water, and busy till dinner, and then with wife, Mercer, Deb., and W. Hewer to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Impertinents," a pretty good play; and so by water to Spring Garden, and there supped, and so home, not very merry, only when we come home, Mercer and I sat and sung in the garden a good while, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and after dinner at home to the office again, and there all the afternoon very busy till night, and then home to supper and to bed.

26th. All the morning doing business at the office. At noon, with my Fellow-Officers, to the Dolphin, at Sir G. Carteret's charge, to dinner, he having some accounts examined this morning. All the afternoon we all at Sir W. Pen's with him about the Victuallers' accounts, and then in the evening to Charing Cross, and there took up my wife at her tailor's, and so home and to walk in the garden, and then to sup and to bed.

27th. At the office all the morning, at noon dined at home, and then my wife, and Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Indian Queene," but do not doat upon Nan Marshall's acting therein, as the world talks of her excellence therein. Thence with my wife to buy some linnen, £13 worth, for sheets, &c., at the new shop over against the New Exchange; [and the master, who is] come out of London[1] since the fire, says his and other tradesmen's retail trade is so great here, and better than it was in London, that they believe they shall not return, nor the city be ever so great for retail as heretofore. So home and to my business, and to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and then home to dinner, where Betty Turner, Mercer, and Captain Deane, and after dinner to sing, Mr. Pelling coming. Then, they gone, Deane and I all the afternoon till night to talk of navy matters and ships with great pleasure, and so at night, he gone, I to supper, Pelling coming again and singing a while, then to bed. Much talk of the French setting out their fleete afresh; but I hear nothing that our King is alarmed at it, at all, but rather making his fleete less.[2]

29th. Called up by my Lady Peterborough's servant about some business of hers, and so to the office. Thence by and by with Sir J. Minnes toward St. James's, and I stop at Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes: who gives me hopes that I may do well. Thence to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where I find the Duke of York in the Council-chamber; where the Officers of the Navy were called in about Navy business, about calling in of more ships; the King of France having, as the Duke of York says, ordered his fleete to come in, notwithstanding what he had lately ordered for their staying abroad. Thence to the Chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did hear an anthem of Silas Taylor's making; a dull, old-fashioned thing, of six and seven parts, that nobody could understand: and the Duke of York, when he come out, told

[1] To the Strand.

[2] "His Majesty and Prince Rupert returned to town the day before, after viewing the Fleet in the Downs, and the new fortifications at Sheerness." — *The London Gazette*, No. 273. — B.

me that he was a better store-keeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough, too. This morning Mr. May[1] shewed me the King's new buildings at White Hall, very fine; and among other things, his ceilings, and his houses of office. So home to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse — "The Mulberry Garden," which she had not seen. So by coach to Islington, and round by Hackney home with much pleasure, and to supper and bed.

30th. Up, and at the Office all the morning: then home to dinner, where a stinking leg of mutton, the weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in. Then to the Office again, all the afternoon: we met about the Victualler's new contract. And so up, and to walk all the evening with my wife and Mrs. Turner in the garden, till supper, about eleven at night; and so, after supper, parted, and to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, I very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever they were, I think.

July 1st. Up; and all the morning we met at the office about the Victualler's contract. At noon home to dinner, my Cozen Roger, come newly to town, dined with us, and mighty importunate for our coming down to Impington, which I think to do, this Sturbridge fair. Thence I set him down at the Temple, and Commissioner Middleton dining the first time with me, he and I to White Hall, and so to St. James's, where we met; and much business with the Duke of York. And I find the Duke of York very hot for regulations in the Navy; and, I believe, is put on it by W. Coventry; and I am glad of it; and particularly, he falls heavy on Chatham-yard, and is vexed that Lord Anglesey did, the other day, complain at the Council-table of disorders in the Navy, and not to him. So I to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier; and there vexed with the importunity and clamours of Alderman Backewell, for my acquittance for money supplied by him to the garrison, before I have any order for paying it: so home, calling at several places — among others, the 'Change, and on Cooper, to

[1] Hugh May.

know when my wife shall come to sit for her picture, which will be next week, and so home and to walk with my wife, and then to supper and to bed.

2nd. Called up by a letter from W. Coventry telling me that the Commissioners of Accounts intend to summons me about Sir W. Warren's Hamburg contract, and so I up and to W. Coventry's (he and G. Carteret being the party concerned in it), and after conference with him about it to satisfaction I home again to the office. At noon home to dinner, and then all the afternoon busy to prepare an answer to this demand of the Commissioners of Accounts, and did discourse with Sir W. Warren about it, and so in the evening with my wife and Deb. by coach to take ayre to Mile-end, and so home and I to bed, vexed to be put to this frequent trouble in things we deserve best in.

3rd. Betimes to the office, my head full of this business. Then by coach to the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House, the first time I was ever there, and there Sir W. Turner in the chair; and present, Lord Halifax, Thoms[on], Gregory, Dunster, and Osborne.[1] I long with them, and see them hot set on this matter; but I did give them proper and safe answers. Halifax, I perceive, was industrious on my side, in behalf of his uncle Coventry,[2] it being the business of Sir W. Warren. Vexed only at their denial of a copy of what I set my hand to, and swore. Here till almost two o'clock, and then home to dinner, and set down presently what I had done and said this day, and so abroad by water to Eagle Court in the Strand, and there to an alehouse: met Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon, and Dr. Clerke, Waldron,[3] Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre,[4] to dis-

[1] George Thomson, John Gregory, Giles Dunster, Henry Osborne, not Sir Thomas Osborne, as stated in former editions. See January 8th, 1667-68.

[2] Lord Halifax's mother was Anne, sister of Sir John and Sir William Coventry, and of Harry Coventry. She married, secondly, Sir Thomas Chichele, or Chicheley, of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, Master of the Ordnance, which circumstance explains many allusions made by Pepys. — B.

[3] Thomas Waldron matriculated at Balliol College in 1634, when he was fifteen years of age; created M.D. at Oxford, 1653; afterwards Physician in Ordinary to Charles II. He died February 5th, 1676-77, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[4] Richard Lower, a Cornishman, educated at Westminster School,

sect several eyes of sheep and oxen, with great pleasure, and to my great information. But strange that this Turberville should be so great a man, and yet, to this day, had seen no eyes dissected, or but once, but desired this Dr. Lowre to give him the opportunity to see him dissect some. Thence to Unthanke's, to my wife, and carried her home, and there walked in the garden, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and give him account of my doings yesterday, which he well liked of, and was told thereof by my Lord Halifax before; but I do perceive he is much concerned for this business. Gives me advice to write a smart letter to the Duke of York about the want of money in the Navy, and desire him to communicate it to the Commissioners of the Treasury; for he tells me he hath hot work sometimes to contend with the rest for the Navy, they being all concerned for some other part of the King's expenses, which they would prefer to this, of the Navy. He shewed me his closet, with his round table, for him to sit in the middle, very convenient; and I borrowed several books of him, to collect things out of the Navy, which I have not, and so home, and there busy sitting all the morning, and at noon dined, and then all the afternoon busy, till night, and then to Mile-End with my wife and girl, and there drank and eat a jole of salmon, at the Rose and Crown, our old house; and so home to bed.

5th (Lord's day). About four in the morning took four pills of Dr. Turberville's prescribing, for my eyes, and they wrought pretty well most of the morning, and I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkins's Reall Character. At noon comes W. Hewer and Pelling, and young Michell and his wife, and dined with us, and most of the afternoon talking; and then at night my wife to read again, and to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to St. James's, and there attended the Duke of York, and was there by himself told how angry he was, and did declare to my Lord Anglesey, about his late com-

whence he was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford; B.A., 1653; M.A., 1655; M.D., 1665; F.R.S., 1667. He became the most noted physician in London, and died at his house in King Street, Covent Garden, January 17th, 1690-91

plaining of things of the Navy to the King in Council, and not to him; and I perceive he is mightily concerned at it, and resolved to reform things therein. Thence with W. Coventry walked in the Park together a good while, he mighty kind to me. And hear many pretty stories of my Lord Chancellor's being heretofore made sport of by Peter Talbot the priest,[1] in his story of the death of Cardinall Bleau;[2] by Lord Cottington, in his *Dolor de las Tripas;*[3] and Tom Killigrew, in his being bred in Ram Ally,[4] and now bound 'prentice to Lord Cottington, going to Spain with £1,000, and two suits of clothes. Thence home to dinner, and thence to Mr. Cooper's, and there met my wife and W. Hewer and Deb.; and there my wife first sat for her picture: but he is a most admirable workman, and good company. Here comes Harris, and first told us how Betterton is come again upon the stage: whereupon my wife and company to the [Duke's] house to see "Henry the Fifth;" while I to attend the Duke of York at the Committee of the Navy, at the Council, where some high dispute between him and W. Coventry about settling pensions upon all Flag-Officers, while unemployed: W. Coventry against it, and, I think, with reason. Thence I to the playhouse, and saw a piece of the play, and glad to see Betterton; and so with wife and Deb. to Spring-garden, and eat a lobster, and so home in the evening and to bed. Great doings at Paris, I hear, with their triumphs for their late conquests.[5] The Duchesse of Richmond sworn last week of the Queen's

[1] Almoner to the Queen, whose character was drawn in dark colours by Clarendon.

[2] It is probable these stories, in ridicule of Clarendon, are nowhere recorded. Cardinal Jean Balué was the minister of Louis XI. of France. The reader will remember him in Sir W. Scott's "Quentin Durward." He was confined for eleven years in an iron cage invented by himself in the Chateau de Loches, and died soon after he regained his liberty. —B.

[3] Gripes. It was a joke against Lord Cottington that whenever he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic, when he was well again he returned to the Protestant faith.

[4] Ram Alley, on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite Fetter Lane, a privileged place for debtors, which bore a bad reputation. It gave its name to a comedy by Lodowick Barrey, published in 1611. The place is now named Mitre Alley.

[5] See April 27th and 30th, 1668, *ante*.

Bedchamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do — about his women.

7th. Up, and to the office, where Kate Joyce come to me about some tickets of hers, but took no notice to me of her being married,[1] but seemed mighty pale, and doubtful what to say or do, expecting, I believe, that I should begin; and not finding me beginning, said nothing, but, with trouble in her face, went away. At the office all the morning, and after dinner also all the afternoon, and in the evening with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner to Unthanke's, where we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge[2] being under rebuilding. They stayed there, and I about some business, and then presently back and brought them home and supped: and Mrs. Turner, the mother, comes to us, and there late, and so to bed.

8th. Betimes by water to Sir W. Coventry, and there discoursed of several things; and I find him much concerned in the present enquiries now on foot of the Commissioners of Accounts, though he reckons himself and the rest very safe, but vexed to see us liable to these troubles, in things wherein we have laboured to do best. Thence, he being to go out of town to-morrow, to drink Banbury waters,[3] I to the Duke of York, to attend him about business of the Office; and find him mighty free to me, and how he is concerned to mend things in the Navy himself, and not leave it to other people. So home to dinner; and then with my wife to Cooper's, and there saw her sit; and he do do extraordinary things indeed. So to White Hall; and there by and by the Duke of York comes to the Robe-chamber, and spent with us three hours till night, in hearing the business of the Master-Attendants of Chatham, and the Store-keeper of Woolwich; and resolves to displace them all; so hot he is of giving proofs of his justice at this time, that it is their great fate now, to come to be

[1] See May 11th, *ante*.

[2] The bridge which connected Ludgate Hill with Fleet Street, and was destroyed in the Great Fire, was, according to Stow, built or repaired in 1431. The new Fleet Bridge was ornamented with pine-apples and the City arms. It was taken down October 14th, 1765.

[3] There is a sulphurous spring in the town of Banbury, and a chalybeate spring a short distance from the town.

questioned at such a time as this. Thence I to Unthanke's, and took my wife and Deb. home, and to supper and to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and after noon to the office again till night, mighty busy getting Mr. Fist to come and help me, my own clerks all busy, and so in the evening to ease my eyes, and with my wife and Deb. and Betty Turner, by coach to Unthanke's and back again, and then to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to attend the Council, but all in vain, the Council spending all the morning upon a business about the printing of the Critickes,[1] a dispute between the first Printer, one Bee that is dead, and the Abstractor, who would now print his Abstract, one Poole. So home to dinner, and thence to Haward's to look upon an Espinette, and I did come near the buying one, but broke off. I have a mind to have one. So to Cooper's; and there find my wife and W. Hewer and Deb., sitting, and painting; and here he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected: but now I understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and speaks French, and indeed is an excellent man. Thence, in the evening, with my people in a glass hackney-coach to the park, but was ashamed to be seen. So to the lodge, and drank milk, and so home to supper and to bed.

11th. At the office all the morning. After dinner to the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirly's, called "Hide Parke;" the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.[2] Thence

[1] The dispute between Matthew Poole and the publishers of the "Critici Sacri" is referred to in the "Calendar of State Papers": "Case of Cornelius Bee and his partners, — booksellers, proprietors of the 'Critici Sacri' in 9 vols. folio, being editions of eminent authors, published by them in 1660 at £13 10*s*., though the authors would cost £50 or £60, — against Matt. Poole, who, in his projected 'Synopsis Criticorum,' states that he intends to epitomise these with other critical works, which they remonstrate against as a violation of their privileges, and the more hard on them as 1,300 copies of the 'Critici Sacri' were burned in the fire of London, to their loss of £13,000" ("Calendar," 1667–68, pp. 515, 516).

[2] Never printed.

home and to my office, and then to supper and to bed, and overnight took some pills.

12th. Which work with me pretty betimes, being Lord's day, and so I within all day. Busy all the morning upon some accounts with W. Hewer, and at noon, an excellent dinner, comes Pelling and W. Howe, and the latter staid and talked with me all the afternoon, and in the evening comes Mr. Mills and his wife and supped and talked with me, and so to bed. This last night Betty Michell about midnight cries out, and my wife goes to her, and she brings forth a girl, and this afternoon the child is christened, and my wife godmother again to a Betty.

13th. Up, and to my office, and thence by water to White Hall to attend the Council, but did not, and so home to dinner, and so out with my wife, and Deb., and W. Hewer towards Cooper's, but I 'light and walked to Ducke Lane, and there to the bookseller's, at the Bible, whose moher je have a mind to, but elle no erat dentro, but I did there look upon and buy some books, and made way for coming again to the man, which pleases me. Thence to Reeves's, and there saw some, and bespoke a little perspective,[1] and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room.[2] And so to Cooper's, and spent the afternoon with them; and it will be an excellent picture. Thence my people all by water to Deptford, to see Balty, while I to buy my espinette,[3] which I did now agree for, and did at Haward's meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsicon, so as I never heard man before, I think. So home, it being almost night, and there find in the garden Pelling, who hath brought Tempest, Wallington, and Pelham, to sing,[4] and there had most excellent musick late, in the dark, with great pleasure. Made them drink and eat; and so with much pleasure to bed, but above all with little Wallington. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

[1] A perspective glass.

[2] See February 21st, 1665-66.

[3] Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord, at that time called in England a spinet. It was named from a fancied resemblance of its quill plectra to spines or thorns.

[4] Tempest and Wallington were members of the Music Society referred to in note to September 15th, 1667.— B.

14th. Up, and to my office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence all the afternoon hard at the office, we meeting about the Victualler's new contract; and so into the garden, my Lady Pen, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, my wife and I, and there supped in the dark and were merry, and so to bed. This day Bossc[1] finished his copy of my picture, which I confess I do not admire, though my wife prefers him to Browne; nor do I think it like. He do it for W. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less. This afternoon my Lady Pickering come to see us: I busy, saw her not. But how natural it is for us to slight people out of power, and for people out of power to stoop to see those that while in power they contemned!

15th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office to my great content, attending to the settling of papers there that I may have the more rest in winter for my eyes by how much I do the more in the settling of all things in the summer by daylight. At noon home to dinner, where is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward; cost me £5. So to St. James's, where did our ordinary business with the Duke of York. So to Unthanke's to my wife, and with her and Deb. to visit Mrs. Pierce, whom I do not now so much affect, since she paints. But stayed here a while, and understood from her how my Lady Duchesse of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so,[2] which is a sad chance for a young [lady] to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing. So home, and there Captain Deane[3] come and spent the evening with me, to draw some finishing lines on his fine draught of "The Resolution,"[4] the best ship, by all report, in the world, and so to bed. Wonderful hot all day and night, and this the first night that I remember in my life that ever I could lie with only

[1] The name of Abraham Bossc appears in the index to Walpole's "Catalogue of Engravers."

[2] See May 9th and 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[3] Captain Deane (afterwards Sir Anthony) was at this time master shipwright of Harwich.

[4] Captain Silas Taylor wrote to Williamson from Harwich, December 7th, 1667: "The 'Resolution,' a beautiful third-rate ship, was launched, and swims a fine sight in the water" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667-68, p. 65).

a sheet and one rug. So much I am now stronger than ever I remember myself, at least since before I had the stone.

16th. Up, and to the office, where Yeabsly and Lanyon come to town and to speak with me about a matter wherein they are accused of cheating the King before the Lords' Commissioners of Tangier, and I doubt it true, but I have no hand in it, but will serve them what I can. All the morning at the office, and at noon dined at home, and then to the office again, where we met to finish the draft of the Victualler's contract, and so I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royall Society, and there saw an experiment[1] of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers. Thence to Cooper's, and saw his advance on my wife's picture, which will be indeed very fine. So with her to the 'Change, to buy some things, and here I first bought of the sempstress next my bookseller's, where the pretty young girl is, that will be a great beauty. So home, and to supper with my wife in the garden, it being these two days excessively hot, and so to bed.

17th. Up, and fitted myself to discourse before the Council about business of tickets. So to White Hall, where waited on the Duke of York, and then the Council about that business; and I did discourse to their liking, only was too high to assert that nothing could be invented to secure the King more in the business of tickets[2] than there is; which the Duke of Buckingham did except against, and I could have answered, but forbore; but all liked very well. Thence home, and with my wife and Deb. to the

[1] "July 16, 1668. The experiment of Mr. Steno was tried, according to his method, before the Society by Dr. King, and succeeded, so as the dog, upon whom it was made, was seen to be deprived of all motion below the part, where the descending artery was tied, which was upon the top of the spine by a needle passed through between the 8th and 9th ribs." — Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, vol. ii., p. 306.

[2] The report of the Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy on the Seamen's Tickets, signed by Lord Brouncker, Commissioners Middleton, Sir William Penn, and S. Pepys, which was read at the Court at Whitehall, July 17th, 1668, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 507.

King's House to see a play revived called The ——, a sorry mean play, that vexed us to sit in so much heat of the weather to hear it. Thence to see Betty Michell newly lain in, and after a little stay we took water and to Spring Garden, and there walked, and supped, and staid late, and with much pleasure, and to bed. The weather excessive hot, so as we were forced to lie in two beds, and I only with a sheet and rug, which is colder than ever I remember I could bear.

18th. At the office all the morning. At noon dined at home and Creed with me, who I do really begin to hate, and do use him with some reservedness. Here was also my old acquaintance, Will Swan,[1] to see me, who continues a factious fanatick still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. Thence to the office, and then with my wife to the 'Change and Unthanke's, after having been at Cooper's and sat there for her picture, which will be a noble picture, but yet I think not so like as Hales's is. So home and to my office, and then to walk in the garden, and home to supper and to bed. They say the King of France is making a war again, in Flanders, with the King of Spain; the King of Spain refusing to give him all that he says was promised him in the treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's,[2] when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon to please the King make a bawdy sermon to him out of Canticles, and that my Lord Cornwallis did endeavour to get the King a whore, and that must be a pretty girl the daughter of the parson of the place, but that she did get away, and leaped off of some place and killed herself, which if true is very sad.

19th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, and there I up and down in the house spent the morning getting things ready against noon, when come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler, that wrote Hudibras, and Mr. Cooper's cozen Jacke; and by and by comes Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before: and there we dined: a

[1] See June 22nd and December 5th, 1662, *ante*.
[2] At Culford, in Suffolk.

good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted, and then my wife and I to walk in the garden, and so home to supper, Mrs. Turner and husband and daughter with us, and then to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office, where Mrs. Daniel comes. . . . All the morning at the office. Dined at home, then with Mr. Colvill to the new Excise Office in Aldersgate Street, and thence back to the Old Exchange, to see a very noble fine lady I spied as I went through, in coming; and there took occasion to buy some gloves, and admire her, and a mighty fine fair lady indeed she was. Thence idling all the afternoon to Duck Lane, and there saw my bookseller's moher, but get no ground there yet; and here saw Mrs. Michell's daughter married newly to a bookseller, and she proves a comely little grave woman. So to visit my Lord Crew, who is very sick, to great danger, by an irisipulus;[1] the first day I heard of it, and so home, and took occasion to buy a rest for my espinette at the ironmonger's by Holborn Conduit, where the fair pretty woman is that I have lately observed there, and she is pretty, and je credo vain enough. Thence home and busy till night, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and to St. James's, but lost labour, the Duke abroad. So home to the office, where all the morning, and so to dinner, and then all the afternoon at the office, only went to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates,[2] for my books of the King's four Yards. At night walked in the garden, and supped and to bed, my eyes bad.

22nd. All the morning at the office. Dined at home, and then to White Hall with Symson the joyner, and after attending at the Committee of the Navy about the old business of tickets, where the only expedient they have

[1] Erysipelas.

[2] This passage has been frequently quoted as referring to Pepys's small bookplate, with his initials S. P. and two anchors and ropes entwined; but if looked at carefully with the further reference on the 27th (*post*), it will be seen that it merely describes the preparation of engravings of the four dockyards.

found is to bind the Commanders and Officers by oaths. The Duke of York told me how the Duke of Buckingham, after the Council the other day, did make mirth at my position, about the sufficiency of present rules in the business of tickets; and here I took occasion to desire a private discourse with the Duke of York, and he granted it to me on Friday next. So to shew Symson the King's new lodgings for his chimnies, which I desire to have one built in that mode, and so I home, and with little supper, to bed. This day a falling out between my wife and Deb., about a hood lost, which vexed me.

23rd. Up, and all day long, but at dinner, at the Office, at work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad.

24th. Up, and by water to St. James's, having, by the way, shewn Symson Sir W. Coventry's chimney-pieces, in order to the making me one;[1] and there, after the Duke of York was ready, he called me to his closet; and there I did long and largely show him the weakness of our Office, and did give him advice to call us to account for our duties, which he did take mighty well, and desired me to draw up what I would have him write to the Office.[2] I did lay open the whole failings of the Office, and how it was his duty to find them, and to find fault with them, as Admiral, especially at this time, which he agreed to, and seemed much to rely on what I said. Thence to White Hall, and there waited to attend the Council, but was not called in, and so home, and after dinner back with Sir J. Minnes by coach, and there attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business,[3] the Master-Shipwright at Chatham, and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, shew his good-nature and easiness to the Masters-Attendants, by mitigating their faults, so as, I believe, they will come in

[1] See August 14th, *post*.

[2] See August 27th, *post*.

[3] Phineas Pett. The "Revocation of letters patent formerly granted to Phineas Pett, his Majesty's shipwright at Chatham," is dated September 28th, 1668 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667–68, p. 607). His career, however, was not closed, for in 1675 he was master shipwright at Woolwich, and in 1680 he was appointed Comptroller of the Stores, and knighted. He was Commissioner at Chatham from 1685 to 1689.

again. So home, and to supper and to bed, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

25th. Up, and at the Office all the morning; and at noon, after dinner, to Cooper's, it being a very rainy day, and there saw my wife's picture go on, which will be very fine indeed. And so home again to my letters, and then to supper and to bed.

26th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning and after dinner, the afternoon also, with W. Hewer in my closet, setting right my Tangier Accounts, which I have let alone these six months and more, but find them very right, and is my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with my wife, and to supper and to bed.

27th. Busy all the morning at my office. At noon dined, and then I out of doors to my bookseller in Duck Lane, but su moher not at home, and it was pretty here to see a pretty woman pass by with a little wanton look, and je did sequi her round about the street from Duck Lane to Newgate Market, and then elle did turn back, and je did lose her. And so to see my Lord Crew, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again. Thence to Cooper's, where my wife's picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring-Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home. This day my plate-maker comes with my four little plates of the four Yards, cost me £5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also.

28th. All the morning at the office, and after dinner with my wife and Deb. to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Slighted Maid,"[1] but a mean play; and thence home, there being little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little. Here we saw Gosnell, who is become very homely, and sings meanly, I think, to what I thought she did.

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton (see February 23rd, 1662-63).

29th. Busy all the morning at the office. So home to dinner, where Mercer, and there comes Mr. Swan, my old acquaintance, and dines with me, and tells me, for a certainty, that Creed is to marry Betty Pickering, and that the thing is concluded, which I wonder at, and am vexed for. So he gone I with my wife and two girls to the King's house, and saw "The Mad Couple,"[1] a mean play altogether, and thence to Hyde Parke, where but few coaches, and so to the New Exchange, and thence by water home, with much pleasure, and then to sing in the garden, and so home to bed, my eyes for these four days being my trouble, and my heart thereby mighty sad.

30th. Up, and by water to White Hall. There met with Mr. May, who was giving directions about making a close way for people to go dry from the gate up into the House, to prevent their going through the galleries; which will be very good. I staid and talked with him about the state of the King's Offices in general, and how ill he is served, and do still find him an excellent person, and so back to the office. So close at my office all the afternoon till evening, and then out with my wife to the New Exchange, and so back again.

31st. Up, and at my office all the morning. About noon with Mr. Ashburnham[2] to the new Excise Office, and there discoursed about our business, and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand: but, God knows! I have paid dear for it, in my eyes. Home and to dinner, and then my wife and Deb. and I, with Sir J. Minnes, to White Hall, she going hence to the New Exchange, and the Duke of York not being in the way, Sir J. Minnes and I to her and took them two to the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's "Monsieur Ragou,"[3] now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry — a farce. Thence Sir J. Minnes giving us, like a gentleman, his coach, hearing we had some business, we to the Park, and so home. Little pleasure there, there being little company, but mightily taken with a little chariot that we saw in the street, and

[1] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard (see September 20th, 1667).

[2] William Ashburnham, the cofferer.

[3] "The Old Troop; or, Monsieur Ragou," a comedy by John Lacey, printed in 1672, 4to. — B.

which we are resolved to have ours like it. So home to walk in the garden a little, and then to bed. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed experiment[1] of paper tubes.

August 1st. All the morning at the office. After dinner my wife, and Deb., and I, to the King's house again, coming too late yesterday to hear the prologue, and do like the play better now than before; and, indeed, there is a great deal of true wit in it, more than in the common sort of plays, and so home to my business, and at night to bed, my eyes making me sad.

2nd (Lord's day). Up and at home all the morning, hanging, and removing of some pictures, in my study and house. At noon Pelling dined with me. After dinner, I and Tom, my boy, by water up to Putney, and there heard a sermon, and many fine people in the church. Thence walked to Barne Elmes, and there, and going and coming, did make the boy read to me several things, being now-a-days unable to read myself anything, for above two lines together, but my eyes grow weary. Home about night, and so to supper and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, where I did much business, and about noon meeting Dr. Gibbons, carried him to the Sun taverne, in King Street, and there made him, and some friends of his, drink; among others, Captain Silas Taylor, and here did get Gibbons to promise me some things for my flageolets. So to the Old Exchange, and then home to dinner, and so, Mercer dining with us, I took my wife and her and Deb. out to Unthanke's, while I to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and so back to them and took them out to Islington, where we met with W. Joyce and his wife and boy, and there eat and drank, and a great deal of his idle talk, and so we round by Hackney home, and so to sing a little in the garden, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and to my office a little, and then to White

[1] An account of these tubulous spectacles ("An easy help for decayed sight") is given in "The Philosophical Transactions," No. 37, pp. 727-731 (Hutton's Abridgment, vol. i., p. 266). See Diary, August 12th and 23rd, *post*.

Hall about a Committee for Tangier at my Lord Arlington's, where, by Creed's being out of town, I have the trouble given me of drawing up answers to the complaints of the Turks of Algiers, and so I have all the papers put into my hand. Here till noon, and then back to the Office, where sat a little, and then to dinner, and presently to the office, where come to me my Lord Bellassis, Lieutenant-Colonell Fitzgerald,[1] newly come from Tangier, and Sir Arthur Basset, and there I received their informations, and so, they being gone, I with my clerks and another of Lord Brouncker's, Seddon,[2] sat up till two in the morning, drawing up my answers and writing them fair, which did trouble me mightily to sit up so long, because of my eyes.

5th. So to bed about two o'clock, and then up about seven and to White Hall, where read over my report to Lord Arlington and Berkeley, and then afterward at the Council Board with great good liking, but, Lord! how it troubled my eyes, though I did not think I could have done it, but did do it, and was not very bad afterward. So home to dinner, and thence out to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Guardian;" formerly the same, I find, that was called "Cutter of Coleman Street;" a silly play. And thence to Westminster Hall, where I met Fitzgerald; and with him to a tavern, to consider of the instructions for Sir Thomas Allen, against his going to Algiers; he and I being designed to go down to Portsmouth by the Council's order, and by and by he and I went to the Duke of York, who orders me to go down to-morrow morning. So I away home, and there bespeak a coach; and so home and to bed, my wife being abroad with the Mercers walking in the fields, and upon the water.

6th. Waked betimes, and my wife, at an hour's warning, is resolved to go with me, which pleases me, her readiness. But, before ready, comes a letter from Fitzgerald, that he is seized upon last night by an order of the General's by a file of musqueteers, and kept prisoner in his chamber. The Duke of York did tell me of it to-day: it is about a quarrel

[1] See September 24th, 1662, and April 29th, 1663.

[2] John Seddon was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and, according to a MS. in the Pepysian Library (No. 2554), he was appointed to attend Pepys for the signing of tickets.

between him and Witham,[1] and they fear a challenge: so I to him, and sent my wife by the coach round to Lambeth. I lost my labour going to his lodgings, and he in bed: and, staying a great while for him, I at last grew impatient, and would stay no longer; but to St. James's to Mr. Wren, to bid him "God be with you!" and so over the water to Fox Hall; and there my wife and Deb. come and took me up, and we away to Gilford, losing our way for three or four mile, about Cobham. At Gilford we dined; and I shewed them the hospitall there of Bishop Abbot's,[2] and his tomb in the church, which, and the rest of the tombs there, are kept mighty clean and neat, with curtains before them. So to coach again, and got to Lippock,[3] late over Hindhead, having an old man, a guide, in the coach with us; but got thither with great fear of being out of our way, it being ten at night. Here good, honest people; and after supper, to bed. . . .

7th. Up, and to coach, and with a guide to Petersfield, where I find Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Tippets[4] come; the first about the business, the latter only in respect to me; as also Fitzgerald, who come post all last night, and newly arrived here. We four sat down presently to our business, and in an hour despatched all our talk; and did inform Sir Thomas Allen well in it, who, I perceive, in serious matters, is a serious man: and tells me he wishes all we are told be true, in our defence; for he finds by all, that the Turks have, to this day, been very civil to our merchantmen every where; and, if they would have broke with us, they never had such an opportunity over our rich merchantmen, as lately, coming out of the Streights. Then to dinner, and pretty merry: and here was Mr. Martin, the purser, and dined with us, and wrote some things for us. And so took coach again back; Fitzgerald with us, whom I was pleased with all the day, with his discourse of his observations abroad, as being a great soldier and of long standing abroad: and knows all things and persons abroad very well — I mean, the great soldiers of France, and Spain, and Germany; and

[1] Captain Edward Witham (see June 24th, 1664).
[2] George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. Died 1633.
[3] Liphook, a village in Bramshott parish, Hants.
[4] Afterwards Sir John Tippetts. See April 24th, 1662.

talks very well. Come at night to Gilford, where the Red Lyon so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine; and there supped and talked with the landlord and his wife: and so to bed with great content, only Fitzgerald lay at the Inne. So to bed.

8th. Up, and I walked out, and met Uncle Wight, whom I sent to last night, and Mr. Wight coming to see us, and I walked with them back to see my aunt at Katherine Hill, and there walked up and down the hill and places about: but a dull place, but good ayre, and the house dull. But here I saw my aunt, after many days not seeing her — I think, a year or two; and she walked with me to see my wife. And here, at the Red Lyon, we all dined together, and mighty merry, and then parted: and we home to Fox Hall, where Fitzgerald and I 'light, and by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York being abroad, I by coach and met my wife, who went round, and after doing at the office a little, and finding all well at home, I to bed. I hear that Colbert,[1] the French Ambassador, is come, and hath been at Court *incognito*. When he hath his audience, I know not.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and walked to Holborne, where got John Powell's coach at the Black Swan, and he attended me at St. James's, where waited on the Duke of York: and both by him and several of the Privy-Council, beyond expectation, I find that my going to Sir Thomas Allen was looked upon as a thing necessary: and I have got some advantage by it, among them. Thence to White Hall, and thence to visit Lord Brouncker, and back to White Hall, where saw the Queen and ladies; and so, with Mr. Slingsby, to Mrs. Williams's, thinking to dine with Lord Brouncker there, but did not, having promised my wife to come home, though here I met Knepp, to my great content. So home; and, after dinner, I took my wife and Deb. round by Hackney, and up and down to take the ayre; and then home, and made visits to Mrs. Turner, and Mrs.

[1] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister. — B.

Mercer, and Sir W. Pen, who is come from Epsom not well, and Sir J. Minnes, who is not well neither. And so home to supper, and to set my books a little right, and then to bed. This day Betty Michell come and dined with us, the first day after her lying in, whom I was glad to see.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, but he is gone out of town this morning, so thence to my Lord Arlington's house, the first time I there since he come thither, at Goring House,[1] a very fine, noble place; and there he received me in sight of several Lords with great respect. I did give him an account of my journey; and here, while I waited for him a little, my Lord Orrery took notice of me, and begun discourse of hangings, and of the improvement of shipping: I not thinking that he knew me, but did then discover it, with a mighty compliment of my abilities and ingenuity, which I am mighty proud of; and he do speak most excellently. Thence to Westminster Hall, and so by coach to the old Exchange, and there did several businesses, and so home to dinner, and then abroad to Duck Lane, where I saw my belle femme of the book vendor, but had no opportunity para hazer con her. So away to Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment: but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work, as to the painting.[2] He hath £30 for his work — and the chrystal, and case, and gold case comes to £8 3*s.* 4*d.*; and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of debt. Thence my people home, and I to Westminster Hall about a little business, and so by water home [to] supper, and my wife to read a ridiculous book I bought to-day of the History of the Taylors' Company,[3] and all the while Deb. did comb

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," October 21st, 1674: "I went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England."

[2] This miniature of Mrs. Pepys cannot be traced. — B.

[3] The title of this book was, "The Honour of the Merchant Taylors. Wherein is set forth the noble acts, valliant deeds, and heroick per-

my head, and I did toker her with my main para very great pleasure, and so to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry to visit him, whom I find yet troubled at the Commissioners of Accounts, about this business of Sir W. Warren, which is a ridiculous thing, and can come to nothing but contempt, and thence to Westminster Hall, where the Parliament met enough to adjourne, which they did, to the 10th of November next, and so by water home to the office, and so to dinner, and thence at the Office all the afternoon till night, being mightily pleased with a little trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacall of paper, tried with my right eye. This day I hear that, to the great joy of the Nonconformists, the time is out of the Act against them, so that they may meet: and they have declared that they will have a morning lecture[1] up again, which is pretty strange; and they are connived at by the King every where, I hear, in City and country. So to visit W. Pen, who is yet ill, and then home, where W. Batelier and Mrs. Turner come and sat and supped

formances of Merchant Taylors in former ages; their honourable loves and knightly adventures, their combating of foreign enemies and glorious successes in honour of the English nation: together with their pious acts and large benevolences, their building of publick structures, especially that of Blackwell Hall, to be a market-place for the selling of woollen cloaths: Written by William Winstanley. Lond., 1668." 8vo. With the head of Sir Ralph Blackwell, with a gold chain: arms of London on the right, and of the Merchant Taylors on the left. — B.

[1] During the troubled reign of Charles I. the House of Commons gave parishioners the right of appointing lecturers at the various churches without the consent of rector or vicar, and this naturally gave rise to many quarrels. In the early period of the war between the king and the parliament, a course of sermons or lectures was projected in aid of the parliamentary cause. These lectures, which were preached by eminent Presbyterian divines at seven o'clock on the Sunday mornings, were commenced in the church of St. Mary Magdalen in Milk Street, but were soon afterwards removed to St. Giles's, Cripplegate. After the Restoration the lectures were collected in four volumes, and published under the title of the "Cripplegate Morning Exercises," vol. i. in 1661; vol. ii. in 1674; vol. iii. in 1682; and vol. iv. in 1690. In addition there were two volumes which form a supplement to the work, viz., "The Morning Exercises methodized," preached at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, edited by the Rev. Thomas Case in 1660, and the "Exercises against Popery," preached in Southwark, and published in 1675 (see Denton's "Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate," 1883, pp. 55-56).

with us, and so they gone we to bed. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth,[1] and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not enquire.

12th. Up, and all the morning busy at my office. Thence to the Excise Office, and so to the Temple to take counsel about Major Nicholls's[2] business for the King. So to several places about business, and among others to Drumbleby's about the mouths for my paper tubes, and so to the 'Change and home. Met Captain Cocke, who tells me that he hears for certain the Duke of York will lose the authority of an Admiral, and be governed by a Committee: and all our Office changed; only they are in dispute whether I shall continue or no, which puts new thoughts in me, but I know not whether to be glad or sorry. Home to dinner, where Pelling dines with us, and brings some partridges, which is very good meat; and, after dinner, I, and wife, and Mercer, and Deb., to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Mackbeth," to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes,[3] and I to the office, and then come Mrs. Turner and her husband to advise about their son, the Chaplain, who is turned out of his ship, a sorrow to them, which I am troubled for, and do give them the best advice I can, and so they gone we to bed.

13th. Up, and Greeting comes, and there he and I tried some things of Mr. Locke's for two flageolets, to my great content, and this day my wife begins again to learn of him, for I have a great mind for her to be able to play a part with me. Thence I to the Office, where all the afternoon [morning?], and then to dinner, where W. Howe dined with me, who tells me for certain that Creed is like to speed in his match with Mrs. Betty Pickering. Here dined with me also Mr. Hollier, who is mighty vain in his pretence to talk Latin. So to the Office again all the afternoon

[1] Most probably at Norwood, in the parish of Lambeth, a place long-famous as the resort of gipsies. Gipsy Hill is now a place of considerable size.

[2] Major Henry Nicholls, of Kilmaiden, Waterford, who undertook to clear the Medway of wrecks.

[3] The paper tubes for his eyes. See July 31st, *ante*.

till night, very busy, and so with much content home, and made my wife sing and play on the flageolet to me till I slept with great pleasure in bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall and St. James's, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and discourse about business of our Office, telling him my trouble there, to see how things are ordered. I told him also what Cocke told me the other day, but he says there is not much in it, though he do know that this hath been in the eye of some persons to compass for the turning all things in the navy, and that it looks so like a popular thing as that he thinks something may be done in it, but whether so general or no, as I tell it him, he knows not. Thence to White Hall, and there wait at the Council-chamber door a good while, talking with one or other, and so home by water, though but for a little while, because I am to return to White Hall. At home I find Symson, putting up my new chimney-piece,[1] in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away. So back to White Hall, and after the council up, I with Mr. Wren, by invitation, to Sir Stephen Fox's to dinner, where the Cofferer[2] and Sir Edward Savage;[3] where many good stories is of the antiquity and estates of many families at this day in Cheshire, and that part of the kingdom, more than what on this side, near London. My Lady [Fox] dining with us; a very good lady, and a family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it. Thence the Cofferer, Sir Stephen, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury about business: and so I up to the Duke of York, who enquired for what I had promised him, about my observations of the miscarriages of our Office;[4] and I told him he should have it next week, being glad he called for it; for I find he is concerned to do something, and to secure himself thereby, I believe: for the world is labouring to eclipse him, I doubt;

[1] See July 24th, *ante*.

[2] William Ashburnham.

[3] He was probably of the family of Savage, seated at Frodsham, in Cheshire; and had been attached to the royal cause. According to Kennet ("Chronicle," p. 869), he married the widow of Sir Richard Smith, one of the king's privy council. — B.

[4] This refers to the letter on the affairs of the office which Pepys prepared, and respecting which, and the proceedings which grew out of it, so many references are made in future pages of the Diary.

I mean, the factious part of the Parliament. The Office met this afternoon as usual, and waited on him; where, among other things, he talked a great while of his intentions of going to Dover soon, to be sworn as Lord Warden,[1] which is a matter of great ceremony and state, and so to the Temple with Mr. Wren, to the Attorney's chamber, about business, but he abroad, and so I home, and there spent the evening talking with my wife and piping, and pleased with our chimney-piece, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and after dinner with my wife, Mercer, and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Love's Mistresse"[2] revived, the thing pretty good, but full of variety of divertisement. So home and to my business at the office, my eyes bad again, and so to bed.

16th (Lord's day). All the morning at my Office with W. Hewer, there drawing up my Report to the Duke of York, as I have promised, about the faults of this Office, hoping thereby to have opportunity of doing myself [something]. At noon to dinner, and again with him to work all the afternoon till night, till I was weary and had despatched a good deal of business, and so to bed after hearing my wife read a little.

17th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and so to St. James's, and thence with Mr. Wren by appointment in his coach to Hampstead, to speak with the Atturney-general,[3] whom we met in the fields, by his old route and house; and after a little talk about our business of Ackeworth,[4] went and saw the Lord Wotton's[5] house[6] and garden, which is

[1] Of the Cinque Ports.

[2] A play by Thomas Heywood (see March 2nd, 1660–61).

[3] Sir Geoffry Palmer, Bart. He died at his house at Hampstead, May 1st, 1670. — B.

[4] William Acworth, storekeeper at Woolwich Dockyard.

[5] Poliander de Kirkhoven, Lord of Hemfleet, in Holland, married Katherine, widow of Henry, Lord Stanhope, eldest son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, who died *vitâ patris*. She was one of the four daughters and co-heirs of Thomas, Lord Wotton; and her son, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, here mentioned, was created Lord Wotton, of Wotton, in Kent, in 1650, by reason of his descent, and Earl of Bellemont, in Ireland, in 1670. He died without issue in 1682. — B.

[6] Belsyze House, in the parish of Hampstead, was for many years the residence of the Wood family, as lessees under the Dean and Chapter

wonderfull fine: too good for the house the gardens are, being, indeed, the most noble that ever I saw, and brave orange and lemon trees. Thence to Mr. Chichley's[1] by invitation, and there dined with Sir John, his father not coming home. And while at dinner comes by the French Embassador Colbert's mules, the first I ever saw, with their sumpter-clothes mighty rich, and his coaches, he being to have his entry to-day: but his things, though rich, are not new; supposed to be the same his brother[2] had the other day, at the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in Flanders. Thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Cupid's Revenge,"[3] under the new name of "Love Despised," that hath something very good in it, though I like not the whole body of it. This day the first time acted here. Thence home, and there with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer late, reading over all the principal officers' instructions in order to my great work upon my hand, and so to bed, my eyes very ill.

18th. Up, and to my office about my great business betimes, and so to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined, and then to the office all the afternoon also, and in the evening to Sir W. Coventry's, but he not within, I took coach alone to the Park, to try to meet him there, but did not; but there were few coaches, but among the few there were in two coaches our two great beauties, my Lady Castlemayne and Richmond; the first time I saw the latter since she had the smallpox. I had much pleasure to see them, but I thought they were strange one to another. Thence going out I met a coach going, which I thought had Knepp in it, so I went back, but it was not she. So back to White

of Westminster, in whom the property is still vested. When Pepys visited the place, it was the chief seat of Charles Henry Kirkhoven, Lord Wotton, above mentioned. That mansion, long since pulled down, had become, in 1720, a house of public entertainment, and was much in vogue, and continued open as late as 1745. — B. The manor house was situated at the corner where Belsize Park Gardens and Belsize Grove meet. The site is now occupied by a building of residential flats. See Lysons's "Environs" and Park's "History of Hampstead."

[1] In Great Queen Street.

[2] A mistake of Pepys's. Colbert de Croissy, then in England, had himself been the French Plenipotentiary at Aix-la-Chapelle. — B.

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher, and first published in 1615. Downes mentions the revival, but not the change of name.

Hall and there took water, and so home, and busy late about my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to supper and to bed. . . .

19th. Up betimes, and all day and afternoon without going out, busy upon my great letter to the Duke of York, which goes on to my content. W. Hewer and Gibson I employ with me in it. This week my people wash, over the water, and so I little company at home. In the evening, being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane, in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. Beyond four or five of our strength to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I, and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me, and the more because my head is now busy upon other greater things. I am vexed also to be told by W. Hewer that he is summoned to the Commissioners of Accounts about receiving a present of £30 from Mr. Mason, the timber merchant, though there be no harm in it, that will appear on his part, he having done them several lawful kindnesses and never demanded anything, as they themselves have this day declared to the Commissioners, they being forced up by the discovery of somebody that they in confidence had once told it to. So to supper vexed and my head full of care, and so to bed.

20th. Betimes at my business again, and so to the office, and dined with Brouncker and J. Minnes, at Sir W. Pen's at a bad pasty of venison, and so to work again, and at it till past twelve at night, that I might get my great letter[1] to the Duke of York ready against to-morrow, which I shall do, to my great content. So to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and with my people again to work,

[1] In the Pepysian Library is a MS. (No. 2242), entitled, "Papers conteyning my addresse to his Royall Highnesse James Duke of Yorke, Lord High Admirall of England, &c., by letter dated the 20 of August, 1668, humbly tendering him my advice touching the present State of the Office of the Navy, with his Royall Highness's proceedings upon the same, and their result."

and finished all before noon: and then I by water to White Hall, and there did tell the Duke of York that I had done; and he hath to my great content desired me to come to him at Sunday next in the afternoon, to read it over, by which I have more time to consider and correct it. So back home and to the 'Change, in my way calling at Morris', my vintner's, where I love to see su moher, though no acquaintance accostais this day con her. Did several things at the 'Change, and so home to dinner. After dinner I by coach to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and there did spend a little time and regarder su moher, and so to St. James's, where did a little ordinary business; and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert, the French Embassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchess: and I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk, which is a strange fashion, now it hath been so long left off. This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour, done by Lilly:[1] good, but not like. Thence to Reeves's, and bought a reading-glass, and so to my bookseller's again, there to buy a Book of Martyrs,[2] which I did agree for; and so, after seeing and beginning acquaintance con his femme, but very little, away home, and there busy very late at the correcting my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to bed.

22nd. Up betimes, at it again with great content, and so to the Office, where all the morning, and did fall out with W. Pen about his slight performance of his office, and so home to dinner, fully satisfied that this Office must sink or the whole Service be undone. To the office all the afternoon again, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well at ease, my great letter being now finished to my full content; and I thank God I have opportunity of doing it, though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever. This morning Captain Cocke comes, and tells me that he is now assured that it is true, what he told me the other day, that our whole Office will

[1] The set of portraits known as "King Charles's Beauties," formerly in Windsor Castle, but now at Hampton Court. — B.

[2] The popular name of John Fox's "Acts and Monuments," first published in 1562–63.

be turned out, only me, which, whether he says true or no, I know not, nor am much concerned, though I should be better contented to have it thus than otherwise. This afternoon, after I was weary in my business of the office, I went forth to the 'Change, thinking to have spoke with Captain Cocke, but he was not within. So I home, and took London-bridge in my way; walking down Fish Street and Gracious Street, to see how very fine a descent they have now made down the hill, that it is become very easy and pleasant, and going through Leaden-Hall, it being market-day, I did see a woman catched, that had stolen a shoulder of mutton off of a butcher's stall, and carrying it wrapt up in a cloth, in a basket. The jade was surprised, and did not deny it, and the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it, only taking the meat.

23rd (Lord's day). Up betimes, my head busy in my great letter, and I did first hang up my new map of Paris in my green room, and changed others in other places. Then to Captain Cocke's, thinking to have talked more of what he told me yesterday, but he was not within. So back to church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. Shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy. Then home to dinner, where Mr. Pelling, who brought us a hare, which we had at dinner, and W. Howe. After dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes. And I do mightily like what I have therein done; and did, according to the Duke of York's order, make haste to St. James's, and about four o'clock got thither: and there the Duke of York was ready, to expect me, and did hear it all over with extraordinary content; and did give me many and hearty thanks, and in words the most expressive tell me his sense of my good endeavours, and that he would have a care of me on all occasions; and did, with much inwardness,[1] tell me what

[1] *i.e.*, intimacy.

was doing, suitable almost to what Captain Cocke tells me, of designs to make alterations in the Navy; and is most open to me in them, and with utmost confidence desires my further advice on all occasions: and he resolves to have my letter transcribed, and sent forthwith to the Office. So, with as much satisfaction as I could possibly, or did hope for, and obligation on the Duke of York's side professed to me, I away into the Park, and there met Mr. Pierce and his wife, and sister and brother, and a little boy, and with them to Mulberry Garden, and spent 18*s.* on them, and there left them, she being again with child, and by it, the least pretty that ever I saw her. And so I away, and got a coach, and home, and there with my wife and W. Hewer, talking all the evening, my mind running on the business of the Office, to see what more I can do to the rendering myself acceptable and useful to all, and to the King. We to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning upon considerations on the Victualler's contract, and then home to dinner, where my wife is upon hanging the long chamber, where the girl lies, with the sad stuff[1] that was in the best chamber, in order to the hanging that with tapestry. So to dinner, and then to the office again, where all the afternoon till night, we met to discourse upon the alterations which are propounded to be made in the draft of the victualler's contract which we did lately make, and then we being up comes Mr. Child,[2] Papillion and Littleton, his partners, to discourse upon the matter with me, which I did, and spent all the evening with them at the office, and so, they being gone, I to supper and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

25th. Up, and by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did discourse about my great letter, which the Duke of York hath given him: and he hath set it to be transcribed by Billings, his man, whom, as he tells me, he can most confide in for secresy, and is much pleased with it, and earnest to have it be; and he and I are like to be much together in the considering how to reform the Office,

[1] Stuff of a sad colour. — B.

[2] Josiah Child and Thomas Papillon were partners in the Victualling business.

and that by the Duke of York's command. Thence I, mightily pleased with this success, away to the Office, where all the morning, my head full of this business. And it is pretty how Lord Brouncker this day did tell me how he hears that a design is on foot to remove us out of the Office: and proposes that we two do agree to draw up a form of a new constitution of the Office, there to provide remedies for the evils we are now under, so that we may be beforehand with the world, which I agreed to, saying nothing of my design; and, the truth is, he is the best man of them all, and I would be glad, next myself, to save him; for, as he deserves best, so I doubt he needs his place most. So home to dinner at noon, and all the afternoon busy at the office till night, and then with my mind full of business now in my head, I to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning almost, busy about business against the afternoon, and we met a little to sign two or three things at the Board of moment, and thence at noon home to dinner, and so away to White Hall by water. In my way to the Old Swan,[1] finding a great many people gathered together in Cannon Street about a man that was working in the ruins, and the ground did sink under him, and he sunk in, and was forced to be dug out again, but without hurt. Thence to White Hall, and it is strange to say with what speed[2] the people employed do pull down Paul's steeple, and with what ease: it is said that it, and the choir are to be taken down this year,[3] and another church begun in the room thereof, the next. At White Hall we met at the Treasury chamber, and there before the Lords did debate our draft of the victualling contract with the several bidders for it, which were Sir D. Gawden, Mr. Child and his fellows, and Mr. Dorrington and his, a poor variety in a business of this value. There till after candle-lighting, and so home by coach with Sir

[1] In Upper Thames Street.

[2] The stones fell so fast that Pepys felt a sensation like sea-sickness! See September 14th, 1668, *post.* — B.

[3] On July 25th, 1668, a royal warrant was issued for taking down the walls of old St. Paul's, removing the tower and choir, and clearing the ground for the foundation of the east end, with a view to the construction of a new choir for temporary use. The first stone of Wren's building was not laid until June 21st, 1675.

D. Gawden, who, by the way, tells me how the City do go on in several things towards the building of the public places, which I am glad to hear; and gives hope that in a few years it will be a glorious place; but we met with several stops and new troubles in the way in the streets, so as makes it bad to travel in the dark now through the City. So I to Mr. Batelier's by appointment, where I find my wife, and Deb., and Mercer; Mrs. Pierce and her husband, son, and daughter; and Knepp and Harris, and W. Batelier, and his sister Mary, and cozen Gumbleton, a good-humoured, fat young gentleman, son to the Jeweller, that dances well; and here danced all night long, with a noble supper; and about two in the morning the table spread again for a noble breakfast beyond all moderation, that put me out of countenance, so much and so good. Mrs. Pierce and her people went home betimes, she being big with child; but Knepp and the rest staid till almost three in the morning, and then broke up.

27th. Knepp home with us, and I to bed, and rose about six, mightily pleased with last night's mirth, and away by water to St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did correct his copy of my letter, which the Duke of York hath signed in my very words, without alteration of a syllable.[1] And so pleased therewith, I to my Lord Brouncker, who I find within, but hath business, and so comes not to the Office to-day. And so I by water to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and, just as the Board rises, comes the Duke of York's letter, which I knowing, and the Board not being full, and desiring rather to have the Duke of York deliver it himself to us, I suppressed it for this day, my heart beginning to falsify in this business, as being doubtful of the trouble it may give me by provoking them; but, however, I am resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now. At noon to dinner to Captain Cocke's, where

[1] A copy of this letter is in the British Museum, Harl. MS. 6003. See July 24th, *ante*, and August 29th, *post*. In the Pepysian Collection are the following: An Inquisition, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when Lord High Admiral of England, into the Management of the Navy, 1668, with his Regulations thereon, fol. Also Mr. Pepys's Defence of the same upon an Inquisition thereunto by Parliament, 1669, fol. — B.

I met with Mr. Wren; my going being to tell him what I have done, which he likes, and to confer with Cocke about our Office; who tells me that he is confident the design of removing our Officers do hold, but that he is sure that I am safe enough. Which pleases me, though I do not much shew it to him, but as a thing indifferent. So away home, and there met at Sir Richard Ford's with the Duke of York's Commissioners about our Prizes, with whom we shall have some trouble before we make an end with them, and hence, staying a little with them, I with my wife, and W. Batelier, and Deb.; carried them to Bartholomew Fayre, where we saw the dancing of the ropes and nothing else, it being late, and so back home to supper and to bed, after having done at my office.

28th. Busy at the office till toward 10 o'clock, and then by water to White Hall, where attending the Council's call all the morning with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and the rest, about the business of supernumeraries in the fleete, but were not called in. But here the Duke of York did call me aside, and told me that he must speak with me in the afternoon, with Mr. Wren, for that now he hath got the paper from my Lord Keeper[1] about the exceptions taken against the management of the Navy; and so we are to debate upon answering them. At noon I home with W. Coventry to his house; and there dined with him, and talked freely with him; and did acquaint him with what I have done, which he is well pleased with, and glad of: and do tell me that there are endeavours on foot to bring the Navy into new, but, he fears, worse hands. After much talk with great content with him, I walked to the Temple, and staid at Starky's, my bookseller's (looking over Dr. Heylin's new book of the Life of Bishop Laud,[2] a strange book of the Church History of his time), till Mr. Wren comes, and by appointment we to the Atturney General's chamber, and there read and heard the witnesses in the business of Ackeworth, most troublesome and perplexed by the counter swearing of the witnesses one against the.

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

[2] Peter Heylin's "Cyprianus Anglicus, or the History of the Life and Death of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury," was first published in 1668.

other, and so with Mr. Wren away thence to St. [James's] for his papers, and so to White Hall, and after the Committee was done at the Council-chamber about the business of Supernumeraries, wherein W. Pen was to do all and did, but like an ignorant illiterate coxcomb, the Duke of York fell to work with us, the Committee being gone, in the Council-chamber; and there, with his own hand, did give us his long letter, telling us that he had received several from us, and now did give us one from him, taking notice of our several duties and failures, and desired answer to it, as he therein desired; this pleased me well; and so fell to other business, and then parted. And the Duke of York, and Wren, and I, it being now candle-light, into the Duke of York's closet in White Hall; and there read over this paper of my Lord Keeper's, wherein are laid down the faults of the Navy, so silly, and the remedies so ridiculous, or else the same that are now already provided, that we thought it not to need any answer, the Duke of York being able himself to do it: that so it makes us admire the confidence of these men to offer things so silly, in a business of such moment. But it is a most perfect instance of the complexion of the times! and so the Duke of York said himself, who, I perceive, is mightily concerned in it, and do, again and again, recommend it to Mr. Wren and me together, to consider upon remedies fit to provide for him to propound to the King, before the rest of the world, and particularly the Commissioners of Accounts, who are men of understanding and order, to find our faults, and offer remedies of their own, which I am glad of, and will endeavour to do something in it. So parted, and with much difficulty, by candle-light, walked over the Matted Gallery, as it is now with the mats and boards all taken up, so that we walked over the rafters. But strange to see what hard matter the plaister of Paris is, that is there taken up, as hard as stone! And pity to see Holben's[1] work in the ceiling blotted on, and only whited over! Thence, with much ado, by several coaches home, to supper and to bed.

[1] Although Holbein began working at Whitehall Palace in 1538, there is no mention of his work on the ceiling, and Wornum was puzzled by this entry.—See *Some Account of the Life and Works of Hans Holbein*, by R. N. Wornum, p. 309 (note).

My wife having been this day with Hales, to sit for her hand to be mended, in her picture.

29th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where the Duke of York's long letter was read, to their great trouble, and their suspecting me to have been the writer of it. And at noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeon's-hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holben's,[1] thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant, though a good picture. Thence carried Harris to his playhouse, where, though four o'clock, so few people there at "The Impertinents," as I went out; and do believe they did not act, though there was my Lord Arlington and his company there. So I out, and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her, and Mercer, and Deb., to Bartholomew Fair, and there did see a ridiculous, obscene little stage-play, called "Marry Andrey;"[2] a foolish thing, but seen by every body; and so to Jacob Hall's[3] dancing of the ropes; a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed, and so home and to the office, and

[1] The picture here mentioned still adorns the Court Room at Barber Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street. It represents Henry VIII. in the act of delivering the charter to the company, 1541, and contains eighteen figures. There has been much discussion over the merits of the picture and Holbein's share in its production. As the painter died in 1543 there can be little doubt but that the picture was finished by another hand. The late Mr. Wornum, the biographer of Holbein, wrote, "There can be no question of the genuineness of the picture in its foundation," but he was "disposed to believe that Holbein never did finish it;" whilst, from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left of the king, in which there is no trace of Holbein's hand, he considered that "these must have been added later." We are not told whether the company named any price, even if our journalist had been inclined to the speculation. A fine print from the picture was made by B. Baron in 1736. James I. wrote to the company in 1618 to have the picture copied. This copy is supposed to be the one in the possession of the College of Surgeons, which was purchased in 1786 by the college at Desenfans' sale. — B.

[2] Merry Andrew.

[3] See April 7th, 1668, *ante*.

then to bed. Writing to my father to-night not to unfurnish our house in the country for my sister, who is going to her own house, because I think I may have occasion myself to come thither; and so I do, by our being put out of the Office, which do not at all trouble me to think of.

30th (Lord's day). Walked to St. James's and Pell Mell, and read over, with Sir W. Coventry, my long letter to the Duke of York, and which the Duke of York hath, from mine, wrote to the Board, wherein he is mightily pleased, and I perceive do put great value upon me, and did talk very openly on all matters of State, and how some people have got the bit into their mouths, meaning the Duke of Buckingham and his party, and would likely run away with all. But what pleased me mightily was to hear the good character he did give of my Lord Falmouth for his generosity, good-nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom; his employing his interest in the King to do good offices to all people, without any other fault than the freedom he do learn in France of thinking himself obliged to serve his King in his pleasures: and was W. Coventry's particular friend: and W. Coventry do tell me very odde circumstances about the fatality of his death[1] which are very strange. Thence to White Hall to chapel, and heard the anthem, and did dine with the Duke of Albemarle in a dirty manner as ever. All the afternoon, I sauntered up and down the house and Park. And there was a Committee for Tangier met, wherein Lord Middleton would, I think, have found fault with me for want of coles; but I slighted it, and he made nothing of it, but was thought to be drunk; and I see that he hath a mind to find fault with me and Creed, neither of us having yet applied ourselves to him about anything: but do talk of his profits and perquisites taken from him, and garrison reduced, and that it must be increased, and such things, as, I fear, he will be just such another as my Lord Tiviott and the rest, to ruin that place. So I to the Park, and there walk an hour or two; and in the King's garden, and saw the Queen and ladies walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees; and here did see my Lady Richmond, who is of a noble person

[1] See June 8th, 1665, *ante*.

as ever I saw, but her face worse than it was considerably by the smallpox: her sister[1] is also very handsome. Coming into the Park, and the door kept strictly, I had opportunity of handing in the little, pretty, squinting girl of the Duke of York's house, but did not make acquaintance with her; but let her go, and a little girl that was with her, to walk by themselves. So to White Hall in the evening, to the Queen's side, and there met the Duke of York; and he did tell me and W. Coventry, who was with me, how that Lord Anglesey did take notice of our reading his long and sharp letter to the Board; but that it was the better, at least he said so. The Duke of York, I perceive, is earnest in it, and will have good effects of it; telling W. Coventry that it was a letter that might have come from the Commissioners of Accounts, but it was better it should come first from him. I met Lord Brouncker, who, I perceive, and the rest, do smell that it comes from me, but dare not find fault with it; and I am glad of it, it being my glory and defence that I did occasion and write it. So by water home, and did spend the evening with W. Hewer, telling him how we are all like to be turned out, Lord Brouncker telling me this evening that the Duke of Buckingham did, within few hours, say that he had enough to turn us all out: which I am not sorry for at all, for I know the world will judge me to go for company; and my eyes are such as I am not able to do the business of my Office as I used, and would desire to do, while I am in it. So with full content, declaring all our content in being released of my employment, my wife and I to bed, and W. Hewer home, and so all to bed.

31st. Up, and to my office, there to set my Journal for all the last week, and so by water to Westminster to the Exchequer, and thence to the Swan, and there drank and did baiser la fille there, and so to the New Exchange and paid for some things, and so to Hercules Pillars,[2] and there

[1] Sophia Stuart, younger daughter of the Hon. Walter Stuart, third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, married to Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of Thomas, first Viscount Bulkeley, and Master of the Household to Charles II. and James II. (Collins's "Peerage," vol. viii., p. 16, ed. 1812, and "Notes and Queries," Series 3, vol. i., p. 69).

[2] In Fleet Street.

dined all alone, while I sent my shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's, and thence to White Hall to the Treasury chamber, where did a little business, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there met my wife and Deb. and Mary Mercer and Batelier, where also W. Hewer was, and saw "Hamlet," which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it; but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. Thence to the Fayre, and saw "Polichinelle," and so home, and after a little supper to bed. This night lay the first night in Deb.'s chamber, which is now hung with that that hung our great chamber, and is now a very handsome room. This day Mrs. Batelier did give my wife a mighty pretty Spaniel bitch [Flora], which she values mightily, and is pretty; but, as a new comer, I cannot be fond of her.

September 1st. Up, and all the morning at the office busy, and after dinner to the office again busy till about four, and then I abroad (my wife being gone to Hales's about drawing her hand new in her picture) and I to see Betty Michell, which I did, but su mari was dentro, and no pleasure. So to the Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money,[1] and many things to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12*d.* to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to baiser a mighty belle fille that was in the house that was exceeding plain, but fort belle. At night going home I went to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and find her weeping in the shop, so as ego could not have any discourse con her nor ask the reason, so departed and took coach home, and taking coach was set on by a wench that was naught, and would have gone along with me to her lodging in Shoe Lane, but ego did donner her a shilling . . . . and left her, and home, where after supper, W. Batelier with us, we to bed. This day Mrs. Martin come to see us, and dined with us.

[1] This is not the first learned horse of which we read. Shakespeare, "Love's Labour's Lost," act i., sc. 2, mentions "the dancing horse," and the commentators have added many particulars of Banks's bay horse.

2nd. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed. I at home at the office all day, forenoon and afternoon, about the Victualler's contract and other things, and at night home to supper, having had but a cold dinner, Mr. Gibson with me; and this evening comes Mr. Hill to discourse with me about Yeabsly and Lanyon's business, wherein they are troubled, and I fear they have played the knave too far for me to help or think fit to appear for them. So he gone, and after supper, to bed, being troubled with a summons, though a kind one, from Mr. Jessop, to attend the Commissioners of Accounts to-morrow.

3rd. Up, and to the Office, where busy till it was time to go to the Commissioners of Accounts, which I did about noon, and there was received with all possible respect, their business being only to explain the meaning of one of their late demands to us, which we had not answered in our answer to them, and, this being done, I away with great content, my mind being troubled before, and so to the Exchequer and several places, calling on several businesses, and particularly my bookseller's among others, for "Hobbs's Leviathan,"[1] which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8*s.* I now give 24*s.* for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30*s.*, it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again, and so home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon, and towards evening by water to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and presently back again, and there met a little with W. Pen and the rest about our Prize accounts, and so W. Pen and Lord Brouncker and I at the lodging of the latter to read over our new draft of the victualler's contract, and so broke up and home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and met at the Office all the morning; and at noon my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, and W. Hewer and I to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre," with puppets.

[1] "Leviathan: or the matter, forme and power of a Commonwealth ecclesiasticall and civill," by Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, first published in 1651. It was reprinted in 1680, with its old date. Hobbes's complete works, English and Latin, were published by Sir William Molesworth in sixteen volumes 8vo. between 1839 and 1845.

Which we did, and it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest. And here Knepp come to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knepp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of "the Larke," which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company come home before us. This night Knepp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over, that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of which I must endeavour to hear. So, after supper, to bed.

5th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and to the office to work all the afternoon again till the evening, and then by coach to Mr. Hales's new house, where, I find, he hath finished my wife's hand, which is better than the other; and here I find Harris's picture,[1] done in his habit of "Henry the Fifth;"[2] mighty like a player, but I do not think the picture near so good as any yet he hath made for me: however, it is pretty well, and thence through the fair home, but saw nothing, it being late, and so home to my business at the office, and thence to supper and to bed.

6th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and got myself ready to go by water, and about nine o'clock took boat with Henry Russell to Gravesend, coming thither about one, where, at the Ship, I dined; and thither come to me Mr. Hosier,[3] whom I went to speak with, about several businesses of work that he is doing, and I would have him do, of writing work, for me. And I did go with him to his lodging, and there did see his wife, a pretty tolerable woman, and do find him upon an extraordinary good work of designing a method of keeping our Storekeeper's Accounts, in the Navy. Here I should have met with Mr. Wilson, but he is sick, and could not come from Chatham to me. So, having done with Hosier, I took boat again the beginning of the flood,

[1] See *ante*, July 22nd, 1663.
[2] In Lord Orrery's play.
[3] Francis Hosier, Muster-master at Gravesend.

and come home by nine at night, with much pleasure, it being a fine day. Going down I spent reading of the "Five Sermons of Five Several Styles,"[1] worth comparing one with another: but I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best of the five sermons to be preached in; this I do, by the best of my present judgment think, and coming back I spent reading of a book of warrants of our office in the first Dutch war, and do find that my letters and warrants and method will be found another gate's business than this that the world so much adores, and I am glad for my own sake to find it so. My boy was with me, and read to me all day, and we sang a while together, and so home to supper a little, and so to bed.

7th. At the office all the morning, we met, and at noon dined at home, and after dinner carried my wife and Deb. to Unthanke's, and I to White Hall with Mr. Gibson, where the rest of our officers met us, and to the Commissioners of the Treasury about the Victualling contract, but staid not long, but thence, sending Gibson to my wife, I with Lord Brouncker (who was this day in an unusual manner merry, I believe with drink), J. Minnes, and W. Pen to Bartholomew-Fair; and there saw the dancing mare again, which, to-day, I find to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for,

[1] By Abraham Wright, Fellow of St. John's Coll., Oxford, afterwards vicar of Oakham, who died in 1690. The title is, "Five Sermons, in Five several Styles, or Waies of Preaching. First, in Bp. Andrews his *way;* before the late King upon the first day of Lent. Second, in Bp. Hall's *way;* before the clergie at the author's own ordination in Christ Church, Oxford. Third, in Dr. Maine's and Mr. Cartwright's *way;* before the Universitie at St. Marie's, Oxford. Fourth, in the Presbyterian *way;* before the Citie, at St. Paul's, London. Fifth, in the Independent *way;* never preached. With an Epistle rendering an account of the author's designe in printing these his sermons, as also of the sermons themselves. . . . Printed for Edward Archer, 1656." Wood says: "The chief end in printing these sermons, was, first, to show the difference between the University and City breeding up of preachers, and to let the people know that any one that hath been bred a scholar is able to preach any way to the capacity and content of an auditory. And, secondly, that none can do this, but they only that have had such education: yet, notwithstanding, ordinary capacities are more taken with cloak and laymen's preaching than that of the gown."

and was mightily vexed; and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage-play, which is very ridiculous, and so home to the office with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, and myself (J. Minnes being gone home before not well), and so, after a little talk together, I home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and to St. James's, there to talk a little with Mr. Wren about the private business we are upon, in the Office, where he tells me he finds that they all suspect me to be the author of the great letter,[1] which I value not, being satisfied that it is the best thing I could ever do for myself; and so, after some discourse of this kind more, I back to the Office, where all the morning; and after dinner to it again, all the afternoon, and very late, and then home to supper, where met W. Batelier and Betty Turner, and, after some talk with them, and supper, we to bed. This day, I received so earnest an invitation again from Roger Pepys, to come to Sturbridge-Fair [at Cambridge], that I resolve to let my wife go, which she shall do the next week, and so to bed. This day I received two letters from the Duke of Richmond about his yacht, which is newly taken into the King's service, and I am glad of it, hoping hereby to oblige him, and to have occasions of seeing his noble Duchess, which I admire.

9th. Up, and to the office, and thence to the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter, yesterday. I find him at his lodgings in the little building in the bowling-green, at White Hall, that was begun to be built by Captain Rolt.[2] They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his lady, the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, but she, I hear, is in the country. His business was about his yacht, and he seems a mighty good-natured man, and did presently write me a warrant for a doe from Cobham, when the season comes, buck season being past. I shall make much of this acquaintance, that I may live to see his lady near. Thence to Westminster, to Sir R. Long's Office:[3] and, going, met Mr. George Montagu, who talked and complimented me mightily; and long discourse I had with him, who, for news, tells me for certain that Trevor do come to be Secre-

[1] See from August 21st to 27th, 1668, *ante.*

[2] See December 11th, 1667, *ante.*

[3] At the Exchequer, of which he was auditor.

tary at Michaelmas, and that Morrice goes out, and he believes, without any compensation. He tells me that now Buckingham does rule all; and the other day, in the King's journey he is now on, at Bagshot, and that way, he caused Prince Rupert's horses to be turned out of an inne, and caused his own to be kept there, which the Prince complained of to the King, and the Duke of York seconded the complaint; but the King did over-rule it for Buckingham, by which there are high displeasures among them; and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. Thence by water home and to dinner, and after dinner by water again to White Hall, where Brouncker, W. Pen, and I attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about the victualling-contract, where high words between Sir Thomas Clifford and us, and myself more particularly, who told him that something, that he said was told him about this business, was a flat untruth. However, we went on to our business in the examination of the draught, and so parted, and I vexed at what happened, and Brouncker and W. Pen and I home in a hackney coach. And I all that night so vexed that I did not sleep almost all night, which shows how unfit I am for trouble. So, after a little supper, vexed, and spending a little time melancholy in making a base to the Lark's song, I to bed.

10th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's house, where I staid in his dining-room two hours thinking to speak with him, but I find Garraway and he are private, which I am glad of, Captain Cocke bringing them this day together. Cocke come out and talked to me, but it was too late for me to stay longer, and therefore to the Treasury chamber, where the rest met, and W. Coventry come presently after. And we spent the morning in finishing the Victualler's contract, and so I by water home, and there dined with me Batelier and his wife, and Mercer, and my people, at a good venison-pasty; and after dinner I and W. Howe, who come to see me, by water to the Temple, and met our four women, my wife, M. Batelier, Mercer, and Deb., at the Duke's play-house, and there saw "The Maid in the Mill," revived — a pretty, harmless old play. Thence to Unthanke's, and 'Change, where wife did a little business, while Mercer and I staid in the coach; and, in a

quarter of an hour, I taught her the whole Larke's song perfectly, so excellent an eare she hath. Here we at Unthanke's 'light, and walked them to White Hall, my wife mighty angry at it, and did give me ill words before Batelier, which vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself. So landed them, it being fine moonshine, at the Bear,[1] and so took water to the other side, and home. I to the office, where a child is laid at Sir J. Minnes's door, as there was one heretofore. So being good friends again, my wife seeking it, by my being silent I overcoming her, we to bed.

11th. Up, and at my Office all the morning, and after dinner all the afternoon in my house with Batelier shut up, drawing up my defence to the Duke of York upon his great letter, which I have industriously taken this opportunity of doing for my future use. At it late, and my mind and head mighty full of it all night.

12th. At it again in the morning, and then to the Office, where till noon, and I do see great whispering among my brethren about their replies to the Duke of York, which vexed me, though I know no reason for it; for I have no manner of ground to fear them. At noon home to dinner, and, after dinner, to work all the afternoon again. At home late, and so to bed.

13th (Lord's day). The like all this morning and afternoon, and finished it to my mind. So about four o'clock walked to the Temple, and there by coach to St. James's, and met, to my wish, the Duke of York and Mr. Wren; and understand the Duke of York hath received answers from Brouncker,[2] W. Pen, and J. Minnes; and as soon as he saw me, he bid Mr. Wren read them over with me. So having no opportunity of talk with the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren some business to do, he put them into my hands like an idle companion, to take home with me before himself had

[1] "The Bear at the Bridge foot," at the Southwark end of old London Bridge, on the west side of High Street; pulled down, December, 1761, when the houses on the bridge were removed and the bridge widened.

[2] Lord Brouncker's answer and Sir William Penn's, both dated September 11th, and Sir John Mennes's, dated September 13th, are contained in the MS. in the Pepysian Library previously referred to (No. 2242). Pepys's own answer is dated September 13th.

read them, which do give me great opportunity of altering my answer, if there was cause. So took a hackney and home, and after supper made my wife to read them all over, wherein she is mighty useful to me; and I find them all evasions, and in many things false, and in few, to the full purpose. Little said reflective on me, though W. Pen and J. Minnes do mean me in one or two places, and J. Minnes a little more plainly would lead the Duke of York to question the exactness of my keeping my records; but all to no purpose. My mind is mightily pleased by this, if I can but get time to have a copy taken of them, for my future use; but I must return them to-morrow. So to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped, viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Fayth's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick! But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very much. So from the Temple I by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Pen and Lord Anglesey, who delivered this morning his answer to the Duke of York, but I could not see it. But after being above with the Duke of York, but said nothing, I down with Mr. Wren; and he and I read all over that I had, and I expounded them to him, and did so order it that I had them home with me, so that I shall, to my heart's wish, be able to take a copy of them. After dinner, I by water to White Hall; and there, with the Cofferer[1] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissioners of the Treasury, about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily. Thence by water home, and so all the afternoon and evening late busy at the office, and then home to supper, and Mrs. Turner comes to see my wife before her journey to-morrow, but she is in bed, and so sat talking to little purpose with me a great while, and, she gone, I to bed.

15th. Up mighty betimes, my wife and people, Mercer lying here all night, by three o'clock, and I about five; and they before, and I after them, to the coach in Bishopsgate Street, which was not ready to set out. So took wife and Mercer and Deb. and W. Hewer (who are all to set out this

[1] William Ashburnham.

day for Cambridge, to cozen Roger Pepys's, to see Sturbridge Fayre); and I shewed them the Exchange, which is very finely carried on, with good dispatch. So walked back and saw them gone, there being only one man in the coach besides them; and so home to the Office, where Mrs. Daniel come and staid talking to little purpose with me to borrow money, but I did not lend her any, having not opportunity para hazer allo thing mit her. At the office all the morning, and at noon dined with my people at home, and so to the office again a while, and so by water to the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called "The Ladys à la Mode":[1] so mean a thing as, when they come to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[2] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full. Thence to St. James's and White Hall to wait on the Duke of York, but could not come to speak to him till time to go home, and so by water home, and there late at the office and my chamber busy, and so after a little supper to bed.

16th. Up; and dressing myself I did begin para toker the breasts of my maid Jane, which elle did give way to more than usual heretofore, so I have a design to try more when I can bring it to. So to the office, and thence to St. James's to the Duke of York, walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stockes[3] are now pulled

[1] No play called "The Ladies à la Mode" has been traced in 1668, or in any earlier or later year. A comedy, entitled "Love à la Mode," was brought out very soon after the Restoration, but it was anonymous. The preface is signed T. S., initials which are believed to stand for T. Southland. A comedy, named "Damoyselles à la Mode," and printed in 1667, 8vo., is mentioned by Langbaine, p. 56, as written by Richard Flecknoe, and dedicated to the Duchess of Newcastle; but it does not appear to have ever been acted, though, in point of title and date, it comes very near what is wanted.

[2] Probably William Beeston, who had been governor of the Cockpit Theatre.

[3] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near this spot. See December 10th, 1660, *ante*. About 1675 Sir Robert Viner purchased an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down the Turk; which, when it had undergone some necessary alterations, he erected in Stocks Market as Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell. The Mansion House now stands on the site. About 1737 the statue

quite down; and it will make the coming into Cornhill and Lumber Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Fayth's Church, and also in the body of the west part of the Church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the Church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it: and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the Church. No hurt, I hear, is done yet, since their going to pull down the Church and steeple; but one man, on Monday this week, fell from the top to a piece of the roof, of the east end, that stands next the steeple, and there broke himself all to pieces. It is pretty here to see how the late Church was but a case wrought over the old Church; for you may see the very old pillars standing whole within the wall of this. When I come to St. James's, I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life-Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney-coach and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there, I saw and spoke to Mrs. Pierce: and by and by Mr. Wren hunts me out, and gives me my Lord Anglesey's answer to the Duke of York's letter, where, I perceive, he do do what he can to hurt me, by bidding the Duke of York call for my books: but this will do me all the right in the world, and yet I am troubled at it. So away out of the Park, and home; and there Mr. Gibson and I to dinner: and all the afternoon with him, writing over anew, and a little altering, my answer to the Duke of York, which I have not yet delivered, and so have the opportunity of doing it after seeing all their answers, though this do give me occasion to alter very little. This done, he to write it over, and I to the Office, where late, and then home; and he had finished it; and then he

was presented to Robert Viner, the lineal representative of the convivial Lord Mayor, and the market transferred to the space gained by the covering over the Fleet Ditch. This Fleet Market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon Street. —B.

to read to me the life of Archbishop Laud,[1] wrote by Dr. Heylin; which is a shrewd book, but that which I believe will do the Bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads for so much Popish. So after supper to bed. This day my father's letters tell me of the death of poor Fancy, in the country, big with puppies, which troubles me, as being one of my oldest acquaintances and servants. Also good Stankes is dead.

17th. Up, and all the morning sitting at the office, where every body grown mighty cautious in what they do, or omit to do, and at noon comes Knepp, with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse; and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her, and so I to St. James's, but missed of the Duke of York, and so went back to the King's playhouse, and saw "Rollo, Duke of Normandy,"[2] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well, and so home and to my business, and to read again, and to bed. This evening Batelier comes to tell me that he was going down to Cambridge to my company, to see the Fair, which vexed me, and the more because I fear he do know that Knepp did dine with me to-day.[3]

18th. Up, and to St. James's, and there took a turn or two in the Park; and then up to the Duke of York, and there had opportunity of delivering my answer to his late letter, which he did not read, but give to Mr. Wren, as looking on it as a thing I needed not have done, but only that I might not give occasion to the rest to suspect my communication with the Duke of York against them. So now I am at rest in that matter, and shall be more, when my copies are finished of their answers, which I am now taking with all speed. Thence to my several booksellers and elsewhere, about several errands, and so at noon home, and after dinner by coach to White Hall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, and by and by met at the

[1] See note, *ante*, August 28th.
[2] By John Fletcher.
[3] And that he might tell Mrs. Pepys. — B.

robe chamber upon our usual business, where the Duke of York I find somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times so often as he should be with us. So to the King's house, and saw a piece of "Henry the Fourth;" at the end of the play, thinking to have gone abroad with Knepp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in "The Silent Woman," and so I only set her at home, and away home myself, and there to read again and sup with Gibson, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so dined with my people at home, and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Silent Woman;" the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell[1] the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knepp did her part mighty well.[2] And so home straight, and to work, and particularly to my cozen Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment: so home to supper, and to bed. All the news now is, that Mr. Trevor is for certain now to be Secretary, in Morrice's place, which the Duke of York did himself tell me yesterday; and also that Parliament is to be adjourned to the 1st of March, which do please me well, hoping thereby to get my things in a little better order than I should have done; and the less attendances at that end of the town in winter. So home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and to set some papers to rights in my chamber, and the like in my office, and so to church, at our own church, and heard but a dull sermon of one Dr. Hicks, who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for Harris, whom I invited, and to bring Shadwell the poet with him; but they come not, and so a good dinner lost, through my own folly. And so to dinner,

[1] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer. Died 1692.

[2] She played Epicene in "The Silent Woman." See Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708, p. 4.

alone, having since church heard the boy read over Dryden's Reply to Sir R. Howard's Answer, about his Essay of Poesy, and a letter in answer[1] to that; the last whereof is mighty silly, in behalf of Howard. Thence walked forth and got a coach and to visit Mrs. Pierce, with whom, and him, I staid a little while, and do hear how the Duchesse of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover[2] it. Thence to St. Margaret's Church, thinking to have seen Betty Michell, but she was not there. So back, and walked to Gray's Inn walks a while, but little company; and so over the fields to Clerkenwell, to see whether I could find that the fair Botelers[3] do live there still, I seeing Francis the other day in a coach with Cary Dillon,[4] her old servant, but know not where she lives. So walked home, and there walked in the garden an hour, it being mighty pleasant weather, and so took my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham home with me and sent for Mrs. Turner, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen and supped with me, a good supper, part of my dinner to-day. They gone, Mrs. Turner staid an hour talking with me. . . . So parted, and I to bed.

[1] Peter Cunningham contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" (December, 1850, p. 597) an interesting article on the letter alluded to in the text, which he supposes to have been written by Flecknoe. The title of the letter is as follows: "A Letter from a Gentleman to the Honourable Ed. Howard, Esq., occasioned by a Civiliz'd Epistle of Mr. Dryden's before his Second Edition of his Indian Emperour. In the Savoy, printed by Thomas Newcomb, 1668." The "Civiliz'd Epistle" was a caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard; and the Letter is signed, "Sir, your faithful and humble servant, R. F."—*i.e.*, Richard Flecknoe.

[2] See May 9th and 15th, and July 15th, 1668, *ante*.

[3] Or Butlers. See June 18th, July 24th, August 4th, 1660; June 23rd, August 11th, 1661; December 31st, 1662; March 27th, October 2nd, 1664; April 19th, 1665.

[4] Colonel Cary Dillon was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon, by his third wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Stroud, of Stoake, in Somersetshire, and widow of Henry, Lord Folliott, of Ballyshannon. See August 19th, 1662. He held several posts under Charles II. and James II., and upon the death, in 1684, of his nephew, the poet, he succeeded as fifth Earl of Roscommon. He married, not Frances Boteler, Pepys's friend, but Katharine, daughter of John Werden, of Chester, and sister of Major-General Robert

21st. Up, and betimes Sir D. Gawden with me talking about the Victualling business, which is now under dispute for a new contract, or whether it shall be put into a Commission. He gone, comes Mr. Hill to talk with me about Lanyon's business, and so being in haste I took him to the water with me, and so to White Hall, and there left him, and I to Sir W. Coventry, and shewed him my answer to the Duke of York's great letter, which he likes well. We also discoursed about the Victualling business, which he thinks there is a design to put into a way of Commission, but do look upon all things to be managed with faction, and is grieved under it. So to St. James's, and there the Duke of York did of his own accord come to me, and tell me that he had read, and do like of, my answers to the objections which he did give me the other day, about the Navy; and so did W. Coventry too, who told me that the Duke of York had shown him them. So to White Hall a little and the 'Chequer, and then by water home to dinner with my people, where Tong was also this day with me, whom I shall employ for a time, and so out again and by water to Somerset House, but when come thither I turned back and to Southwarke-Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither come the musick of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, "Yes, many; but never to the breaking of a limb:" he seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away with Payne, the waterman. He, seeing me at the play, did get a link to light me, and so light me to the Beare,[1] where Bland, my waterman, waited for me with gold and other things he kept for me, to the value

Werden, Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and comptroller of his Household when king.

[1] See note, September 10th, 1668.

of £40 and more, which I had about me, for fear of my pockets being cut. So by link-light through the bridge, it being mighty dark, but still weather, and so home, where I find my draught of "The Resolution" come, finished, from Chatham; but will cost me, one way or other, about £12 or £13, in the board, frame, and garnishing, which is a little too much, but I will not be beholden to the King's officers that do it. So to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This day I met Mr. Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments. This day also come out first the new five-pieces in gold, coined by the Guiny Company;[1] and I did get two pieces of Mr. Holder.[2]

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where sitting all the morning: at noon, home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening spent my time walking in the dark, in the garden, to favour my eyes, which I find nothing but ease to help. In the garden there comes to me my Lady Pen and Mrs. Turner and Markham, and we sat and talked together, and I carried them home, and there eat a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eat with us, and mighty merry — in appearance, at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides. They gone, Mrs. Turner and I to walk in the garden. . . . So led her home, and I back to bed. This day Mr. Wren did give me, at the Board, Commissioner Middleton's answer to the Duke of York's great letter; so that now I have all of them.

23rd. At my office busy all the morning. At noon comes Mr. Evelyn to me, about some business with the Office, and there in discourse tells me of his loss, to the value of £500, which he hath met with, in a late attempt of making

[1] Guineas took their name from the gold brought from Guinea by the African Company in 1663, who, as an encouragement to bring over gold to be coined, were permitted by their charter from Charles II. to have their stamp of an elephant upon the coin. When first coined they were valued at 20*s.*, but were worth 30*s.* in 1695. There were likewise five-pound pieces, like the guinea, with the inscription upon the rim.

[2] Probably Thomas Holder of the African House.

of bricks[1] upon an adventure with others, by which he presumed to have got a great deal of money: so that I see the most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken. So to the 'Change a little, and then home to dinner, and then by water to White Hall, to attend the Commissioners of the Treasury with Alderman Backewell, about £10,000 he is to lend us for Tangier, and then up to a Committee of the Council, where was the Duke of York, and they did give us, the Officers of the Navy, the proposals of the several bidders for the victualling of the Navy, for us to give our answer to, which is the best, and whether it be better to victual by commission or contract, and to bring them our answer by Friday afternoon, which is a great deal of work. So thence back with Sir J. Minnes home, and come after us Sir W. Pen and Lord Brouncker, and we fell to the business, and I late when they were gone to digest something of it, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. Up betimes and Sir D. Gawden with me, and I told him all, being very desirous for the King's sake, as well as my own, that he may be kept in it, and after consulting him I to the Office, where we met again and spent most of the morning about this business, and no other, and so at noon home to dinner, and then close with Mr. Gibson till night, drawing up our answer, which I did the most part by seven at night, and so to Lord Brouncker and the rest at his lodgings to read it, and they approved of it. So back home to supper, and made my boy read to me awhile, and then to bed.

25th. Up, and Sir D. Gawden with me betimes to confer again about this business, and he gone I all the morning finishing our answer, which I did by noon, and so to din-

[1] At the end of the year 1666 a Dutchman of the Prince of Orange's party, named Kiviet, came over to England with proposals for embanking the river from the Temple to the Tower with brick, and was knighted by the king. He was introduced to Evelyn, whom he persuaded to join with him in a great undertaking for the making of bricks. On March 26th, 1667, the two went in search of brick-earth, and in September articles were drawn up between them for the purpose of proceeding in the manufacture. In April, 1688, Evelyn subscribed 50,000 bricks for the building of a college for the Royal Society, in addition to £50 given previously for the same purpose. No more information on the subject is given in Evelyn's "Diary."

ner, and W. Batelier with me, who is lately come from Impington, beyond which I perceive he went not, whatever his pretence at first was; and so he tells me how well and merry all are there, and how nobly used by my cozen. He gone, after dinner I to work again, and Gibson having wrote our answer fair and got Brouncker and the rest to sign it, I by coach to White Hall to the Committee of the Council, which met late, and Brouncker and J. Minnes with me, and there the Duke of York present (but not W. Coventry, who I perceive do wholly avoid to have to do publickly in this business, being shy of appearing in any Navy business, which I telling him the other day that I thought the King might suffer by it, he told me that the occasion is now so small that it cannot be fatal to the service, and for the present it is better for him not to appear, saying that it may fare the worse for his appearing in it as things are now governed), where our answer was read and debated, and some hot words between the Duke of York and Sir T. Clifford, the first for and the latter against Gawden, but the whole put off to to-morrow's Council, for till the King goes out of town the next week the Council sits every day. So with the Duke of York and some others to his closet, and Alderman Backewell about a Committee of Tangier, and there did agree upon a price for pieces of eight at 4*s.* 6*d.* Present the Duke of York, Arlington, Berkeley, Sir J. Minnes, and myself. They gone, the Duke of York did tell me how hot Clifford is for Child, and for removing of old Officers, he saying plainly to-night, that though D. Gawden was a man that had done the best service that he believe any man, or any ten men, could have done, yet that it was for the King's interest not to let it lie too long in one hand, lest nobody should be able to serve him but one. But the Duke of York did openly tell him that he was not for removing of old servants that have done well, neither in this place, nor in any other place, which is very nobly said. It being 7 or 8 at night, I home with Backewell by coach, and so walked to D. Gawden's, but he not at home, and so back to my chamber, the boy to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

26th. Could sleep but little last night, for my concernments in this business of the victualling for Sir D. Gawden,

so up in the morning and he comes to me, and there I did tell him all, and give him my advice, and so he away, and I to the office, where we met and did a little business, and I left them and by water to attend the Council, which I did all the morning, but was not called in, but the Council meets again in the afternoon on purpose about it. So I at noon to Westminster Hall and there stayed a little, and at the Swan also, thinking to have got Doll Lane thither, but elle did not understand my signs; and so I away and walked to Charing Cross, and there into the great new Ordinary, by my Lord Mulgrave's,[1] being led thither by Mr. Beale, one of Oliver's, and now of the King's Guards; and he sat with me while I had two grilled pigeons, very handsome and good meat: and there he and I talked of our old acquaintances, W. Clerke and others, he being a very civil man, and so walked to Westminster and there parted, and I to the Swan again, but did nothing, and so to White Hall, and there attended the King and Council, who met and heard our answer. I present, and then withdrew; and they spent two hours at least afterwards about it, and at last rose; and to my great content, the Duke of York, at coming out, told me that it was carried for D. Gawden at *6d.*, *8d.*, and 8¾*d.*; but with great difficulty, I understand, both from him and others, so much that Sir Edward Walker told me that he prays to God he may never live to need to plead his merit, for D. Gawden's sake; for that it hath stood him in no stead in this business at all, though both he and all the world that speaks of him, speaks of him as the most deserving man of any servant of the King's in the whole nation, and so I think he is: but it is done, and my heart is glad at it. So I took coach and away, and in Holborne overtook D. Gawden's coach, and stopped and went home, and Gibson to come after, and to my house, where D. Gawden did talk a little, and he do mightily acknowledge my kindness to him, and I know I have done the King and myself good service in it. So he gone, and myself in mighty great content in what is done, I to the office a little,

[1] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, 1694, and Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire, 1703. He was succeeded, 1721, by his only son, Edmund, with whom all the honours became extinct in 1735.

and then home to supper, and the boy to read to me, and so to bed. This noon I went to my Lady Peterborough's house, and talked with her about the money due to her Lord, and it gives me great trouble, her importunity and impertinency about it. This afternoon at Court I met with Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come out of the country, who tells me that Creed's business[1] with Mrs. Pickering will do, which I am neither troubled nor glad at.

27th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office to finish my journall for five days past, and so abroad and walked to White Hall, calling in at Somerset House Chapel, and also at the Spanish Embassador's at York House, and there did hear a little masse: and so to White Hall; and there the King being gone to Chapel, I to walk all the morning in the Park, where I met Mr. Wren; and he and I walked together in the Pell-Mell, it being most summer weather that ever was seen: and here talking of several things: of the corruption of the Court, and how unfit it is for ingenious men, and himself particularly, to live in it, where a man cannot live but he must spend, and cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour: and did thereupon tell me of the basest thing of my Lord Barkeley, one of the basest things that ever was heard of of a man, which was this: — how the Duke of York's Commissioners do let his wine-licenses at a bad rate, and being offered a better, they did persuade the Duke of York to give some satisfaction to the former to quit it, and let it to the latter, which being done, my Lord Barkeley did make the bargain for the former to have £1,500 a-year to quit it; whereof, since, it is come to light that they were to have but £800 and himself £700, which the Duke of York hath ever since for some years paid, though this second bargain hath been broken, and the Duke of York lost by it, [half] of what the first was. He told me that there hath been a seeming accommodation between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington, the two latter desiring it; but yet that there is not true agreement between them, but they do labour to bring in all new creatures into play, and the Duke of York do oppose it, as particularly in this of Sir D. Gaw-

[1] Their marriage, which took place soon after.

den. Thence, he gone, I to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard some good singing; and so to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner: and thence with Sir Stephen Fox to dinner: and the Cofferer[1] with us; and there mighty kind usage, and good discourse. Thence spent all the afternoon walking in the Park, and then in the evening at Court, on the Queen's side; and there met Mr. Godolphin,[2] who tells me that the news is true we heard yesterday, of my Lord Sandwich's being come to Mount's-Bay, in Cornwall, and so I heard this afternoon at Mrs. Pierce's, whom I went to make a short visit to. This night, in the Queen's drawing-room, my Lord Brouncker told me the difference that is now between the three Embassadors here, the Venetian,[3] French,[4] and Spaniard;[5] the third not being willing to make a visit to the first, because he would not receive him at the door; who is willing to give him as much respect as he did to the French, who was used no otherwise, and who refuses now to take more of him, upon being desired thereto, in order to the making an accommodation in this matter, which is very pretty. So a boat staying for me all this evening, I home in the dark about eight at night, and so over the ruins from the Old Swan home with great trouble, and so to hear my boy read a little, and supper and to bed. This evening I found at home Pelling and Wallington and one Aldrige, and we supped and sung.

28th. Up betimes, and Knepp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's day[6] at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there, to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty[7] that comes to me half-a-crown for coming, and had a baiser or two — elle being mighty jolie. And so I about my business. By water to

[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] Sidney Godolphin.

[3] Pietro Mocenigo, of whose entry into London, on the 17th September, 1668, an account is given in Evelyn's "Diary," and in Bp. Kennett's "Complete History," vol. iii., p. 271. A MS. copy of his relation of his embassy is in the British Museum. He was afterwards, ambassador to Rome. — B.

[4] Charles Colbert. See August 8th, 1668.

[5] Count De Dona.

[6] Their benefit.

[7] See May 16th, 1668.

St. James's, and there had good opportunity of speaking with the Duke of York, who desires me again, talking on that matter, to prepare something for him to do for the better managing of our Office, telling me that, my Lord Keeper and he talking about it yesterday, my Lord Keeper did advise him to do so, it being better to come from him than otherwise, which I have promised to do. Thence to my Lord Burlington's house,[1] the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House; and here I visited my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady; Mr. Sidney Montagu being come last night to town unexpectedly from Mount's Bay, where he left my Lord well, eight days since, so as we may now hourly expect to hear of his arrival at Portsmouth. Sidney is mighty grown; and I am glad I am here to see him at his first coming, though it cost me dear, for here I come to be necessitated to supply them with £500 for my Lord.[2] He sent him up with a declaration to his friends, of the necessity of his being presently supplied with £2,000; but I do not think he will get one. However, I think it becomes my duty to my Lord to do something extraordinary in this, and the rather because I have been remiss in writing to him during this voyage, more than ever I did in my life, and more indeed than was fit for me. By and by comes Sir W. Godolphin to see Mr. Sidney, who, I perceive, is much dissatisfied that he should come to town last night, and not yet be with my Lord Arlington, who, and all the town, hear of his being come to town, and he did, it seems, take notice of it to Godolphin this morning: so that I perceive this remissness in affairs do continue in my Lord's managements still, which I am sorry for; but, above all, to see in what a condition my Lord is for money, that I dare swear he do not know where to take up £500 of any man in England at this time, upon his word, but of myself, as I believe by the sequel hereof it will appear. Here I first saw and

[1] In Piccadilly; now, after many alterations, occupied by the Royal Academy and scientific societies. The original house was probably built by Sir John Denham for Lord Burlington, from what is stated, February 20th, 1664-65, *ante*.

[2] Pepys's letter to Lord Sandwich on the subject, September 29th, 1668, was published in Lord Braybrooke's edition of the correspondence.

saluted my Lady Burlington,[1] a very fine-speaking lady, and a good woman, but old, and not handsome; but a brave woman in her parts. Here my Lady Hinchingbroke tells me that she hath bought most of the wedding-clothes for Mrs. Pickering, so that the thing[2] is gone through, and will soon be ended; which I wonder at, but let them do as they will. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing of a letter, do set my periwigg a-fire, which made such an odd noise, nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle. Thence to Westminster Hall and there walked a little, and to the Exchequer, and so home by water, and after eating a bit I to my vintner's, and there did only look upon su wife, which is mighty handsome; and so to my glove and ribbon shop, in Fenchurch Street, and did the like there. And there, stopping against the door of the shop, saw Mrs. Horsfall,[3] now a late widow, in a coach. I to her, and shook her by the hand, and so she away; and I by coach towards the King's playhouse, and meeting W. Howe took him with me, and there saw "The City Match;"[4] not acted these thirty years, and but a silly play: the King and Court there; the house, for the women's sake, mighty full. So I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queen's side; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians come in a barge under the leads, before the Queen's drawing-room; and so the Queen and ladies went out, and heard them, for almost an hour: and it was indeed very good together; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Seignor Joanni.[5] This done, by

[1] Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, wife of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Burlington. All the estates of these families came to the Cavendish family by the marriage of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, with Lady Charlotte Boyle, heiress of Richard, last Earl of Burlington and Cork. The title of Burlington was revived for her son, Lord George Cavendish, and is now merged in the dukedom of Devonshire, the father of the present duke having held the earldom from 1834 to 1858, when he succeeded as seventh duke.

[2] The marriage with Creed.

[3] Probably the same as Mrs. Horsfield. See May 18th, 1668.

[4] A comedy by Jasper Maine, D.D.

[5] Probably Giovanni Baptista Draghi. See note, February 12th, 1666-67.

and by they went in; and here I saw Mr. Sidney Montagu kiss the Queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him, and the ladies looked mightily on him; and the King come by and by, and did talk to him. So I away by coach with Alderman Backewell home, who is mighty kind to me, more than ordinary, in his expressions. But I do hear this day what troubles me, that Sir W. Coventry is quite out of play, the King seldom speaking to him; and that there is a design of making a Lord Treasurer, and that my Lord Arlington shall be the man; but I cannot believe it. But yet the Duke of Buckingham hath it in his mind, and those with him, to make a thorough alteration in things; and, among the rest, Coventry to be out. The Duke of York did this day tell me how hot the whole party was in the business of Gawden;[1] and particularly, my Lord Anglesey tells me, the Duke of Buckingham, for Child against Gawden; but the Duke of York did stand stoutly to it. So home to read and sup, and to bed.

29th (Tuesday, Michaelmas day). Up, and to the Office, where all the morning.

* * * * * *

October 11th (Lord's day).[2] Up and to church, where I find Parson Mills come to town and preached, and the church full, most people being now come home to town, though the season of year is as good as summer in all respects. At noon dined at home with my wife, all alone, and busy all the afternoon in my closet, making up some papers with W. Hewer, and at night comes Mr. Turner and his wife, and there they tell me that Mr. Harper[3] is dead at Deptford, and so now all his and my care is, how to secure his being Storekeeper in his stead; and here they and their daughter, and a kinswoman that come along with them, did

[1] See September 26th, *ante*.

[2] In this part of the "Diary" no entry occurs for thirteen days, though there are several pages left blank. During the interval Pepys went into the country, as he subsequently mentions his having been at Saxham, in Suffolk, during the king's visit to Lord Crofts, which took place at this time (see October 23rd, *post*). He might also probably have gone to Impington to fetch his wife, whom we find dining at her home on the 11th October. At all events, the pages left blank were never filled up. — B.

[3] Thomas Harper.

sup with me, and pretty merry, and then, they gone, and my wife to read to me, and to bed.

12th. Up, and with Mr. Turner by water to White Hall, there to think to enquire when the Duke of York will be in town, in order to Mr. Turner's going down to Audley End,[1] about his place; and here I met in St. James's Park with one that told us that the Duke of York would be in town to-morrow, and so Turner parted and went home, and I also did stop my intentions of going to the Court, also this day, about securing Mr. Turner's place of Petty-purveyor to Mr. Hater. So I to my Lord Brouncker's, thinking to have gone and spoke to him about it, but he is gone out to town till night, and so, meeting a gentleman of my Lord Middleton's looking for me about the payment of the £1,000 lately ordered to his Lord, in advance of his pay, which shall arise upon his going Governor to Tangier, I did go to his Lord's lodgings, and there spoke the first time with him, and find him a shrewd man, but a drinking man, I think, as the world says; but a man that hath seen much of the world, and is a Scot. I offered him my service, though I can do him little; but he sends his man home with me, where I made him stay, till I had gone to Sir W. Pen, to bespeak him about Mr. Hater, who, contrary to my fears, did appear very friendly, to my great content; for I was afraid of his appearing for his man Burroughs. But he did not; but did declare to me afterwards his intentions to desire an excuse in his own business, to be eased of the business of the Comptroller, his health not giving him power to stay always in town, but he must go into the country. I did say little to him but compliment, having no leisure to think of his business, or any man's but my own, and so away and home, where I find Sir H. Cholmly come to town; and is come hither to see me: and he is a man that I love mightily, as being, of a gentleman, the most industrious that ever I saw. He staid with me awhile talking, and telling me his obligations to my Lord Sandwich, which I was glad of; and that the Duke of Bucking-

[1] "Her Majesty, attended by several ladies of the Court, left Whitehall for Audley End on the 6th October, where His Majesty was expected, after having divertised himself at Newmarket. The Court remained at Audley End till the 14th." — *The London Gazette*, No. 302. — B.

ham is now chief of all men in this kingdom, which I knew before; and that he do think the Parliament will hardly ever meet again; which is a great many men's thoughts, and I shall not be sorry for it. He being gone, I with my Lord Middleton's servant to Mr. Colvill's, but he was not in town, and so he parted, and I home, and there to dinner, and Mr. Pelling with us; and thence my wife and Mercer, and W. Hewer and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and I afterwards by water with them, and there we did hear the Eunuch (who, it seems, is a Frenchman, but long bred in Italy) sing, which I seemed to take as new to me, though I saw him on Saturday last, but said nothing of it; but such action and singing I could never have imagined to have heard, and do make good whatever Tom Hill used to tell me. Here we met with Mr. Batelier and his sister, and so they home with us in two coaches, and there at my house staid and supped, and this night my bookseller Shrewsbury comes, and brings my books of Martyrs, and I did pay him for them, and did this night make the young women before supper to open all the volumes for me. So to supper, and after supper to read a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen,[1] for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense, that I was ashamed to read in it. So they gone, we to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, and before the office did speak with my Lord Brouncker, and there did get his ready assent to T. Hater's having of Mr. Turner's place, and so Sir J. Minnes's also: but when we come to sit down at the Board, comes to us Mr. Wren this day to town, and tells me that James Southern do petition the Duke of York for the Storekeeper's place of Deptford, which did trouble me much, and also the Board, though, upon discourse, after he was gone, we did resolve to move hard for our Clerks, and

[1] Penn's first work, entitled, "Truth exalted, in a short but sure testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have been formed and followed, in the darkness of apostacy; and for that glorious light which is now risen, and shines forth, in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers . . . . by W. Penn, whom divine love constrains, in holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible." London, 1668. — B.

that places of preferment may go according to seniority and merit. So, the Board up, I home with my people to dinner, and so to the office again, and there, after doing some business, I with Mr. Turner to the Duke of Albemarle's at night; and there did speak to him about his appearing to Mr. Wren a friend to Mr. Turner, which he did take kindly from me; and so away thence, well pleased with what we had now done, and so I with him home, stopping at my Lord Brouncker's, and getting his hand to a letter I wrote to the Duke of York for T. Hater, and also at my Lord Middleton's, to give him an account of what I had done this day, with his man, at Alderman Backewell's, about the getting of his £1,000 paid;[1] and here he did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Dutch war, which, he says, he was always an enemy to; and did discourse very well of it, I saying little, but pleased to hear him talk; and to see how some men may by age come to know much, and yet by their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable. I did this day find by discourse with somebody, that this nobleman was the great Major-General Middleton, that was of the Scots army, in the beginning of the late war against the King. Thence home and to the office to finish my letters, and so home and did get my wife to read to me, and then Deb. to comb my head. . . .

14th. Up, and by water, stopping at Michell's, and there saw Betty, but could have no discourse with her, but there drank. To White Hall, and there walked to St. James's, where I find the Court mighty full, it being the Duke of York's birthday; and he mighty fine, and all the musick, one after another, to my great content. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly; and he and I to walk, and to my Lord Barkeley's new house,[2] there to see a new experiment of a

[1] It was probably for this payment that the tally was obtained, the loss of which caused Pepys so much anxiety. See November 26th, 1668, *post*. — B.

[2] See the description of this mansion in Evelyn's "Diary," September 25th, 1672. A small view of it, taken from an old map, is given in the notes to his "Memoir of Mrs. Godolphin." The house was destroyed by fire, October 16th, 1733, and rebuilt by William Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire. This is the existing Devonshire House.

cart, which, by having two little wheels fastened to the axle-tree, is said to make it go with half the ease and more, than another cart; but we did not see the trial made. Thence I home, and after dinner to St. James's, and there met my brethren; but the Duke of York being gone out, and to-night being a play there, and a great festival, we would not stay, but went all of us to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Faythful Shepherdess" again, that we might hear the French Eunuch sing, which we did, to our great content; though I do admire his action as much as his singing, being both beyond all I ever saw or heard. Thence with W. Pen home, and there to get my people to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

15th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at home at dinner, where, after dinner, my wife and I and Deb. out by coach to the upholster's in Long Lane, Alderman Reeve's, and then to Alderman Crow's, to see variety of hangings, and were mightily pleased therewith, and spent the whole afternoon thereupon; and at last I think we shall pitch upon the best suit of Apostles, where three pieces for my room will come to almost £80: so home, and to my office, and then home to supper and to bed. This day at the Board comes unexpected the warrants from the Duke of York for Mr. Turner and Hater, for the places they desire, which contents me mightily.

16th. Up, and busy all the morning at the office, and before noon I took my wife by coach, and Deb., and shewed her Mr. Wren's hangings and bed, at St. James's, and Sir W. Coventry's in the Pell-Mell, for our satisfaction in what we are going to buy; and so by Mr. Crow's, home, about his hangings, and do pitch upon buying his second suit of Apostles — the whole suit, which comes to £83; and this we think the best for us, having now the whole suit, to answer any other rooms or service. So home to dinner, and with Mr. Hater by water to St. James's: there Mr. Hater, to give Mr. Wren thanks for his kindness about his place that he hath lately granted him, of Petty Purveyor of petty emptions, upon the removal of Mr. Turner to be Storekeeper at Deptford, on the death of Harper. And then we all up to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business, and so I with J. Minnes home, and there

finding my wife gone to my aunt Wight's, to see her the first time after her coming to town, and indeed the first time, I think, these two years (we having been great strangers one to the other for a great while), I to them; and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters, and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there, but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine, which I find all come home to-night, and here staying an hour or two we home, and there to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and at noon home to dinner, and to the office all the afternoon, and then late home, and there with much pleasure getting Mr. Gibbs, that writes well, to write the name upon my new draught of "The Resolution;" and so set it up, and altered the situation of some of my pictures in my closet, to my extraordinary content, and at it with much pleasure till almost 12 at night. Mr. Moore and Seymour were with me this afternoon, who tell me that my Lord Sandwich was received mighty kindly by the King, and is in exceeding great esteem with him, and the rest about him; but I doubt it will be hard for him to please both the King and the Duke of York, which I shall be sorry for. Mr. Moore tells me the sad condition my Lord is in, in his estate and debts; and the way he now lives in, so high, and so many vain servants about him, that he must be ruined, if he do not take up, which, by the grace of God, I will put him upon, when I come to see him.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and with my boy Tom all the morning altering the places of my pictures with great pleasure, and at noon to dinner, and then comes Mr. Shales to see me, and I with him to recommend him to my Lord Brouncker's service, which I did at Madam Williams's, and my Lord receives him. Thence with Brouncker to Lincolne's Inn, and Mr. Ball, to visit Dr. Wilkins, now newly Bishop of Chester: and he received us mighty kindly; and had most excellent discourse from him about his Book of Reall Character:[1] and so I with Lord Brouncker to White Hall, and there saw the Queen and some ladies,

[1] See May 15th, 1668.

and with Lord Brouncker back, it again being a rainy evening, and so my Lord forced to lend me his coach till I got a hackney, which I did, and so home and to supper, and got my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

19th. Up, and to my office to set down my Journall for some days past, and so to other business. At the office all the morning upon some business of Sir W. Warren's, and at noon home to dinner, and thence out by coach with my wife and Deb. and Mr. Harman, the upholster, and carried them to take measure of Mr. Wren's bed at St. James's, I being resolved to have just such another made me, and thence set him down in the Strand, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw, the first time acted, "The Queene of Arragon,"[1] an old Blackfriars' play, but an admirable one, so good that I am astonished at it, and wonder where it hath lain asleep all this while, that I have never heard of it before. Here met W. Batelier and Mrs. Hunt, Deb.'s aunt; and saw her home — a very witty woman, and one that knows this play, and understands a play mighty well. Left her at home in Jewen Street, and we home, and to supper, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

20th. Up, and to the office all the morning, and then home to dinner, having this day a new girl come to us in the room of Nell, who is lately, about four days since, gone away, being grown lazy and proud. This girl to stay only till we have a boy, which I intend to keep when I have a coach, which I am now about. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying out money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of a coach and coachman and horses, &c.; and the more because of Creed's being now married to Mrs. Pickering; a thing I could never have expected, but it is done about seven or ten days since, as I hear out of the country. At noon home to dinner, and my wife and Harman and girl abroad to buy things, and I walked out to several places to pay debts, and among other things to look out for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one[2] for

[1] A tragi-comedy by William Habington. Upon its revival the prologue and epilogue were written by Butler, the author of "Hudibras." — B.

[2] In Cow Lane.

which I bid £50, which do please me mightily, and I believe I shall have it. So to my tailor's, and the New Exchange, and so by coach home, and there, having this day bought "The Queene of Arragon" play, I did get my wife and W. Batelier to read it over this night by 11 o'clock, and so to bed.

21st. Lay pretty long talking with content with my wife about our coach and things, and so to the office, where Sir D. Gawden was to do something in his accounts. At noon to dinner to Mr. Batelier's, his mother coming this day a-house-warming to him, and several friends of his, to which he invited us. Here mighty merry, and his mother the same; I heretofore took her for a gentlewoman, and understanding. I rose from table before the rest, because under an obligation to go to my Lord Brouncker's, where to meet several gentlemen of the Royal Society, to go and make a visit to the French Embassador Colbert, at Leicester House,[1] he having endeavoured to make one or two to my Lord Brouncker, as our President, but he was not within, but I come too late, they being gone before: but I followed to Leicester House;[2] but they are gone in and up before me; and so I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I shewed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost. But the man not within, so did nothing more towards an agreement, but to Mr. Crow's about a bed, to have his advice, and so home, and there had my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed. *Memorandum:* that from Crow's, we went back to Charing Cross, and there left my people at their tailor's, while I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, who come to town the last night, and is come thither to lye: and met with him within: and among others my new cozen Creed, who looks mighty soberly; and he and I saluted one another with mighty gravity, till we come to a little more freedom of talk about it. But here I hear that Sir Gilbert Pickering is lately dead, about three days since, which makes some sorrow there, though not much, because of his being long expected

[1] There is a picture of Leicester House at Penshurst. — B.

[2] It occupied the north side of the present Leicester Square. Lisle Street and Sidney's Alley preserve some of the names. — B.

to die, having been in a lethargy long. So waited on my Lord to Court, and there staid and saw the ladies awhile: and thence to my wife, and took them up; and so home, and to supper and bed.

22nd. Up, and W. Batelier's Frenchman, a perriwigg maker, comes and brings me a new one, which I liked and paid him for: a mighty genteel fellow. So to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with wife and Deb. to Crow's, and there did see some more beds; and we shall, I think, pitch upon a camlott one, when all is done. Thence sent them home, and I to Arundell House, where the first time we[1] have met since the vacation, and not much company: but here much good discourse, and afterwards my Lord and others and I to the Devil tavern,[2] and there eat and drank, and so late, with Mr. Colwell, home by coach; and at home took him with me, and there found my uncle Wight and aunt, and Woolly and his wife, and there supped, and mighty merry. And anon they gone, and Mrs. Turner staid, who was there also to talk of her husband's business; and the truth is, I was the less pleased to talk with her, for that she hath not yet owned, in any fit manner of thanks, my late and principal service to her husband about his place, which I alone ought to have the thanks for, if they know as much as I do; but let it go: if they do not own it, I shall have it in my hand to teach them to do it. So to bed. This day word come for all the Principal Officers to bring them [the Commissioners of Accounts] their patents, which I did in the afternoon, by leaving it at their office, but am troubled at what should be their design therein.

23rd. Up, and plasterers at work and painters about my house. Commissioner Middleton and I to St. James's, where with the rest of our company we attended on our usual business the Duke of York. Thence I to White Hall, to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I staid a little talking with the young gentlemen: and so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed; but come

[1] The Royal Society, which met after an interval of ten weeks (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 313).

[2] In Fleet Street.

too late, it being done; two men and a woman hanged,[1] and so back again and to my coachmaker's, and there did come a little nearer agreement for the coach, and so to Duck Lane, and there my bookseller's, and saw his moher, but elle is so bigbellied that elle is not worth seeing. So home, and there all alone to dinner, my wife and W. Hewer being gone to Deptford to see her mother, and so I to the office all the afternoon. In the afternoon comes my cozen, Sidney Pickering,[2] to bring my wife and me his sister's Favour for her wedding, which is kindly done, and he gone, I to business again, and in the evening home, made my wife read till supper time, and so to bed. This day Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sidly and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night with their arses bare, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels[3] to answer it next Sessions: which is a horrid shame. How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the bawdy songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchesse of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; who did acknowledge his unhappiness to occasion her so much sorrow, declaring his intentions in it, and praying her pardon; which she did give him upon his promise to make good his pretences of innocence to her family, by his faithfulness to his master, the Duke of York. That the Duke of Buckingham is now all in all, and will ruin Coventry, if he can: and that W. Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemayne, however, is a mortal enemy to the Duke of Buckingham, which I understand not; but, it seems, she is disgusted with his great-

[1] There is reason to believe that the gallows at Tyburn stood on the site of Connaught Place, and near its south-west corner, though No. 49, Connaught Square, is said by some to be on the spot.

[2] Mrs. Creed's brother.

[3] An expression probably taking its rise from the custom of fastening people by their feet in the stocks. — B.

ness, and his ill usage of her. That the King was drunk at Saxam[1] with Sidly, Buckhurst, &c., the night that my Lord Arlington come thither, and would not give him audience, or could not: which is true, for it was the night that I was there, and saw the King go up to his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking. He tells me, too, that the Duke of York did the next day chide Bab. May for his occasioning the King's giving himself up to these gentlemen, to the neglecting of my Lord Arlington: to which he answered merrily, that, by God, there was no man in England that had heads to lose, durst do what they do, every day, with the King, and asked the Duke of York's pardon: which is a sign of a mad world. God bless us out of it!

24th. This morning comes to me the coachmaker,[2] and agreed with me for £53, and stand to the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach:[3] he is likely also to fit me with a coachman. There comes also to me Mr. Shotgrave, the operator of our Royal Society, to show me his method of making the Tubes for the eyes, which are clouterly done, so that mine are better, but I have well informed myself in several things from him, and so am glad of speaking with him. So to the office, where all the morning, and then to dinner, and so all the afternoon late at the office, and so home, and my wife to read to me, and then with much content to bed. This day Lord Brouncker tells me that the making Sir J. Minnes a bare Commissioner[4] is now in doing, which I am glad of; but he speaks of two new Commissioners, which I do not believe.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and discoursing with my wife

[1] Little Saxham, near Bury St. Edmund's. The manor house then belonged to William, Baron Crofts; it was taken down in 1771. "My last told your Grace I was going into the country to pass my Christmas at my Lord Crofts; and when I tell you that the Duke of Bucks and George Porter were there, you will not doubt but we passed it merrily" (Lord Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, Oxford, January 9th, 1666—"Miscellanea Aulica," p. 371).

[2] See October 20th, *ante*.

[3] See November 29th, *post*.

[4] He continued to hold the office of Comptroller of the Navy until his death in 1671.

about our house and many new things we are doing of, and so to church I, and there find Jack Fenn come, and his wife, a pretty black woman: I never saw her before, nor took notice of her now. So home and to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon got my wife and boy to read to me, and at night W. Batelier comes and sups with us; and, after supper, to have my head combed by Deb., which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world, for my wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. . . . I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and the girle also, and I endeavoured to put it off, but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and so her voice come to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholique and had received the Holy Sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw, but yet I did not know how much she saw, and therefore said nothing to her. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy and preferring a sorry girl before her, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, and foreswore any hurt that I did with her, till at last she seemed to be at ease again, and so toward morning a little sleep, and so I with some little repose and rest.

26th. Rose, and up and by water to White Hall, but with my mind mightily troubled for the poor girle, whom I fear I have undone by this, my [wife] telling me that she would turn her out of doors. However, I was obliged to attend the Duke of York, thinking to have had a meeting of Tangier to-day, but had not; but he did take me and Mr. Wren into his closet, and there did press me to prepare what I had to say upon the answers of my fellow-officers to his great letter, which I promised to do against his coming to town again, the next week; and so to other discourse, finding plainly that he is in trouble, and apprehensions of the Reformers, and would be found to do what he can towards reforming, himself. And so thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where, after long stay, he being in talk

with others privately, I to him; and there he, taking physic and keeping his chamber, I had an hour's talk with him about the ill posture of things at this time, while the King gives countenance to Sir Charles Sidly and Lord Buckhurst, telling him their late story of running up and down the streets a little while since all night, and their being beaten and clapped up all night by the constable, who is since chid and imprisoned for his pains. He tells me that he thinks his matters do stand well with the King, and hopes to have dispatch to his mind; but I doubt it, and do see that he do fear it, too. He told me my Lady Carteret's trouble about my writing of that letter of the Duke of York's lately to the Office, which I did not own, but declared to be of no injury to G. Carteret, and that I would write a letter to him to satisfy him therein. But this I am in pain how to do, without doing myself wrong, and the end I had, of preparing a justification to myself hereafter, when the faults of the Navy come to be found out: however, I will do it in the best manner I can. Thence by coach home and to dinner, finding my wife mightily discontented, and the girle sad, and no words from my wife to her. So after dinner they out with me about two or three things, and so home again, I all the evening busy, and my wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to bed, where about midnight she wakes me, and there falls foul of me again, affirming that she saw me hug and kiss the girle; the latter I denied, and truly, the other I confessed and no more, and upon her pressing me did offer to give her under my hand that I would never see Mrs. Pierce more nor Knepp, but did promise her particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it. She at last upon these promises was quiet, and very kind we were, and so to sleep, and

27th. In the morning up, but my mind troubled for the poor girle, with whom I could not get opportunity to speak, but to the office, my mind mighty full of sorrow for her, to the office, where all the morning, and to dinner with my people, and to the office all the afternoon, and so at night home, and there busy to get some things ready against to-morrow's meeting of Tangier, and that being done, and

my clerks gone, my wife did towards bedtime begin to be in a mighty rage from some new matter that she had got in her head, and did most part of the night in bed rant at me in most high terms of threats of publishing my shame, and when I offered to rise would have rose too, and caused a candle to be light to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted, while the knowing myself to have given some grounds for it, did make it my business to appease her all I could possibly, and by good words and fair promises did make her very quiet, and so rested all night, and rose with perfect good peace, being heartily afflicted for this folly of mine that did occasion it, but was forced to be silent about the girle, which I have no mind to part with, but much less that the poor girle should be undone by my folly. So up with mighty kindness from my wife and a thorough peace, and being up did by a note advise the girle what I had done and owned, which note I was in pain for till she told me she had burned it. This evening Mr. Spong come, and sat late with me, and first told me of the instrument called parallelogram,[1] which I must have one of, shewing me his practice thereon, by a map of England.

28th. So by coach with Mr. Gibson to Chancery Lane, and there made oath before a Master of Chancery to the Tangier account of fees, and so to White Hall, where, by and by, a Committee met, my Lord Sandwich there, but his report was not received, it being late; but only a little business done, about the supplying the place with victuals. But I did get, to my great content, my account allowed of fees, with great applause by my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Pen. Thence home, calling at one or two places; and there about our workmen, who are at work upon my wife's closet, and other parts of my house, that we are all in dirt. So after dinner with Mr. Gibson all the afternoon in my closet, and at night to supper and to bed, my wife and I at good peace, but yet with some little grudgings of trouble in her and more in me about the poor girle.

29th. At the office all the morning, where Mr. Wren first

[1] This useful instrument, used for copying maps, plans, drawings, &c., either of the same size, or larger or smaller than the originals, is now named a pantograph.

tells us of the order from the King, come last night to the Duke of York, for signifying his pleasure to the Sollicitor-General for drawing up a Commission for suspending of my Lord Anglesey,[1] and putting in Sir Thomas Littleton and Sir Thomas Osborne, the former a creature of Arlington's, and the latter of the Duke of Buckingham's, during the suspension.[2] The Duke of York was forced to obey, and did grant it, he being to go to Newmarket this day with the King, and so the King pressed for it. But Mr. Wren do own that the Duke of York is the most wounded in this, in the world, for it is done and concluded without his privity, after his appearing for Lord Anglesey, and that it is plain that they do ayme to bring the Admiralty into Commission too, and lessen the Duke of York. This do put strange apprehensions into all our Board; only I think I am the least troubled at it, for I care not at all for it: but my Lord Brouncker and Pen do seem to think much of it. So home to dinner, full of this news, and after dinner to the office, and so home all the afternoon to do business towards my drawing up an account for the Duke of York of the answers of this office to his late great letter, and late at it, and so to bed, with great peace from my wife and quiet, I bless God.

30th. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did, and then fell to other talk. He tells, in short, how the King is made a child of, by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of

[1] See, in "Memoirs relating to the Navy," 8vo, 1729, two warrants of October 18th, 1668, and October 20th, 1668, addressed by the Duke of York to Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General. The former directs him to prepare a warrant for his suspension, and the second to prepare a bill for the royal signature, constituting and appointing Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton to the office of Treasurer of the Navy, hitherto filled by Lord Anglesey. — B.

[2] "They also prevail'd to put in Sir Thomas Osburn and Sir Thomas Littleton to be Treasurers of the Navy, without so much as speaking or making the least application to the Duke about it, thō such places never use to be disposed of without the concurrence and approbation of the Lord Admiral; and thō the Duke represented to the King the hardship done him, yet his Majesty order'd him to sign the warrant for their admission; which having done he afterwards lived very well with these two gentlemen, they being men of parts and executing well their office." — Clarke's *Life of James II.*, 1816, vol. i., p. 436.

York, whom they cannot suffer to be great, for fear of my Lord Chancellor's return, which, therefore, they make the King violent against. That he believes it is impossible these two great men can hold together long: or, at least, that the ambition of the former is so great, that he will endeavour to master all, and bring into play as many as he can. That Anglesey will not lose his place easily, but will contend in law with whoever comes to execute it. That the Duke of York, in all things but in his cod-piece, is led by the nose by his wife. That W. Coventry is now, by the Duke of York, made friends with the Duchess; and that he is often there, and waits on her. That he do believe that these present great men will break in time, and that W. Coventry will be a great man again; for he do labour to have nothing to do in matters of the State, and is so usefull to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. That my Lady Castlemayne hates the Duke of Buckingham. That the Duke of York hath expressed himself very kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am mighty glad of. That we are to expect more changes if these men stand. This done, he and I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it, where he finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy, with so good reason that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it, and so he carried me home, and said the same to my wife. So I to the office and he away, and at noon I home to dinner, and all the afternoon late with Gibson at my chamber about my present great business, only a little in the afternoon at the office about Sir D. Gawden's accounts, and so to bed and slept heartily, my wife and I at good peace, but my heart troubled and her mind not at ease, I perceive, she against and I for the girle, to whom I have not said anything these three days, but resolve to be mighty strange in appearance to her. This night W. Batelier come and took his leave of us, he setting out for France to-morrow.

31st. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner with my people, and afternoon to the office again, and then to my chamber with Gibson to do more

about my great answer for the Duke of York, and so at night after supper to bed well pleased with my advance thereon. This day my Lord Anglesey was at the Office, and do seem to make nothing of this business of his suspension, resolving to bring it into the Council, where he seems not to doubt to have right, he standing upon his defence and patent, and hath put in his caveats to the several Offices: so, as soon as the King comes back again,[1] which will be on Tuesday next, he will bring it into the Council. So ends this month with some quiet to my mind, though not perfect, after the greatest falling out with my poor wife, and through my folly with the girl, that ever I had, and I have reason to be sorry and ashamed of it, and more to be troubled for the poor girl's sake, whom I fear I shall by this means prove the ruin of, though I shall think myself concerned both to love and be a friend to her. This day Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, newly come to town, come and dined with me, and mighty glad I am to see them.

November 1st (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer at my chamber all this morning, going further in my great business for the Duke of York, and so at noon to dinner, and then W. Hewer to write fair what he had writ, and my wife to read to me all the afternoon, till anon Mr. Gibson come, and he and I to perfect it to my full mind, and so to supper and to bed, my mind yet at disquiet that I cannot be informed how poor Deb. stands with her mistress, but I fear she will put her away, and the truth is, though it be much against my mind and to my trouble, yet I think that it will be fit that she should be gone, for my wife's peace and mine, for she cannot but be offended at the sight of her, my wife having conceived this jealousy of me with reason, and therefore for that, and other reasons of expense, it will be best for me to let her go, but I shall love and pity her. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2nd. Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at

[1] From Newmarket.

White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchess coming thither to-night, and there he and I did read over my paper that I have with so much labour drawn up about the several answers of the officers of this Office to the Duke of York's reflections, and did debate a little what advice to give the Duke of York when he comes to town upon it. Here come in Lord Anglesy, and I perceive he makes nothing of this order for his suspension, resolving to contend and to bring it to the Council on Wednesday when the King is come to town to-morrow, and Mr. Wren do join with him mightily in it, and do look upon the Duke of York as concerned more in it than he. So to visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepney, at Atkins's.[1] So to Mr. Povy's to talk about a coach, but there I find my Lord Sandwich, and Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry, and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar; and thence I slipt away, without taking leave, and so to a few places about business, and among others to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and so home, where the house still full of dirt by painters and others, and will not be clean a good while. So to read and talk with my wife till by and by called to the office about Sir W. Warren's business, where we met a little, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coachmaker near him,[2] for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3rd. Up, and all the morning at the Office. At noon to dinner, and then to the Office, and there busy till 12 at night, without much pain to my eyes, but I did not use them to read or write, and so did hold out very well. So home, and there to supper, and I observed my wife to eye

[1] Colonel Atkins. See June 24th, 1668.

[2] Mr. Povy lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys no doubt went to Long Acre, then, as now, celebrated for its coachmakers —B.

my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb., which I could not but do now and then (and to my grief did see the poor wretch look on me and see me look on her, and then let drop a tear or two, which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this with great trouble of mind, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girle); and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight, and this I know she means by Deb., for she tells me that her Aunt was here on Monday, and she did tell her of her desire of parting with Deb., but in such kind terms on both sides that my wife is mightily taken with her. I see it will be, and it is but necessary, and therefore, though it cannot but grieve me, yet I must bring my mind to give way to it. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about Clutterbucke,[1] I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to shew W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th. Up, and by coach to White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed, which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers[2] did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that

[1] See note to February 4th, 1663-64.
[2] Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily, and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to the keeping out of the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Deane and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knownly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appears this day the first day at White Hall; but hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear. God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gawden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Thence by coach, doing several errands, home and there to dinner, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon till late at night, and so home. Deb. hath been abroad to-day with her friends, poor girle, I believe toward the getting of a place. This day a boy is sent me out of the country from Impington by my cozen Roger Pepys' getting, whom I visited this morning at his chamber in the Strand and carried him to Westminster Hall, where I took a turn or two with him and Sir John Talbot,[1] who talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. When I come home to-night I find Deb. not come

[1] See January 17th, 1667–68, *ante*.

home, and do doubt whether she be not quite gone or no, but my wife is silent to me in it, and I to her, but fell to other discourse, and indeed am well satisfied that my house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go, though it grieves me to the heart. My wife and I spent much time this evening talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear my accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

5th. Up, and Willet come home in the morning, and, God forgive me! I could not conceal my content thereat by smiling, and my wife observed it, but I said nothing, nor she, but away to the Office.[1] Presently up by water to White Hall, and there all of us to wait on the Duke of York, which we did, having little to do, and then I up and down the house, till by and by the Duke of York, who had bid me stay, did come to his closet again, and there did call in me and Mr. Wren; and there my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that that, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did shew how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyour and the Controller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and that when the Duke of York did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir

[1] In the margin is a note as follows: "Observe over the leaf for my mistake." See November 6th.

Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently; and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke of York did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named in Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gawden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne[1] asked the King the names of D. Gawden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, and Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple about business of the Guiney Company, and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, and says the Duke of York, "I will give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into

[1] As Clerk to the Council.

Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly,—that he had for a long time been abused in his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the Judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so, and so it ended. Having heard all this I took coach and to Mr. Povy's, where I hear he is gone to the Swedes Resident in Covent Garden, where he is to dine. I went thither, but he is not come yet, so I to White Hall to look for him, and up and down walking there I met with Sir Robert Holmes, who asking news I told him of Sir W. Pen's going from us, who ketched at it so as that my heart misgives me that he will have a mind to it, which made me heartily sorry for my words, but he invited me and would have me go to dine with him at the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did go and eat some oysters; which while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper[1] and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's,[2] and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton;[3] but what he is I know not.

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman,

[2] Sir J. B. Leyenburg.

[3] Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic, and Anatomy Lecturer at Oxford, for which university he was returned to serve in parliament in 1660, and afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College. — B.

Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great, which [none] of his ancestors ever did before. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse, so as to have been seldom so much in all my life, and so after dinner up into his upper room, and there did see a piece of perspective, but much inferior to Mr. Povy's. Thence with Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall; and so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

6th. Up, and presently my wife up with me, which she professedly now do every day to dress me, that I may not see Willet, and do eye me, whether I cast my eye upon her, or no, and do keep me from going into the room where she is among the upholsters at work in our blue chamber. So abroad to White Hall by water, and so on for all this day as I have by mistake set down in the fifth day after this mark.[1] In the room of which I should have said that I was at the office all the morning, and so to dinner, my wife with me, but so as I durst not look upon the girle, though, God knows, notwithstanding all my protestations I could not keep my mind from desiring it. After dinner to the office again, and there did some business, and then by coach to see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;"[2] which I have a

[1] See *ante*, November 5th. In the margin here is the following: "Look back one leaf for my mistake."

[2] The book alluded to by Pepys is that of the Father Francisco de los Santos, first printed at Madrid in 1657, and entitled, "Descripcion breve del Monasterio de S. Lorenzo el Real del Escorial unica mara-

great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me. With him to see my cozen Turner and The., and there sat and talked, they being newly come out of the country; and here pretty merry, and with The. to shew her a coach at Mr. Povy's man's, she being in want of one, and so back again with her, and then home by coach, with my mind troubled and finding no content, my wife being still troubled, nor can be at peace while the girle is there, which I am troubled at on the other side. We past the evening together, and then to bed and slept ill, she being troubled and troubling me in the night with talk and complaints upon the old business. This is the day's work of the 5th, though it stands under the 6th, my mind being now so troubled that it is no wonder that I fall into this mistake more than ever I did in my life before.

7th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and so to it again after dinner, and there busy late, choosing to employ myself rather than go home to trouble with my wife, whom, however, I am forced to comply with, and indeed I do pity her as having cause enough for her grief. So to bed, and there slept ill because of my wife. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gawden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office; but find the way so bad and long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8th (Lord's day). Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat

villa del mundo." It is in folio, and has some plates; but Pepys might well express his disappointment, for the appearance of the volume does not answer to the magnificence of the subject. About the time when Pepys wrote, or soon after, the Escurial received some damage by fire, and was even said to be totally destroyed; and in that belief, an abstract of Father Francisco's work was published in 1671, purporting to be "translated into English by a servant of the Earl of Sandwich." That a great amount of damage was really done is proved by the title of the third edition of the work, printed in Madrid in 1681, which says that the Escurial was rebuilt after the fire by Charles II.; and Santos, then alive, asserts the same in his dedication to that king, comparing him to the restorers of Solomon's Temple. — B.

to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

9th. Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The truth is that I did adventure upon God's pardoning me this lie, knowing how heavy a thing it would be for me to the ruin of the poor girle, and next knowing that if my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable. The girl read, and as I bid her returned me the note, flinging it to me in passing by. And so I abroad by [coach] to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York to wait on him, who told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed." Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay so long, as his best friends are, and when I come to him so little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think, that I have no pleasure [to] go to him. Thence to White Hall with him, to the Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shewn himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost

the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither, seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so my fear that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. So I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10*d.* And so to the Excise Office, thinking to meet Sir Stephen Fox and the Cofferer, but the former was gone, and the latter I met going out, but nothing done, and so I to my bookseller's, and also to Crow's, and there saw a piece of my bed, and I find it will please us mightily. So home, and there find my wife troubled, and I sat with her talking, and so to bed, and there very unquiet all night.

10th. Up, and my wife still every day as ill as she is all night, will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the office, where all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by comes Mr. Hollier, and dines there by himself after we had dined, and he being gone, we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich, by the sollicitation of Captain Ferrers, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord Hinchingbrooke, even to the trouble of his lady. All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again, and so I to my office, and there late, and so home

to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half-an-hour's slumber she wakes me and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble, and so this appeasing her, we to sleep as well as we could till morning.

11th. Up, and my wife with me as before, and so to the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers come, and there did shew their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith.[1] For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner, and there with my people dined, and so to my wife, who would not dine with [me] that she might not have the girle come in sight, and there sat and talked a while with her and pretty quiet, I giving no occasion of offence, and so to the office[2] [and then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands. Having promised him this I returned home again, where to the office], and there having done, I home and to supper and

[1] It appears that Robert Wayth kept his office of Navy Paymaster, and that Mr. Hutcheson or Hutchinson was appointed paymaster also.

[2] There is a note in the margin respecting the passage between brackets: "All this belongs to to-morrow in the afternoon."

to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12th. Up, and she with me as heretofore, and so I to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Wayth, who, being at my office about business, I took him with me to talk and understand his matters, who is in mighty trouble from the Committee of Accounts about his contracting with this Office for sayle-cloth, but no hurt can be laid at his door in it, but upon us for doing it, if any, though we did it by the Duke of York's approval, and by him I understand that the new Treasurers do intend to bring in all new Instruments, and so having dined we parted, and I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend, and I am apt to believe by what my wife hath of late told me is a cunning girle, if not a slut. Thence, parting kindly with my wife, I away by coach to my cozen Roger, according as by mistake (which the trouble of my mind for some days has occasioned, in this and another case a day or to before) is set down in yesterday's notes, and so back again, and with Mr. Gibson late at my chamber making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed, and did now lie a little better than formerly, but with little, and yet with some trouble.

13th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual busi-

ness; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the Counsel for the town, Shaftow,[1] their Recorder, and Mr. Offly.[2] But I was troubled, and so were the Lords, to hear my Lord fly out against their[3] great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year. Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it at home. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to consider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York, and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly shew the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be.

[1] Robert Shafto, knighted June 26th, 1670, and made serjeant-at-law in 1674. He died May 21st, 1705, aged seventy-two, and was buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle. He married Katharine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Widrington, of the Grange, Yorkshire.

[2] See March 30th, 1668. It was he who, in 1673, petitioned against Pepys's return for Castle Rising. See "Life," in vol. i., p. xxxi.

[3] The inhabitants of Newcastle.

I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus: — The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington know not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them with a sum of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends — to seem to promise the King money, when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, who they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon. He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by the by,

he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt. Wren and Matt. Clifford,[1] to fall in with my Lord Chancellor which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have assured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to his [the Chancellor's] ruin. Thence I home, and there to talk, with great pleasure all the evening, with my wife, who tells me that Deb. has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone to-morrow morning. This troubled me, and the truth is, I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl, which I should not doubt to have if je could get time para be con her. But she will be gone and I not know whither. Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife £10 for her year and half a quarter's wages, which she went into her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together. This afternoon I went to my coachmaker and Crow's, and there saw things go on to my great content. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did shew me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered

[1] Apparently this is Martin Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse in 1671. Little good is recorded of him, and he appears to have obtained his mastership through the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. He assisted that nobleman in the preparation of the "Rehearsal," and his assistance is alluded to in the "Session of Poets":

> "Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
> That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
> Where malicious Matt Clifford and spiritual Spratt
> Were joined with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade."

(See "Dict. of Nat. Biog.")

from taking the benefit of his laws, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14th. Up, and had a mighty mind to have seen or given her a little money, to which purpose I wrapt up 40*s.* in paper, thinking to have given her a little money, but my wife rose presently, and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and come up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew out into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends, and so all quiet, and I to the Office, with my heart sad, and find that I cannot forget the girl, and vexed I know not where to look for her. And more troubled to see how my wife is by this means likely for ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her — that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make [it] her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her, which I will labour to be indeed, for she deserves it of me, though it will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb. out of my mind. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late. My mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thoughts of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and then did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling out than in I believe twelve months before. And with more pleasure to her than I think in all the time of our marriage before.

15th (Lord's day). Up, and after long lying with pleasure talking with my wife, and then up to look up and down our house, which will when our upholster hath done be mighty fine, and so to my chamber, and there did do sev-

eral things among my papers, and so to the office to write down my Journal for 6 or 7 days, my mind having been so troubled as never to get the time to do it before, as may appear a little by the mistakes I have made in this book within these few days. At noon comes Mr. Shepley to dine with me and W. Howe, and there dined and pretty merry, and so after dinner W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's business of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him. They gone, and Balty being come from the Downs, not very well, is come this day to see us, I to talk with him, and with some pleasure, hoping that he will make a good man. I in the evening to my Office again, to make an end of my Journall, and so home to my chamber with W. Hewer to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed, with my mind pretty quiet, and less troubled about Deb. than I was, though yet I am troubled, I must confess, and would be glad to find her out, though I fear it would be my ruin. This evening there come to sit with us Mr. Pelling, who wondered to see my wife and I so dumpish, but yet it went off only as my wife's not being well, and, poor wretch, she hath no cause to be well, God knows.

16th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there at the robe chamber at a Committee for Tangier, where some of us — my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two — met to debate the business of the Mole, and there drew up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands, and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmley. This being done I away to Holborne, about Whetstone's[1] Park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb. is gone, which do trouble me mightily that the poor girle should be in a desperate condition forced to go there:

[1] Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn, named after William Whetstone, a tobacconist and overseer of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth.

abouts, and there not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand, and there by sending Drumbleby's boy, my flageolet maker, to Eagle Court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I find that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of poor broken fellow that dare not shew his head nor be known where he is gone, but to Lincoln's Inn Fields I went to Mr. Povy's, but missed him, and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet Street, I did only call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra,"[1] and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand, while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man, and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office, and there late busy, and so home to supper, and pretty pleasant with my wife to bed, rested pretty well.

17th. Up, and to the Office all the morning, where the new Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place,[2] which they challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not take it as a right at the Board: so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and maids busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsters having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty. At my office all the afternoon and at night busy, and so home to my wife, and pretty pleasant, and at mighty ease in my mind, being in hopes to find Deb., and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife. So to supper at night and to bed.

18th. Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring her-

[1] A romance by Gauthier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède. It was translated into English by Sir Charles Cotterell, whose translation passed through several editions.

[2] *i.e.*, precedence.

self jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone into Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me, but that one of his fellows not then in the way did carry a chest of drawers thither with him, and that when he comes he would ask him. This put me into some hopes, and I to White Hall, and thence to Mr. Povy's, but he at dinner, and therefore I away and walked up and down the Strand between the two turnstiles, hoping to see her out of a window, and then employed a porter, one Osberton, to find out this Doctor's lodgings thereabouts, who by appointment comes to me to Hercules pillars, where I dined alone, but tells me that he cannot find out any such, but will enquire further. Thence back to White Hall to the Treasury a while, and thence to the Strand, and towards night did meet with the porter that carried the chest of drawers with this Doctor, but he would not tell me where he lived, being his good master, he told me, but if I would have a message to him he would deliver it. At last I told him my business was not with him, but a little gentlewoman, one Mrs. Willet, that is with him, and sent him to see how she did from her friend in London, and no other token. He goes while I walk in Somerset House, walk there in the Court; at last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and je did baiser her. . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised. Je did give her 20*s.* and directions para laisser sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go para her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a

fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least seemed so, and so to supper and to bed, she having been mighty busy all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.

19th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb. and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb. while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb. too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed, and there je did hazer con ell to her content, and so with some rest spent the night in bed, being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion

while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was.

20th. This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me every where, until my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should always take somebody with me, or her herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cozen Roger Pepys's lodgings, and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success, for I did get him to go to Deb. to tell her that I had told my wife all of my being with her the other night, that so if my wife should send she might not make the business worse by denying it. While I was at White Hall with the Duke of York, doing our ordinary business with him, here being also the first time the new Treasurers, W. Hewer did go to her and come back again, and so I took him into St. James's Park, and there he did tell me he had been with her, and found what I said about my manner of being with her true, and had given her advice as I desired. I did there enter into

more talk about my wife and myself, and he did give me great assurance of several particular cases to which my wife had from time to time made him privy of her loyalty and truth to me after many and great temptations, and I believe them truly. I did also discourse the unfitness of my leaving of my employment now in many respects to go into the country, as my wife desires, but that I would labour to fit myself for it, which he thoroughly understands, and do agree with me in it; and so, hoping to get over this trouble, we about our business to Westminster Hall to meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and so took leave of him and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and, rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear it. So I by silence and weeping did prevail with her a little to be quiet, and she would not eat her dinner without me; but yet by and by into a raging fit she fell again, worse than before, that she would slit the girl's nose, and at last W. Hewer come in and come up, who did allay her fury, I flinging myself, in a sad desperate condition, upon the bed in the blue room, and there lay while they spoke together; and at last it come to this, that if I would call Deb. whore under my hand and write to her that I hated her, and would never see her more, she would believe me and trust in me, which I did agree to, only as to the name of whore I would have excused, and therefore wrote to her sparing that word, which my wife thereupon tore it, and would not be satisfied till, W. Hewer winking upon me, I did write so with the name of a whore as that I did fear she might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a whore by her carriage to me, and therefore as such I did resolve never to see her more. This pleased my wife, and she gives it W. Hewer to carry to her with a sharp message from her. So from that minute my wife begun to be kind to me, and

we to kiss and be friends, and so continued all the evening, and fell to talk of other matters, with great comfort, and after supper to bed. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke of York, as that which he will have to shew to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also; for, if I continue, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also. He being gone, I to my wife again, and so spent the evening with very great joy, and the night also with good sleep and rest, my wife only troubled in her rest, but less than usual, for which the God of Heaven be praised. I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.

21st. Up, with great joy to my wife and me, and to the office, where W. Hewer did most honestly bring me back the part of my letter to Deb. wherein I called her whore, assuring me that he did not shew it her, and that he did only give her to understand that wherein I did declare my desire never to see her, and did give her the best Christian counsel he could, which was mighty well done of him. But by the grace of God, though I love the poor girl and wish her well, as having gone too far toward the undoing her, yet I will never enquire after or think of her more, my peace being certainly to do right to my wife. At the Office all the morning; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram[1] met upon Mr. Povy's account, where

[1] See January 9th, 1664-65.

I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above £150, I think; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to; and so when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just — as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. This Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind, that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

22nd (Lord's day). My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23rd. Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer with me, by water, to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy — the Clerk of the Patent's place,[1] which I understand not,

[1] Among the State Papers, 1668, is a petition from Peter Massonnet to Lord Arlington: "Is the saddest object of pity of all the king's servants. Has attended 32 years as French sub-tutor and writing-master, served him in adversity as Clerk of the Patents and Foreign

and so could say little to him, but fell to other talk, and setting him in at the Temple, we to White Hall, and there I to visit Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse, that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. So to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about publick business, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. Thence with W. Hewer, who goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein. I took up my wife and boy to Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very

Secretary, but at the Restoration had only his sub-tutor's salary continued, now £833 in arrear, so that he is ready to perish; will resign his patent for the arrears and some recompense" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 129).

[1] Laud. See September 16th, 1668.

innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

24th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method, to my great satisfaction; and I shall be glad both for the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25th. Up, and by coach with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I, by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. He [the Duke] said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off of their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that the Keeper[1] is

[1] Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman.

wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town talk's full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the £500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's, in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. So home, and there merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit,[1] and there left him going to Stradwick's,[2] whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure, for fear of my wife's seeing me look about, and so I was uneasy all the while, though I desire and resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more. So home, and there busy at the Office a while, and then home, where my wife to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the new Treasurers, I forbore it to next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife: but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there because of my vow to my wife, and therefore was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally

[1] Stow speaks of "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit." — B.

[2] Pepys's cousin by marriage, Thomas Stradwick. See September 13th, 1660. Bunyan died in 1688, at the house of his friend, Mr. Stradwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill.

of £1,000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise. So that though I hope at the worst I shall be able to get another, yet I made use of this to get away as soon as I had dined, and therefore out with him to the Excise Office to make a stop of its payment, and so away to the coachmaker's and several other places, and so away home, and there to my business at the office, and thence home, and there my wife to read to me, and W. Hewer to set some matters of accounts right at my chamber, to bed.

27th. Up, and with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry again, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of [all] the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble, and so home, and there find Mr. Povy, by appointment, to dine with me; where a pretty good dinner, but for want of thought in my wife it was but slovenly dressed up; however, much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament, which he believes there will be one, which I do resolve of. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein. They all gone, I to the office and there a while, and then home to ease my eyes and make my wife read to me.

28th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner, and so to the office again all the afternoon, and did a great deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind at pretty good ease,

having this day presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter,[1] which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness;[2] but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborne, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20*s*.

29th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed with pleasure [with my wife], with whom I have now a great deal of content, and my mind is in other things also mightily more at ease, and I do mind my business better than ever and am more at peace, and trust in God I shall ever be so, though I cannot yet get my mind off from thinking now and then of Deb., but I do ever since my promise a while since to my wife pray to God by myself in my chamber every night, and will endeavour to get my wife to do the like with me ere long, but am in much fear of what she lately frighted me with about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily, and so I all the morning at my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh,[3] which are so confounded, that I doubt they will hardly ever pass without my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I

[1] Dated, White Hall, November 25th, 1668. See a copy of it in Harl. MS. 6003.

[2] Sir William Penn's address to the Duke of York in reply to the Duke of York's letter is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 514. In this his absences from the office are accounted for or explained by reason of his ill-health.

[3] Sir William Warren had several contracts with the Navy Commissioners for timber. In December, 1668, he had a contract for elm timber.

am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. We afterwards fell to other talk, and he tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it;[1] but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be justly thought to be able to do that. He gone, my wife and I to supper; and so she to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly. So to bed.

30th. Up betimes, and with W. Hewer, who is my guard, to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon[2] took up all the morning; and where, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause aside, and leave it to the law, but he pressed that we would hear

[1] Though our journalist prided himself not a little upon becoming possessed of a carriage, the acquisition was regarded with envy and jealousy by his enemies, as will appear by the following extract from the scurrilous pamphlet, "A Hue and Cry after P. and H. and Plain Truth (or a Private Discourse between P. and H.," in which Pepys and Hewer are severely handled: "There is one thing more you must be mightily sorry for with all speed. Your presumption in your coach, in which you daily ride, as if you had been son and heir to the great Emperor Neptune, or as if you had been infallibly to have succeeded him in his government of the Ocean, all which was presumption in the highest degree. First, you had upon the fore part of your chariot, tempestuous waves and wrecks of ships; on your left hand, forts and great guns, and ships a-fighting; on your right hand was a fair harbour and galleys riding, with their flags and pennants spread, kindly saluting each other, just like P[epys] and H[ewer]. Behind it were high curled waves and ships a-sinking, and here and there an appearance of some bits of land."

[2] John Lanyon, agent of the Navy Commissioners at Plymouth. The cause of complaint appears to have been connected with his contract for Tangier. In 1668 a charge was made against Lanyon and Thomas Yeabsley that they had defrauded the king in the freighting of the ship "Tiger" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 138).

it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day;[1] and I had his Cross[2] set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2*s*., and so leaving them I away by coach home to dinner, and my wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad to take the maidenhead of her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Home at night, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Betty to see us, and supped with us, and I shewed them a cold civility for fear of troubling my wife, and after supper, they being gone, we to bed. Thus ended this month, with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world: and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office: and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work: and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

December 1st. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon with my people to dinner, and so to the office, very busy till night, and then home and made my boy read to me Wilkins's Reall Character, which do please me mightily, and so after supper to bed with great pleasure and content with my wife. This day I hear of poor Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, being dead, of a cold, after being not above two days ill, which troubles me mightily, poor man!

[1] There were sixty fellows present at this meeting of the Royal Society when the new Council was elected. The annual meeting is still held on St. Andrew's day.

[2] The cross of St. Andrew, like that of St. Patrick, is a saltire. The two, combined with the red cross of St. George, form the Union flag.

2nd. Up, and at the office all the morning upon some accounts of Sir D. Gawden, and at noon abroad with W. Hewer, thinking to have found Mr. Wren at Captain Cox's, to have spoke something to him about doing a favour for Will's uncle Steventon, but missed him. And so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there sat to avoid seeing Knepp in a box above where Mrs. Williams happened to be, and there saw "The Usurper;" a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole, while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards stuffed into a feather bed by the wench that stole them. I spoke with the Duke of York, just as he was set down to supper with the King, about our sending of victuals to Sir Thomas Allen's fleet hence to Cales [Cadiz], to meet him. And so back to my wife in my coach, and so with great content and joy home, where I made my boy to make an end of the Reall Character, which I begun a great while ago, and do please me infinitely, and indeed is a most worthy labour, and I think mighty easy, though my eyes make me unable to attempt any thing in it. To-day I hear that Mr. Ackworth's cause went for him at Guildhall,[1] against his accusers, which I am well enough pleased with.

3rd. Up betimes, and by water with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there to Mr. Wren, who gives me but small hopes of the favour I hoped for Mr. Steventon, Will's uncle, of

[1] J. Clerke, writing to the Navy Commissioners, November 21st, 1668, "desires that a valuation may be made of the goods taken by Mr. Acworth out of the stores, with names of the parties who will attest it, and that all the witnesses may be ready by Wednesday sevennight" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 71). This may be Clerke, the solicitor, referred to above.

having leave, being upon the point of death, to surrender his place, which do trouble me, but I will do what I can. So back again to the Office, Sir Jer. Smith with me; who is a silly, prating, talking man; but he tells me what he hears, — that Holmes and Spragg now rule all with the Duke of Buckingham, as to sea-business, and will be great men: but he do prophesy what will be the fruit of it; so I do. So to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad again, with my wife, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;" a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy,[1] who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife, in a coach of our own, to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived, in my memory, but my cozen Pepys in Salisbury Court. So to the office, and thence home to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to White Hall, and there did wait as usual upon the Duke of York, where, upon discoursing something touching the Ticket-Office, which by letter the Board did give the Duke of York their advice, to be put upon Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes did foolishly rise up and complain of the Office, and his being made nothing of; and this before Sir Thomas Littleton, who would be glad of this difference among us, which did trouble me mightily; and therefore I did forbear to say what I otherwise would have thought fit for me to say on this occasion, upon so impertinent a speech as this doting fool made — but, I say, I let it alone, and contented myself that it went as I advised, as to the Duke of York's judgment, in the thing disputed. And so thence away, my coach meeting me there and carrying me to several places to do little jobs, which is a mighty convenience, and so home, where by invitation I find my aunt Wight, who looked over all our house, and is mighty pleased with it,

[1] See note to March 19th, 1664–65.

and indeed it is now mighty handsome, and rich in furniture. By and by comes my uncle, and then to dinner, where a venison pasty and very merry, and after dinner I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets me there, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey, did go about to see several pairs of horses, for my coach; but it was late, and we agreed on none, but left it to another time: but here I do see instances of a piece of craft and cunning that I never dreamed of, concerning the buying and choosing of horses. So Mr. Pickering, to whom I am much beholden for his kindness herein, and I parted; and I with my people home, where I left them, and I to the office, to meet about some business of Sir W. Warren's accounts, where I vexed to see how ill all the Comptroller's business is likely to go on, so long as ever Sir J. Minnes lives; and so troubled I was, that I thought it a good occasion for me to give my thoughts of it in writing, and therefore wrote a letter at the Board, by the help of a tube, to Lord Brouncker, and did give it him, which I kept a copy of, and it may be of use to me hereafter to shew, in this matter. This being done, I home to my aunt, who supped with us, and my uncle also: and a good-humoured woman she is, so that I think we shall keep her acquaintance; but mighty proud she is of her wedding-ring, being lately set with diamonds; cost her about £12: and I did commend it mightily to her, but do not think it very suitable for one of our quality. After supper they home, and we to bed.

5th. Up, after a little talk with my wife, which troubled me, she being ever since our late difference mighty watchful of sleep and dreams, and will not be persuaded but I do dream of Deb., and do tell me that I speak in my dreams and that this night I did cry, Huzzy, and it must be she, and now and then I start otherwise than I used to do, she says, which I know not, for I do not know that I dream of her more than usual, though I cannot deny that my thoughts waking do run now and then against my will and judgment upon her, for that only is wanting to undo me, being now in every other thing as to my mind most happy, and may still be so but for my own fault, if I be catched loving any body but my wife again. So up and

to the office, and at noon to dinner, and thence to office, where late, mighty busy, and despatching much business, settling papers in my own office, and so home to supper, and to bed. No news stirring, but that my Lord of Ormond is likely to go to Ireland again, which do shew that the Duke of Buckingham do not rule all so absolutely; and that, however, we shall speedily have more changes in the Navy: and it is certain that the Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses, in many places, and among others the house that was heretofore Sir G. Carteret's, in Leadenhall Streete, and have ready access to the King. And now the great dispute is, whether this Parliament or another; and my great design, if I continue in the Navy, is to get myself to be a Parliament-man.

6th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholique. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strictly so a Catholique as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily. Here Mills made a lazy sermon, upon Moses's meeknesse, and so home, and my wife and I alone to dinner, and then she to read a little book concerning speech in general,[1] a translation late out of French, a most excellent piece as ever I read, proving a soul in man, and all the ways and secrets by which nature teaches speech in man, which do please me most infinitely to read. By and by my wife to church, and I to my Office to complete my Journall for the last three days, and so home to my chamber to settle some papers, and so to spend the evening with my wife and W. Hewer talking over the business of the Office, and particularly my own Office, how I will make it, and it will become, in a little time, an Office of ease, and not slavery, as it hath for so many years been. So to supper, and to bed.

7th. Up by candlelight, the first time I have done so this winter, but I had lost my labour so often to visit Sir W. Coventry, and not visited him so long, that I was

[1] William Holder's "Elements of Speech: an Essay of Inquiry into the Natural Production of Letters" was published at London in 1669

resolved to get time enough, and so up, and with W. Hewer, it being the first frosty day we have had this winter, did walk it very well to W. Coventry's, and there alone with him an hour talking of the Navy, which he pities, but says he hath no more mind to be found meddling with the Navy, lest it should do it hurt, as well as him, to be found to meddle with it. So to talk of general things: and telling him that, with all these doings, he, I thanked God, stood yet; he told me, Yes, but that he thought his continuing in, did arise from his enemies my Lord of Buckingham and Arlington's seeing that he cared so little if he was out; and he do protest to me that he is as weary of the Treasury, as ever he was of the Navy. He tells me that he do believe that their heat is over almost, as to the Navy, there being now none left of the old stock but my Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, who is ready to leave the world, and myself. But he tells me that he do foresee very great wants and great disorders by reason thereof; insomuch, as he is represented to the King by his enemies as a melancholy man, and one that is still prophesying ill events, so as the King called him Visionaire, which being told him, he said he answered the party, that, whatever he foresaw, he was not afeard as to himself of any thing, nor particularly of my Lord Arlington, so much as the Duke of Buckingham hath been, nor of the Duke of Buckingham, so much as my Lord Arlington at this time is. But he tells me that he hath been always looked upon as a melancholy man; whereas, others that would please the King do make him believe that all is safe: and so he hath heard my Lord Chancellor openly say to the King, that he was now a glorious prince, and in a glorious condition, because of some one accident that hath happened, or some one rub that hath been removed; "when," says W. Coventry, "they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow." After this and other discourse of this kind, I away, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and walked with him to White Hall, and took a quarter of an hour's walk in the garden with him, which I had not done for so much time with him since his coming into England; and talking of his own condition, and particularly of the world's talk of his going to Tangier. I

find, if his conditions can be made profitable and safe as to money, he would go, but not else; but, however, will seem not averse to it, because of facilitating his other accounts now depending, which he finds hard to get through, but yet hath some hopes, the King, he says, speaking very kindly to him. Thence to a Committee of Tangier, and so with W. Hewer to Westminster to Sir R. Long's office, and so to the Temple, but did nothing, the Auditor not being within, and so home to dinner, and after dinner out again with my wife to the Temple, and up and down to do a little business, and back again, and so to my office, and did a little business, and so home, and W. Hewer with me, to read and talk, and so to supper, and then to bed in mighty good humour. This afternoon, passing through Queen's Street, I saw pass by our coach on foot Deb., which, God forgive me, did put me into some new thoughts of her, and for her, but durst not shew them, and I think my wife did not see her, but I did get my thoughts free of her soon as I could.

8th. Up, and Sir H. Cholmly betimes with me, about some accounts and moneys due to him: and he gone, I to the Office, where sat all the morning; and here, among other things, breaks out the storm W. Hewer and I have long expected from the Surveyor,[1] about W. Hewer's conspiring to get a contract, to the burdening of the stores with kerseys and cottons, of which he hath often complained, and lately more than ever; and now he did it by a most scandalous letter to the Board, reflecting on my Office: and, by discourse, it fell to such high words between him and me, as can hardly ever be forgot; I declaring I would believe W. Hewer as soon as him, and laying the fault, if there be any, upon himself; he, on the other hand, vilifying of my word and W. Hewer's, calling him knave, and that if he were his clerk, he should lose his ears. At last, I closed the business for this morning with making the thing ridiculous, as it is, and he swearing that the King should have right in it, or he would lose his place. The Office was cleared of all but ourselves and W. Hewer; but, however, the world did by the beginning see what it meant,

[1] Colonel Middleton.

and it will, I believe, come to high terms between us, which I am sorry for, to have any blemish laid upon me or mine, at this time, though never so unduly, for fear of giving occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner, where my wife tells me of my Lord Orrery's new play "Tryphon,"[1] at the Duke of York's house, which, however, I would see, and therefore put a bit of meat in our mouths, and went thither, where, with much ado, at half-past one, we got into a blind hole in the 18*d.* place, above stairs, where we could not hear well, but the house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and the play, though admirable, yet no pleasure almost in it, because just the very same design, and words, and sense, and plot, as every one of his plays have, any one of which alone would be held admirable, whereas so many of the same design and fancy do but dull one another; and this, I perceive, is the sense of every body else, as well as myself, who therefore showed but little pleasure in it. So home, mighty hot, and my mind mightily out of order, so as I could not eat any supper, or sleep almost all night, though I spent till twelve at night with W. Hewer to consider of our business: and we find it not only most free from any blame of our side, but so horrid scandalous on the other, to make so groundless a complaint, and one so shameful to him, that it could not but let me see that there is no need of my being troubled; but such is the weakness of my nature, that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties.

9th. Up, and to the Office, but did little there, my mind being still uneasy, though more and more satisfied that there is no occasion for it; but abroad with my wife to the Temple, where I met with Auditor Wood's clerk, and did some business with him, and so to see Mr. Spong, and found him out by Southampton Market,[2] and there carried my wife, and up to his chamber, a bye place, but with a

[1] This tragedy, taken from the first book of Maccabees, was performed with great success. It was first published in 1669, and a MS. copy is preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet. 39).

[2] Better known as Bloomsbury Market; but since swallowed up in the New Oxford Street improvements.

good prospect of the fields; and there I had most infinite pleasure, not only with his ingenuity in general, but in particular with his shewing me the use of the Parallelogram, by which he drew in a quarter of an hour before me, in little, from a great, a most neat map of England — that is, all the outlines, which gives me infinite pleasure, and foresight of pleasure, I shall have with it; and therefore desire to have that which I have bespoke, made. Many other pretty things he showed us, and did give me a glass bubble,[1] to try the strength of liquors with. This done, and having spent *6d.* in ale in the coach, at the door of the Bull Inn, with the innocent master of the house, a Yorkshireman, for his letting us go through his house, we away to Hercules Pillars, and there eat a bit of meat: and so, with all speed, back to the Duke of York's house, where mighty full again; but we come time enough to have a good place in the pit, and did hear this new play again, where, though I better understood it than before, yet my sense of it and pleasure was just the same as yesterday, and no more, nor any body else's about us. So took our coach and home, having now little pleasure to look about me to see the fine faces, for fear of displeasing my wife, whom I take great comfort now, more than ever, in pleasing; and it is a real joy to me. So home, and to my Office, where spent an hour or two; and so home to my wife, to supper and talk, and so to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Office, where busy all the morning: Middleton not there, so no words or looks of him. At noon, home to dinner; and so to the Office, and there all the afternoon busy; and at night W. Hewer home with me; and we think we have got matter enough to make Middleton appear a coxcomb. But it troubled me to have Sir

[1] This seems to refer to the first form of the Hon. Robert Boyle's hydrometer, which he described in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for June, 1675, under the title of a "New Essay Instrument." In this paper the author refers to a glass instrument exhibited many years before by himself, "consisting of a bubble furnished with a long and slender stem, which was to be put into several liquors to compare and estimate their specific gravity." Boyle describes this glass bubble in a paper in "Philosophical Transactions," vol. iv., No. 50, p. 1001, 1669, entitled, "The Weights of Water in Water with ordinary Balances and Weights."

W. Warren meet me at night, going out of the Office home, and tell me that Middleton do intend to complain to the Duke of York: but, upon consideration of the business, I did go to bed, satisfied that it was best for me that he should; and so my trouble was over, and to bed, and slept well.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to Somerset House; and there I to my Lord Brouncker, before he went forth to the Duke of York, and there told him my confidence that I should make Middleton appear a fool, and that it was, I thought, best for me to complain of the wrong he hath done; but brought it about, that my Lord desired me I would forbear, and promised that he would prevent Middleton till I had given in my answer to the Board, which I desired: and so away to White Hall, and there did our usual attendance: and no word spoke before the Duke of York by Middleton at all; at which I was glad to my heart, because by this means I have time to draw up my answer to my mind. So with W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so he [Will] and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 19½*d.*, upon roast beef, pleasing ourselves with the infinite strength we have to prove Middleton a coxcomb; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys. Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knepp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey, and would fain have been doing something for me, but I avoided him, and the more for fear of being troubled thereby with his wife, whom I desire but dare not see, for my vow to my wife. At last went away and did nothing, only concluded upon giving £50 for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'nnight; and so set Mr. Pickering down near his house, whom I am much beholden to, for his care herein, and he hath admirable skill, I perceive, in this business, and so home, and spent the evening talking and merry, my mind at good ease, and so to bed.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and so the like mighty busy, late,

all the afternoon, that I might be ready to go to the drawing up of my answer to Middleton to-morrow, and therefore home to supper and to bed. I hear this day that there is fallen down a new house, not quite finished, in Lumbard Street, and that there have been several so, they making use of bad mortar and bricks; but no hurt yet, as God hath ordered it. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of. They cost me £50, and are a fine pair.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and with W. Hewer to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to a little dinner, and presently to it again all alone till twelve at night, drawing up my answer to Middleton, which I think I shall do to very good purpose — at least, I satisfy myself therein; and so to bed, weary with walking in my Office dictating to him [Hewer]. In the night my wife very ill, vomited, but was well again by and by.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where, among other things, a silly account of a falling out between Norwood,[1] at Tangier, and Mr. Bland, the mayor, who is fled to Cales [Cadiz]. His complaint is ill-worded, and the other's defence the most ridiculous that ever I saw; and so everybody else that was there, thought it; but never did I see so great an instance of the use of grammar, and knowledge how to tell a man's tale as this day, Bland having spoiled his business by ill-telling it, who had work to have made himself notorious by his mastering Norwood, his enemy, if he had known how to have used it. Thence calling Smith, the Auditor's clerk at the Temple, I by the Exchange home, and there looked over my Tangier accounts with him, and so to dinner, and then set him down again by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn. Left my wife at Unthank's, and I to the Treasury, where we waited on the Lords Commissioners about Sir D. Gawden's matters, and so took her up again at night, and home to the office, and so home with W. Hewer, and to talk about our quarrel with Middleton, and so to supper and to bed. This day I hear, and am glad,

[1] Colonel Norwood, the Deputy Governor.

that the King hath prorogued the Parliament to October next; and, among other reasons, it will give me time to go to France, I hope.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and the new Treasurers there; and, for my life, I cannot keep Sir J. Minnes and others of the Board from shewing our weakness, to the dishonour of the Board, though I am not concerned: but it do vex me to the heart to have it before these people, that would be glad to find out all our weaknesses. At noon Mrs. Mary Batelier with us, and so, after dinner, I with W. Hewer all the afternoon till night beginning to draw up our answer to Middleton, and it proves troublesome, because I have so much in my head at a time to say, but I must go through with it. So at night to supper and to bed.

16th. I did the like all day long, only a little at dinner, and so to work again, and were at it till 2 in the morning, and so W. Hewer, who was with me all day, home to his lodging, and I to bed, after we had finished it.

17th. Up, and set my man Gibson and Mr. Fist[1] to work to write it over fair, while I all the morning at the office sitting. At noon home to them, and all the afternoon looking over them and examining with W. Hewer, and so about 10 at night I to bed, leaving them to finish the writing it fair, which they did by sitting up most of the night, and so home to bed.

18th. All the morning at the office about Sir W. Warren's accounts, my mind full of my business, having before we met gone to Lord Brouncker, and got him to read over my paper, who owns most absolute content in it, and the advantage I have in it, and the folly of the Surveyor. At noon home to dinner; and then again to the office a while, and so by hackney coach to Brooke House, and there spoke with Colonel Thomson, I by order carrying them [the Commissioners of Accounts] our Contract-books, from the beginning to the end of the late war. I found him finding of errors in a ship's book, where he shewed me many, which must end in the ruin, I doubt, of the Controller, who found them not out in the pay of the ship, or the whole

[1] Anthony Fist.

Office. But I took little notice of them to concern myself in them, but so leaving my books I home to the Office, where the office met, and after some other business done, fell to mine, which the Surveyor begun to be a little brisk at the beginning; but when I come to the point to touch him, which I had all the advantages in the world to do, he become as calm as a lamb, and owned, as the whole Board did, their satisfaction, and cried excuse: and so all made friends; and their acknowledgment put into writing, and delivered into Sir J. Minnes's hand, to be kept there for the use of the Board, or me, when I shall call for it; they desiring it might be so, that I might not make use of it to the prejudice of the Surveyor, whom I had an advantage over, by his extraordinary folly in this matter. But, besides this, I have no small advantage got by this business, as I have put several things into my letter which I should otherwise have wanted an opportunity of saying, which pleases me mightily. So Middleton desiring to be friends, I forgave him; and all mighty quiet, and fell to talk of other stories, and there staid, all of us, till nine or ten at night, more than ever we did in our lives before, together. And so home, where I have a new fight to fight with my wife, who is under new trouble by some news she hath heard of Deb.'s being mighty fine, and gives out that she has a friend that gives her money, and this my wife believes to be me, and, poor wretch! I cannot blame her, and therefore she run into mighty extremes; but I did pacify all, and were mighty good friends, and to bed, and I hope it will be our last struggle from this business, for I am resolved never to give any new occasion, and great peace I find in my mind by it. So to supper, she and I to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above, and saw "Catiline's Conspiracy,"[1] yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage,

[1] Ben Jonson's tragedy, first published in 1611. Catiline was taken by Hart, Cethegus by Mohun, Cicero by Burt, and Sempronia by Mrs. Corey.

I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate, and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life. But the play is only to be read, and therefore home, with no pleasure at all, but only in sitting next to Betty Hall,[1] that did belong to this house, and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so; and I dare neither commend, nor be seen to look upon her, or any other now, for fear of offending her. So, our own coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and so home, my wife to read to me out of "The Siege of Rhodes," and so to supper, and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and then home, and there found W. Joyce come to dine with me, as troublesome a talking coxcombe as ever he was, and yet once in a year I like him well enough. In the afternoon my wife and W. Hewer and I to White Hall, where they set me down and staid till I had been with the Duke of York, with the rest of us of the Office, and did a little business, and then the Duke of York in good humour did fall to tell us many fine stories of the wars in Flanders, and how the Spaniards are the [best] disciplined foot in the world; will refuse no extraordinary service if commanded, but scorn to be paid for it, as in other countries, though at the same time they will beg in the streets: not a soldier will carry you a cloak-bag for money for the world, though he will beg a penny, and will do the thing, if commanded by his Commander. That, in the citadel of Antwerp, a soldier hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years. They will cry out against their King and Commanders and Generals, none like them in the world, and yet will not hear a stranger say a word of them but he will cut his throat. That, upon a time, some of the Commanders of their army exclaiming against their Generals, and particularly the Marquis de Caranen,[2] the Confessor of

[1] See January 23rd, 1666-67; March 30th, 1667. She is noticed in one of Rochester's satires:

"And Mrs. Strafford yield to B—— Hall."
State Poems, p. 35, 8vo, 1697.

[2] Luis de Benavides Carillo y Toledo, Marques de Caracena, one of the most eminent of the Spanish generals. He had been commander

the Marquis coming by and hearing them, he stops and gravely tells them that the three great trades of the world are, the lawyers, who govern the world; the churchmen, who enjoy the world; and a sort of fools whom they call souldiers, who make it their work to defend the world. He told us, too, that Turenne being now become a Catholique,[1] he is likely to get over the head of Colbert,[2] their interests being contrary; the latter to promote trade[3] and the sea, which, says the Duke of York, is that that we have most cause to fear; and Turenne to employ the King and his forces by land, to encrease his conquests. Thence to the coach to my wife, and so home, and there with W. Hewer to my office and to do some business, and so set down my Journall for four or five days, and then home to supper and read a little, and to bed. W. Hewer tells me to-day that he hears that the King of France hath declared in print, that he do intend this next summer to forbid his Commanders to strike[4] to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him; and that he hath made his captains swear it already, that they will observe it: which is a great thing if he do it, as I know nothing to hinder him.

21st. My own coach carrying me and my boy Tom, who goes with me in the room of W. Hewer, who could not, and I dare not go alone, to the Temple, and there set me down, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of them, and there took a hackney and to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier, but little to do, and so away home, calling at the Exchange and buying several little things, and so home, and there dined with my wife and people: and then she, and W. Hewer, and I by appointment out with our coach, but the old horses, not

of the Spanish cavalry in Flanders; and he was afterwards Governor of Milan, and employed in the wars of Italy. He died in 1668. — B.

[1] Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, the celebrated general. In 1666, after the death of his wife, Charlotte, heiress of the Duc de la Force, who like himself had been a Huguenot, and whose influence had retained him in that communion, Turenne professed himself a Roman Catholic. — B.

[2] Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great minister. — B.

[3] This reminds us of the famous reply, *Laissez nous faire*, made to Colbert by the French merchants, whose interests he thought to promote by laws and regulations. — B.

[4] Strike topsails.

daring yet to use the others too much, but only to enter them, and to the Temple, there to call Talbot Pepys, and took him up, and first went into Holborne, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard.[1] She is a little plain woman, a Dane: her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girl's; with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost, and grizly; they offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired it, refusing it to men that desired it there, but there is no doubt but by her voice she is a woman; it begun to grow at about seven years old, and was shaved not above seven months ago, and is now so big as any man's almost that ever I saw; I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and saw "Macbeth." The King and Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemayne, and close to the woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the King's and my Lady Castlemayne's head, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemayne once, to see who it was; but when she saw her, she looked like fire; which troubled me. The play done, took leave of Talbot, who goes into the country this Christmas, and so we home, and there I to work at the office late, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, thinking to meet with Langford about my father's house in Fleet Streete, but I come too late, and so home to dinner, and all the afternoon at the office busy, and at night

[1] This was probably the woman described in "Wonderful Characters" as Barbara Urslerin, the hairy-faced woman. She was born at Augsburg in 1629, which gives us exactly the age Pepys mentions. It is recorded that she was exhibited in 1668 in Ratcliffe Highway. There are two portraits of her — one by Isaac Brunn, taken in 1653, and another by Gaywood, about 1658.

home to supper and talk, and with mighty content with my wife, and so to bed.

23rd. Met at the Office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, and there met with Langford and Mr. Franke, the landlord of my father's house in Fleet Streete, and are come to an arbitration what my father shall give him to be freed of his lease and building the house again. Walked up and down the 'Change, and among others discoursed with Sir John Bankes, who thinks this prorogation will please all but the Parliament itself, which will, if ever they meet, be vexed at Buckingham, who yet governs all. He says the Nonconformists are glad of it, and, he believes, will get the upperhand in a little time, for the King must trust to them or nobody; and he thinks the King will be forced to it. He says that Sir D. Gawden is mightily troubled at Pen's being put upon him, by the Duke of York,[1] and that he believes he will get clear of it, which, though it will trouble me to have Pen still at the Office, yet I shall think D. Gawden do well in it, and what I would advise him to, because I love him. So home to dinner, and then with my wife alone abroad, with our new horses, the beautifullest almost that ever I saw, and the first time they ever carried her, and me but once; but we are mighty proud of them. To her tailor's, and so to the 'Change, and laid out three or four pounds in lace, for her and me; and so home, and there I up to my Lord Brouncker, at his lodgings, and sat with him an hour, on purpose to talk over the wretched state of this Office at present, according to the present hands it is made up of; wherein he do fully concur with me, and that it is our part not only to prepare for defending it and ourselves, against the consequences of it, but to take the best ways we can, to make it known to the Duke of York; for, till Sir J. Minnes be removed, and a sufficient man brought into W. Pen's place, when he is gone, it is impossible for this Office ever to support itself. So home, and to supper and to bed.

24th. A cold day. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning alone at the Office, nobody meeting, being the eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner, and then to

[1] As his partner in the contract for victualling the navy.

the Office busy, all the afternoon, and at night home to supper, and it being now very cold, and in hopes of a frost, I begin this night to put on a waistcoat, it being the first winter in my whole memory that ever I staid till this day before I did so. So to bed in mighty good humour with my wife, but sad in one thing, and that is for my poor eyes.

25th (Christmas-day). Up, and continued on my waistcoat, the first day this winter, and I to church, where Alderman Backewell, coming in late, I beckoned to his lady to come up to us, who did, with another lady; and after sermon, I led her down through the church to her husband and coach, a noble, fine woman, and a good one, and one my wife shall be acquainted with. So home, and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat: while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar,[1] and Des Cartes' book of Musick[2] — the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then, after supper, I made the boy play upon his lute, which I have not done twice before since he come to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

26th. Lay long with pleasure, prating with my wife, and then up, and I a little to the Office, and my head busy setting some papers and accounts to rights, which being long neglected because of my eyes will take me up much time and care to do, but it must be done. So home at noon to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to a play, at the Duke of York's house, the house full of ordinary citizens. The play was "Women Pleased,"[3] which we had never seen before; and, though but indifferent, yet there is a good

[1] "The Life of Julius Cæsar, with an Account of his Medals." By Clement Edmonds, fol., London, 1655.

[2] "Musicæ Compendium." By Réné Des Cartes, Amsterdam, 1617; rendered into English, London, 1653, 4to. The translator, whose name did not appear on the title, was William, Viscount Brouncker, Pepys's colleague, who proved his knowledge of music by the performance.

[3] A tragi-comedy by Fletcher, first published in 1647; well thought of at the time, though when revived at Drury Lane in 1743, it met with little success.

design for a good play. So home, and there to talk, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

27th (Lord's day). Walked to White Hall and there saw the King at chapel; but staid not to hear anything, but went to walk in the Park, with W. Hewer, who was with me; and there, among others, met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business, and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it, and telling how, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have power, and they would give him power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was contradicted again, and particularly to the loss of all that we lost in Guinny. He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's[1] pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened, and papers brought to him, and left in his hands for an [hour], and carried back and laid in the place again, and keys put into his pocket again. He says that he hath always had their most private debates, that have been but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him in an hour after, and an hour after that, hath sent word thereof to the King, but nobody here regarded them. But he tells me the sad news, that he is out of all expectations that ever the debts of the Navy will be paid, if the Parliament do not enable the King to do it by money; all they can hope for to do out of the King's revenue being but to keep our wheels a-going on present services, and, if they can, to cut off the growing interest: which is a sad story, and grieves me to the heart. So home, my coach coming for me, and there find Balty and Mr. How, who dined with me; and there my wife and I fell out a little about the foulness of the linen of the table, but were friends presently, but she cried, poor heart! which I was troubled for, though I did not give her one

[1] The celebrated John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who, a few years afterwards, was massacred, with his brother Cornelius, by the Dutch mob, enraged at their opposition to the elevation of William of Orange to the Stadtholdership, when the States were overrun by the French army, and the Dutch fleets beaten at sea by the English. The murder of the De Witts forms one of the main incidents of Alexandre Dumas's "Black Tulip."

hard word. Dinner done, she to church, and W. How and I all the afternoon talking together about my Lord Sandwich's suffering his business of the prizes to be managed by Sir R. Cuttance, who is so deep in the business, more than my Lord knows of, and such a loggerhead, and under such prejudice, that he will, we doubt, do my Lord much wrong. In the evening, he gone, my wife to read to me and talk, and spent the evening with much pleasure, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more. My wife down by water to see her mother, and I with W. Hewer all day together in my closet making some advance in the settling of my accounts, which have been so long unevened that it troubles me how to set them right, having not the use of my eyes to help me. My wife at night home, and tells me how much her mother prays for me and is troubled for my eyes; and I am glad to have friendship with them, and believe they are truly glad to see their daughter come to live so well as she do. So spent the night in talking, and so to supper and to bed.

29th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and there, by a pleasant mistake, find my uncle and aunt Wight, and three more of their company, come to dine with me to-day, thinking that they had been invited, which they were not; but yet we did give them a pretty good dinner, and mighty merry at the mistake. They sat most of the afternoon with us, and then parted, and my wife and I out, thinking to have gone to a play, but it was too far begun, and so to the 'Change, and there she and I bought several things, and so home, with much pleasure talking, and then to reading, and so to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and vexed a little to be forced to pay 40*s.* for a glass of my coach, which was broke the other day, nobody knows how, within the door, while it was down; but I do doubt that I did break it myself with my knees. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see "King Harry the Eighth;" and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected, with the history and shows of it. We happened to sit by Mr. Andrews, our neighbour, and his wife, who talked so fondly to his little

boy. Thence my wife and I to the 'Change; but, in going, our neere horse did fling himself, kicking of the coachbox, over the pole; and a great deal of trouble it was to get him right again, and we forced to 'light, and in great fear of spoiling the horse, but there was no hurt. So to the 'Change, and then home, and there spent the evening talking, and so to supper and to bed.

31st. Up, and at the Office all the morning. At noon Capt. Ferrers and Mr. Sheres[1] come to me to dinner, who did, and pretty pleased with their talk of Spayne; but my wife did not come down, I suppose because she would not, Captain Ferrers being there, to oblige me by it. They gone, after dinner, I to the office, and then in the evening home, being the last day of the year, to endeavour to pay all bills and servants' wages, &c., which I did almost to £5 that I know that I owe in the world, but to the publique; and so with great pleasure to supper and to bed, and, blessed be God! the year ends, after some late very great sorrow with my wife by my folly, yet ends, I say, with great mutual peace and content, and likely to last so by my care, who am resolved to enjoy the sweet of it, which I now possess, by never giving her like cause of trouble. My greatest trouble is now from the backwardness of my accounts, which I have not seen the bottom of now near these two years, so that I know not in what condition I am in the world, but by the grace of God, as far as my eyes will give me leave, I will do it.

[1] Henry Sheres accompanied Lord Sandwich in his embassy to Spain, and returned to England in September, 1667, bearing letters from the ambassador (see September 8th, 22nd, 27th). He was an officer in the Ordnance, and served under Lord Dartmouth at the demolition of the Mole at Tangier in 1683. He was knighted about 1684. He translated Polybius (2 vols. 8vo., 1693), and also some of the "Dialogues" of Lucian, included in the translation published in 1711 (3 vols. 8vo.). Pepys bequeathed him a ring, and he died about 1713. In June of that year the sale of the library of Sir Henry Sheers, deceased, was advertised ("Guardian," No. 82).

1668-69.

January 1st. Up, and presented from Captain Beckford[1] with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no. Up, and with W. Hewer to the New Exchange, and then he and I to the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New-year's gift; and I did buy one cost me £11, which is very pretty, of walnutt-tree, and will come home to-morrow. So back to the old Exchange, and there met my uncle Wight; and there walked, and met with the Houblons, and talked with them — gentlemen whom I honour mightily: and so to my uncle's, and met my wife; and there, with W. Hewer, we dined with our family, and had a very good dinner, and pretty merry: and after dinner, my wife and I with our coach to the King's playhouse, and there in a box saw "The Mayden Queene." Knepp looked upon us, but I durst not shew her any countenance; and, as well as I could carry myself, I found my wife uneasy there, poor wretch! therefore, I shall avoid that house as much as I can. So back to my aunt's, and there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home, and to bed in very good humour.

2nd. Up, at the office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where I find my cabinet come home, and paid for it, and it pleases me and my wife well. So after dinner busy late at the office, and so home and to bed.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and busy all the morning, getting rooms and dinner ready for my guests, which were my uncle and aunt Wight, and two of their cousins, and an old woman, and Mr. Mills and his wife; and a good dinner, and all our plate out, and mighty fine and merry, only I a little vexed at burning a new table-cloth myself, with one of my trencher-salts.[2] Dinner done, I out with W. Hewer and Mr. Spong, who by accident come to dine with me, and good talk with him: to White Hall by coach, and

[1] See February 21st, 1667-68.

[2] It would seem that the wooden salt-cellar was burnt, together with the tablecloth. — B.

there left him, and I with my Lord Brouncker to attend the Duke of York, and then up and down the House till the evening, hearing how the King do intend[1] this frosty weather, it being this day the first, and very hard frost, that hath come this year, and very cold it is. So home; and to supper and read; and there my wife and I treating about coming to an allowance to my wife for clothes; and there I, out of my natural backwardness, did hang off, which vexed her, and did occasion some discontented talk in bed, when we went to bed; and also in the morning, but I did recover all in the morning.

4th. Lay long, talking with my wife, and did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expences, clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected, and so rose, with much content, and up with W. Hewer to White Hall, there to speak with Mr. Wren, which I did about several things of the office entered in my memorandum books, and so about noon, going homeward with W. Hewer, he and I went in and saw the great tall woman that is to be seen, who is but twenty-one years old, and I do easily stand under her arms.[2] Then, going further, The. Turner called me, out of her coach where her mother, &c., was, and invited me by all means to dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's, the widow Dickenson.[3] So, I went to them afterwards, and dined with them, and mighty handsomely treated, and she a wonderfull merry, good-humoured, fat, but plain woman, but I believe a very good woman, and mighty civil to me. Mrs. Turner,[4] the mother,[5] and Mrs. Dyke,[6] and The., and Betty was the

[1] This sentence is imperfect.

[2] Evelyn saw her, January 29th, 1668-69. She was born in the Low Countries, and stood, at the age of twenty-one, according to Evelyn, six feet ten inches high; yet Pepys, February 8th, 1668-69, makes her height six feet five inches. — B.

[3] The marriage licence of Roger Pepys, of Impington, widower, aged about forty-eight, and Easter Dickinson, of St. Paul, Covent Garden, widow, aged about forty, is dated February 2nd, 1668-69 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 1044).

[4] Jane, the wife of Serjeant John Turner.

[5] Anne Pepys, who married Terry Walpole of South Creake.

[6] Elizabeth, married to Thomas Dyke.

company, and a gentleman of their acquaintance. Betty I did long to see, and she is indifferent pretty, but not what the world did speak of her; but I am mighty glad to have one so pretty of our kindred. After dinner, I walked with them, to shew them the great woman, which they admire, as well they may; and so back with them, and left them; and I to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier met, but little to do there, but I did receive an instance of the Duke of York's kindness to me, and the whole Committee, that they would not order any thing about the Treasurer for the Corporation now in establishing, without my assent, and considering whether it would be to my wrong or no. Thence up and down the house, and to the Duke of York's side, and there in the Duchess's presence; and was mightily complimented by my Lady Peterborough, in my Lord Sandwich's presence, whom she engaged to thank me for my kindness to her and her Lord. By and by I met my Lord Brouncker; and he and I to the Duke of York alone, and discoursed over the carriage of the present Treasurers, in opposition to, or at least independency of, the Duke of York, or our Board, which the Duke of York is sensible of, and all remember, I believe; for they do carry themselves very respectlessly of him and us. We also declared our minds together to the Duke of York about Sir John Minnes's incapacity to do any service in the Office, and that it is but to betray the King to have any business of trust committed to his weakness. So the Duke of York was very sensible of it and promised to speak to the King about it. That done, I with W. Hewer took up my wife at Unthank's, and so home, and there with pleasure to read and talk, and so to supper, and put into writing, in merry terms, our agreement between my wife and me, about £30 a-year, and so to bed. This was done under both our hands merrily, and put into W. Hewer's to keep.

5th. Up, and to the office all the morning, the frost and cold continuing. At noon home with my people to dinner, and so to work at the office again; in the evening comes Creed to me, and tells me his wife is at my house. So I in, and spent an hour with them, the first time she hath been here, or I have seen her, since she was married. She is not over-handsome, though a good lady, and one I

love. So after some pleasant discourse, they gone, I to the Office again, and there late, and then home to supper to my wife, who is not very well of those, and so sat talking till past one in the morning, and then to bed.

6th (Twelfth day). Up, and to look after things against dinner to-day for my guests, and then to the Office to write down my Journall for five or six days backward, and so home to look after dinner, it being now almost noon. At noon comes Mrs. Turner and Dyke, and Mrs. Dickenson, and then comes The. and Betty Turner, the latter of which is a very pretty girl; and then Creed and his wife, whom I sent for, by my coach. These were my guests, and Mrs. Turner's friend, whom I saw the other day, Mr. Wicken, and very merry we were at dinner, and so all the afternoon, talking, and looking up and down my house; and in the evening [1] I did bring out my cake — a noble cake, and there cut it into pieces, with wine and good drink: and after a new fashion, to prevent spoiling the cake, did put so many titles into a hat, and so drew cuts; and I was the Queene; and The. Turner, King — Creed, Sir Martin Marr-all; and Betty, Mrs. Millicent: and so we were mighty merry till it was night; and then, being moonshine and fine frost, they went home, I lending some of them my coach to help to carry them, and so my wife and I spent the rest of the evening in talk and reading, and so with great pleasure to bed.

7th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning, and then at noon home to dinner, and thence my wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," [2] the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell come and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of hers of the Duke's house, that come in to see the play. Thence home and to the office to do some business, and so home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in his coach, and

[1] It was Twelfth Night.

[2] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; published in 1647, and reprinted in 1669, "as it is acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's servants. With the alterations and new additional scenes." — B.

Mr. Tippets to White Hall; and there attended the Duke of York with the rest, where the Duke was mighty plain with the Treasurers, according to the advice my Lord Brouncker and I did give him the other night, and he did it fully; and so as, I believe, will make the Treasurers carefull of themselves, unless they do resolve upon defying the Duke of York. Thence with W. Hewer home, and to dinner, and so out again, my wife and I and Mr. Hater to White Hall, where she set us down, and she up and down to buy things, while we at the Treasury-Chamber, where I alone did manage the business of "The Leopard" against the whole Committee of the East India Company,[1] with Mr. Blackburne with them; and to the silencing of them all, to my no great content. Thence walked to my wife, and so set out for home in our coach, it being very cold weather, and so to the office to do a little business, and then home to my wife's chamber, my people having laid the cloth, and got the rooms all clean above-stairs to-night for our dinner to-morrow, and therefore I to bed.

9th. Up, and at the office all the morning, and at noon, my Lord Brouncker, Mr. Wren, Joseph Williamson, and Captain Cocke, dined with me; and, being newly sat down, comes in, by invitation of Williamson's, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and he brings in with him young Mr. Whore, whose father, of the Tower, I know. And here I had a neat dinner, and all in so good manner and fashion, and with so good company, and everything to my mind, as I never had more in my life — the company being to my heart's content, and they all well pleased. So continued, looking over my books and closet till the evening, and so I to the Office and did a good deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed with my mind mightily pleased with this day's management, as one of the days of my life of fullest content.

10th (Lord's day). Accidentally talking of our maids

[1] "Dec. 18, 1668. Sir George Downing to the Navy Commissioners. The Treasury Commissioners have appointed the first Friday after New Year's Day to consider the accounts of the 'Leopard,' 'Convertine,' &c., depending between his Majesty and the East India Company, and desire them to come prepared on his Majesty's behalf" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668–69, p. 106).

before we rose, I said a little word that did give occasion to my wife to fall out; and she did most vexatiously, almost all the morning, but ended most perfect good friends; but the thoughts of the unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me, did make me melancholy all day long. So about noon, past 12, we rose, and to dinner, and then to read and talk, my wife and I alone, for Balty was gone, who come to dine with us, and then in the evening comes Pelling to sit and talk with us, and so to supper and pretty merry discourse, only my mind a little vexed at the morning's work, but yet without any appearance. So after supper to bed.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall, where no Committee of Tangier met, so up and down the House talking with this and that man, and so home, calling at the New Exchange for a book or two to send to Mr. Shepley and thence home, and thence to the 'Change, and there did a little business, and so walked home to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Joviall Crew;"[1] but ill acted to what it was heretofore, in Clun's time, and when Lacy could dance. Thence to the New Exchange, to buy some things; and, among others, my wife did give me my pair of gloves, which, by contract, she is to give me in her £30 a-year. Here Mrs. Smith[2] tells us of the great murder thereabouts, on Saturday last, of one Captain Bumbridge,[3] by one Symons, both of her acquaintance; and hectors that were at play, and in drink: the former is killed, and is kinsman to my Lord of Ormond, which made him speak of it with so much passion, as I overheard him this morning, but could not make anything of it till now, but would they would kill more of them. So home; and there at home all the evening; and made Tom to prick down some little conceits and notions of mine, in musique, which do mightily encourage me to spend some more thoughts about it; for I fancy, upon good reason, that I am in the right way of unfolding the mystery of this matter, better than ever yet.

[1] "The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars," a comedy by Richard Brome. See July 25th, 1661. In 1731 it was turned into an opera.

[2] Pepys's pretty sempstress.

[3] Or Bainbridge?

12th. Up, and to the Office, where, by occasion of a message from the Treasurers that their Board found fault with Commissioner Middleton, I went up from our Board to the Lords of the Treasury to meet our Treasurers, and did, and there did dispute the business, it being about the matter of paying a little money to Chatham Yard, wherein I find the Treasurers mighty supple, and I believe we shall bring them to reason, though they begun mighty upon us, as if we had no power of directing them, but they, us. Thence back presently home, to dinner, where I discern my wife to have been in pain about where I have been, but said nothing to me, but I believe did send W. Hewer to seek me, but I take no notice of it, but am vexed. So to dinner with my people, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon, and did much business, and at it late, and so home to supper, and to bed. This day, meeting Mr. Pierce at White Hall, he tells me that his boy hath a great mind to see me, and is going to school again; and Dr. Clerke, being by, do tell me that he is a fine boy; but I durst not answer anything, because I durst not invite him to my house, for fear of my wife; and therefore, to my great trouble, was forced to neglect that discourse. But here Mr. Pierce, I asking him whither he was going, told me as a great secret that he was going to his master's mistress, Mrs. Churchill,[1] with some physic; meaning for the pox I suppose, or else that she is got with child. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly: but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it

[1] Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough, and one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York. James, Duke of Berwick, and three other children, were the fruits of this intrigue. From the Duke of Berwick descend the Dukes of Fitzjames in France. She married subsequently Colonel Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household, and died 1730, aged eighty-two. — B.

being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed, all my people being gone to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. But yet I did perceive that she was to seek what to say, only she invented, I believe, a business that I was seen in a hackney coach with the glasses up with Deb., but could not tell the time, nor was sure I was he. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

13th. So up and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out, so I to White Hall, and thence walked out into the Park, all in the snow, with the Duke of York and the rest, and so home, after visiting my Lady Peterborough, and there by invitation find Mr. Povy, and there was also Talbot Pepys, newly come from Impington, and dined with me, and after dinner and a little talk with Povy about publick matters, he gone, and I and my wife and Talbot towards the Temple, and there to the King's playhouse, and there saw, I think, "The Maiden Queene," and so home and to supper and read, and to bed. This day come home the instrument I have so long longed for, the Parallelogram.

14th. Up and to the office, where all the morning busy, and so home to dinner, where Goodgroome with us, and after dinner a song, and then to the office, where busy till night, and then home to work there with W. Hewer to get ready some Tangier papers against to-morrow, and so to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry, where with

him a good while in his chamber, talking of one thing or another; among others, he told me of the great factions at Court at this day, even to the sober engaging of great persons, and differences, and making the King cheap and ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvy's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia,[1] to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman,[2] to imprison Doll: when my Lady Castlemayne made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again, worse than ever, the other day, where the King himself was: and since it was acted again, and my Lady Harvy provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it. Thence he and I out of doors, but he to Sir J. Duncomb, and I to White Hall through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them, and so to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the office and did a little business; and I did give him thanks for his favour to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, Mr. Povy having given me advice of it, of the discourse there of doing something as to the put-

[1] The following cast of parts in "The Alchymist," as acted by the King's Company, and given by Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus," furnishes a clue to the actress described here and in a former passage, December 27th, 1666, as "Doll Common":

Subtle	Mr. Clun.
Face	Major Mohun.
Sir E. Mammon	Mr. Cartwright.
Surly	Mr. Burt.
Ananias	Mr. Lacy.
Wholesome	Mr. Bateman.
Doll Common	*Mrs. Corey.*
Dame Plyant	Mrs. Rutter.

The identity, however, is placed beyond doubt by a reference to "Cataline's Conspiracy," where we find Mrs. Corey acting the part of Sempronia, in which "Doll Common," as Pepys styles her, gave offence by imitating Lady Harvey, and consequently was sent to prison. We may add that Mrs. Corey's name stands first in the list of female performers in the King's Company under Killigrew. See "Roscius Anglicanus," 1708. — B.

[2] Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester. Lady Harvey was daughter of Edward, second Lord Montagu of Boughton. She married Sir Daniel Harvey.

ting the payment of the garrison into some undertaker's hand, Alderman Backewell, which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on, without my presence at the debate. And he answered me just thus: that he ought to have a care of him that do the King's business in the manner that I do, and words of more force than that. Then down with Lord Brouncker to Sir R. Murray, into the King's little elaboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them. So I home and to dinner, and then out again and stop with my wife at my cozen Turner's, where I staid, and sat a while, and carried The. and my wife to the Duke of York's house, to "Macbeth," and myself to White Hall, to the Lords of the Treasury, about Tangier business; and there was by at much merry discourse between them and my Lord Anglesey, who made sport of our new Treasurers, and called them his deputys, and much of that kind. And having done my own business, I away back, and carried my cozen Turner and sister Dyke to a friend's house, where they were to sup, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I to the Duke of York's house and saw the last two acts, and so carried The. thither, and so home with my wife, who read to me late, and so to supper and to bed. This day The. Turner shewed me at the play my Lady Portman,[1] who has grown out of my knowledge.

16th. Up, and to the office all the morning, dined at home with my people, and so all the afternoon till night at the office busy, and so home to supper and to bed. This morning Creed, and in the afternoon comes Povy, to advise with me about my answer to the Lords [Commissioners] of Tangier, about the propositions for the Treasurership there,[2] which I am not much concerned for. But the latter, talking of publick things, told me, as Mr. Wren also did, that the Parliament is likely to meet again, the King being frighted with what the Speaker hath put him in mind of — his promise not to prorogue, but only to adjourne them. They speak mighty freely of the folly of the King in this

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Cutler (by his second wife), married to Sir William Portman, K.B., who was the third and last baronet of his family. Pepys could have known neither of his former wives. — B.

[2] See January 4th, 1668-69.

foolish woman's business, of my Lady Harvy. Povy tells me that Sir W. Coventry was with the King alone, an hour this day; and that my Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King than ever — not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him: and says that the Duchess of York and the Duke of York are mighty great with her, which is a great interest to my Lord Chancellor's[1] family; and that they do agree to hinder all they can the proceedings of the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington: and so we are in the old mad condition, or rather worse than any; no man knowing what the French intend to do the next summer.

17th (Lord's day). To church myself after seeing every thing fitted for dinner, and so, after church, home, and thither comes Mrs. Batelier and her two daughters to dinner to us; and W. Hewer and his mother, and Mr. Spong. We were very civilly merry, and Mrs. Batelier a very discreet woman, but mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will. After dinner, Mr. Spong and I to my closet, there to try my instrument Parallelogram, which do mighty well, to my full content; but only a little stiff, as being new. Thence, taking leave of my guests, he and I and W. Hewer to White Hall, and there parting with Spong, a man that I mightily love for his plainness and ingenuity, I into the Court, and there up and down and spoke with my Lords Bellassis and Peterborough about the business now in dispute, about my deputing a Treasurer to pay the garrison at Tangier, which I would avoid, and not be accountable, and they will serve me therein. Here I met Hugh May, and he brings me to the knowledge of Sir Henry Capell,[2] a Member of Parliament, and brother of my Lord of Essex,[3] who hath a great value, it seems, for me; and

[1] Clarendon, whom Pepys mentions by his former office.

[2] Henry, second son of Arthur, first Baron Capel of Hadham, and himself elevated to the peerage in 1692 by the title of Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, for which town he had served in parliament. He had been created K.B. at the coronation of Charles II., and was a leading member of the House of Commons; and in 1679 appointed First Commissioner of the Admiralty. At the time of his death, at Dublin Castle, May 30th, 1696, he was Lord Deputy of Ireland. He left no issue. — B.

[3] Which title had been revived for the Capel family in 1661, Arthur, second Baron Capel, being created Earl of Essex.

they appoint a day to come and dine with me, and see my books, and papers of the Office, which I shall be glad to shew them, and have opportunity to satisfy them therein. Here all the discourse is, that now the King is of opinion to have the Parliament called, notwithstanding his late resolutions for proroguing them; so unstable are his councils, and those about him. So staying late talking in the Queen's side, I away with W. Hewer home, and there to read and talk with my wife, and so to bed.

18th. Up by candlelight, and with W. Hewer walked to the Temple, and thence took coach and to Sir William Coventry's, and there discoursed the business of my Treasurer's place, at Tangier, wherein he consents to my desire, and concurs therein, which I am glad of, that I may not be accountable for a man so far off. And so I to my Lord Sandwich's, and there walk with him through the garden,[1] to White Hall, where he tells me what he had done about this Treasurer's place, and I perceive the whole thing did proceed from him: that finding it would be best to have the Governor have nothing to do with the pay of the garrison, he did propose to the Duke of York alone that a pay-master should be there; and that being desirous to do a courtesy to Sir Charles Harbord,[2] and to prevent the Duke of York's looking out for any body else, he did name him to the Duke of York. That when he come the other day to move this to the Board of Tangier, the Duke of York, it seems, did readily reply, that it was fit to have Mr. Pepys satisfied therein first, and that it was not good to make places for persons. This my Lord in great confidence tells me, that he do take very ill from the Duke of York, though nobody knew the meaning of these words but him; and that he did take no notice of them, but bit his lip, being satisfied that the Duke of York's care of me was as desirable to him, as it could be to have Sir Charles Harbord: and did seem industrious to let me see that he was glad that the Duke of York and he might come to contend who shall be the kindest to me, which I owned as his great love, and so I hope and believe it is, though my Lord

[1] The Privy Garden.
[2] See note to February 25th, 1665-66.

did go a little too far in this business, to move it so far, without consulting me. But I took no notice of that, but was glad to see this competition come about, that my Lord Sandwich is apparently jealous of my thinking that the Duke of York do mean me more kindness than him. So we walked together, and I took this occasion to invite him to dinner one day to my house, and he readily appointed Friday next, which I shall be glad to have over to his content, he having never yet eat a bit of my bread. Thence to the Duke of York on the King's side, with our Treasurers of the Navy, to discourse some business of the Navy, about the pay of the yards, and there I was taken notice of, many Lords being there in the room, of the Duke of York's conference with me; and so away, and meeting Mr. Sidney Montagu and Sheres, a small invitation served their turn to carry them to London, where I paid Sheres his £100, given him for his pains in drawing the plate of Tangier fortifications, &c., and so home to my house to dinner, where I had a pretty handsome sudden dinner, and all well pleased; and thence we three and my wife to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Witts," a medley of things, but some similes mighty good, though ill mixed; and thence with my wife to the Exchange and bought some things, and so home, after I had been at White Hall, and there in the Queen's withdrawing-room invited my Lord Peterborough to dine with me, with my Lord Sandwich, who readily accepted it. Thence back and took up my wife at the 'Change, and so home. This day at noon I went with my young gentlemen (thereby to get a little time while W. Hewer went home to bid them get a dinner ready) to the Pope's Head tavern, there to see the fine painted room which Rogerson told me of, of his doing; but I do not like it at all, though it be good for such a publick room.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon eat a mouthful, and so with my wife to Madam Turner's, and find her gone, but The. staid for us; and so to the King's house, to see "Horace;"[1] this the third day of its

[1] The "Horace" of P. Corneille, translated by Catherine Phillips, the fifth act being added by Sir John Denham. It was presented at Court by persons of quality, the prologue being spoken by the Duke of Mon-

acting—a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act, one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary, as to the dances; only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow. Thence, not much pleased with the play, set them at home in the Strand; and my wife and I home, and there to do a little business at the Office, and so home to supper and to bed.

20th. Up; and my wife, and I, and W. Hewer to White Hall, where she set us down; and there I spoke with my Lord Peterborough, to tell him of the day for his dining with me being altered by my Lord Sandwich from Friday to Saturday next. And thence heard at the Council-board the City, by their single counsel Symson, and the company of Strangers Merchants,[1] debate the business of water-baylage; a tax demanded upon all goods, by the City, imported and exported: which these Merchants oppose, and demanding leave to try the justice of the City's demand by a Quo Warranto, which the City opposed, the Merchants did quite lay the City on their backs with great triumph, the City's cause being apparently too weak: but here I observed Mr. Gold,[2] the merchant, to speak very well, and very sharply, against the City. Thence to my wife at Upthanke's, and with her and W. Hewer to Hercules Pillars, calling to do two or three things by the way, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Twelfth Night," as it is now revived; but, I think, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage. This afternoon, before the play, I called with my wife at Dancre's,[3] the great landscape-painter, by Mr. Povy's

mouth. See Evelyn's "Diary," under February 5th, 1668-69. Another translation by Charles Cotton was published in 1671.

[1] An account of the Merchants Strangers, from their settlement in the reign of Richard III. to that of Charles II., is given in Seymour's "Survey of London," vol. ii., pp. 473-82.—B.

[2] Edward Gold, a native of Devonshire, living at Highgate, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Gower, also of that place. Their names occur amongst those of the governors of Sir Roger Cholmley's Grammar School in Highgate.—B.

[3] Henry Dankers, born at the Hague, an engraver and painter, employed by Charles II. to paint views of his sea-ports and palaces. He followed his profession for some years in London; but, being a Roman

advice; and have bespoke him to come to take measure of my dining-room panels, and there I met with the pretty daughter of the coalseller's, that lived in Cheapside, and now in Covent Garden, who hath her picture drawn here, but very poorly; but she is a pretty woman, and now, I perceive, married, a very pretty black woman. So, the play done, we home, my wife letting fall some words of her observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse, meaning upon women, which did vex me; but, however, when we come home, we were good friends; and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

21st. Up, and walked to the Temple, it being frosty, and there took coach, my boy Tom with me, and so to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier, where they met, and by and by and till twelve at noon upon business, among others mine, where my desire about being eased of appointing and standing accountable for a Treasurer there was well accepted, and they will think of some other way. This I was glad of, finding reason to doubt that I might in this (since my Lord Sandwich made me understand what he had said to the Duke of York herein) fear to offend either the Duke of York by denying it, for he seemed on Sunday night last, when I first made known my desire to him herein to be a little amused at it, though I knew not then the reason, or else offend my Lord Sandwich by accepting it, or denying it in a manner that might not forward his desire for Sir Charles Harbord, but I thank God I did it to my great content without any offence, I think, to either. Thence in my own coach home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The.; and had a good dinner for them, and merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, all but Dyke, who went away on other business; and there saw "The Tempest;" but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis. Thence set them at home, and my wife and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled, of late, at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none; but

Catholic, he left England in the time of the Popish Plot, and died soon afterwards at Amsterdam.

do hate to be unquiet at home. So, late up, silent, and not supping, but hearing her utter some words of discontent to me with silence, and so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed, and mighty kind, and so with great joy on both sides to sleep.

22nd. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York, and thence to the Exchange, in the way calling at several places on occasions relating to my feast to-morrow, on which my mind is now set; as how to get a new looking-glass for my dining-room, and some pewter, and good wine, against to-morrow; and so home, where I had the looking-glass set up, cost me £6 *7s. 6d.* And here at the 'Change I met with Mr. Dancre, the famous landscape painter, with whom I was on Wednesday; and he took measure of my panels in my dining-room, where, in the four, I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Windsor. He gone, I to dinner with my people, and so to my office to dispatch a little business, and then home to look after things against to-morrow, and among other things was mightily pleased with the fellow that come to lay the cloth, and fold the napkins, which I like so well, as that I am resolved to give him 40*s.* to teach my wife to do it. So to supper, with much kindness between me and my wife, which, now-a-days, is all my care, and so to bed.

23rd. Up, and again to look after the setting things right against dinner, which I did to very good content. So to the office, where all the morning till noon, when word brought me to the Board that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, leaving the Board ready to rise, and there I found my Lord Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently after them comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Sidney,[1] and Sir William Godolphin. And after greeting them, and some time spent in talk, dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good; but, above all things, the variety of wines, and excellent of their kind, I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it

[1] Sidney Montagu.

was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner, my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commend mightily; and mighty merry all day long, with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind, and the fullest of honour and content to me, that ever I had in my life: and shall not easily have so good again. The truth is, I have some fear that I am more behind-hand in the world for these last two years, since I have not, or for some time could not, look after my accounts, which do a little allay my pleasure. But I do trust in God I am pretty well yet, and resolve, in a very little time, to look into my accounts, and see how they stand. So to my wife's chamber, and there supped, and got her cut my hair and look my shirt, for I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days, and when all comes to all she finds that I am lousy, having found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great, which I wonder at, being more than I have had I believe these 20 years. I did think I might have got them from the little boy, but they did presently look him, and found none. So how they come I know not, but presently did shift myself, and so shall be rid of them, and cut my hair close to my head, and so with much content to bed.

24th (Lord's day). An order brought me in bed, for the Principal Officers to attend the King at my Lord Keeper's this afternoon, it being resolved late the last night; and, by the warrant, I find my Lord Keeper did not then know the cause of it, the messenger being ordered to call upon him, to tell it him by the way, as he come to us. So I up, and to my Office to set down my Journall for yesterday, and so home, and with my wife to Church, and then home, and to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife by coach, to cozen Turner's, where she and The. gone to church, but I left my wife with Mrs. Dyke and Joyce Norton, whom I have not seen till now since their coming to town: she is

become an old woman, and with as cunning a look as ever, and thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down till the King and Duke of York were ready to go forth; and here I met Will. Batelier, newly come post from France, his boots all dirty. He brought letters to the King, and I glad to see him, it having been reported that he was drowned, for some days past, and then, he being gone, I to talk with Tom Killigrew, who told me and others, talking about the playhouse, that he is fain to keep a woman on purpose at *20s.* a week to satisfy 8 or 10 of the young men of his house, whom till he did so he could never keep to their business, and now he do. By and by the King comes out, and so I took coach, and followed his coaches to my Lord Keeper's, at Essex House,[1] where I never was before, since I saw my old Lord Essex lie in state when he was dead; a large, but ugly house. Here all the Officers of the Navy attended, and by and by were called in to the King and Cabinet, where my Lord, who was ill, did lie upon the bed, as my old Lord Treasurer, or Chancellor, heretofore used to; and the business was to know in what time all the King's ships might be repaired, fit for service. The Surveyor answered, in two years, and not sooner. I did give them hopes that, with supplies of money suitable, we might have them all fit for sea some part of the summer after this. Then they demanded in what time we could set out forty ships. It was answered, as they might be chosen of the newest and most ready, we could, with money, get forty ready against May. The King seemed mighty full that we should have money to do all that we desired, and satisfied that, without it, nothing could be done: and so, without determining any thing, we were dismissed; and I doubt all will end in some little fleete this year, and those of hired merchant-men, which would indeed be cheaper to the King, and have many conveniences attending it, more than to fit out the King's own; and this, I perceive, is

[1] Essex House, where Robert Devereux, third earl of that name, died in 1646, when Pepys was fourteen years old, stood on the site of Essex Street and Devereux Court, formerly the Outer Temple. It had belonged, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, who left it to the second Earl of Essex, father of the Parliamentary-General here mentioned.

designed, springing from Sir W. Coventry's counsel; and the King and most of the Lords, I perceive, full of it, to get the King's fleete all at once in condition for service. Thence I with Mr. Wren in his coach to my cozen Turner's for discourse sake, and in our way he told me how the business of the Parliament is wholly laid aside, it being overruled now, that they shall not meet, but must be prorogued, upon this argument chiefly, that all the differences between the two Houses, and things on foot, that were matters of difference and discontent, may be laid aside, and must begin again, if ever the House shall have a mind to pursue them. They must begin all anew. Here he set me down, and I to my cozen Turner, and stayed and talked a little; and so took my wife, and home, and there to make her read, and then to supper, and to bed. At supper come W. Batelier and supped with us, and told us many pretty things of France, and the greatness of the present King.

25th. Up, and to the Committee of Tangier, where little done, and thence I home by my own coach, and busy after dinner at my office all the afternoon till late at night, that my eyes were tired. So home, and my wife shewed me many excellent prints of Nanteuil's[1] and others, which W. Batelier hath, at my desire, brought me out of France, of the King, and Colbert, and others, most excellent, to my great content. But he hath also brought a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts; but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me. So, after a little supper, to bed, my eyes being very bad.

26th. Up, and to the office, where busy sitting all the morning. Then to the Office again, and then to White Hall, leaving my wife at Unthanke's; and I to the Secretary's chamber, where I was, by particular order, this day summoned to attend, as I find Sir D. Gawden also was. And here was the King and the Cabinet met; and, being called in, among the rest I find my Lord Privy Seale, whom

[1] Robert Nanteuil, the celebrated French engraver, a native of Rheims, who was patronized by Evelyn when he was in Paris. He died at Paris in 1678 at the age of forty-eight.

I never before knew to be in so much play, as to be of the Cabinet. The business is, that the Algerines have broke the peace with us, by taking some Spaniards and goods out of an English ship, which had the Duke of York's pass, of which advice come this day; and the King is resolved to stop Sir Thomas Allen's fleete from coming home till he hath amends made him for this affront, and therefore sent for us to advise about victuals to be sent to that fleete, and some more ships; wherein I answered them to what they demanded of me, which was but some few mean things; but I see that on all these occasions they seem to rely most upon me. And so, this being done, I took coach and took up my wife and straight home, and there late at the office busy, and then home, and there I find W. Batelier hath also sent the books which I made him bring me out of France. Among others, L'Estat de France, Marnix,[1] &c., to my great content; and so I was well pleased with them, and shall take a time to look them over: as also one or two printed musick-books of songs; but my eyes are now too much out of tune to look upon them with any pleasure, therefore to supper and to bed.

27th. Up, and with Sir John Minnes in his coach to White Hall, where first we waited on the Lords of the Treasury about finishing the Victualling Contract; and there also I was put to it to make good our letter complaining against my Lord Anglesey's failing us in the payment of the moneys assigned us upon the Customs, where Mr. Fenn was, and I know will tell my Lord; but it is no matter, I am over shy already, and therefore must not fear. Then we up to a Committee of the Council for the Navy, about a business of Sir D. Gawden's relating to the Victualling, and thence I by hackney to the Temple to the Auditor's man, and with him to a tavern to meet with another under-auditor to advise about the clearing of my Lord Bellasses' accounts without injuring myself and perplexing my accounts, and so thence away to my cozen Turner's, where I find Roger Pepys come last night to town, and here is his mistress, Mrs. Dickenson, and by

[1] "Les Résolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'Etat," par Jean de Marnix, Baron de Potes: Bruxelles, 1612, 4to. There were two later editions of this work printed at Rouen.

and by comes in Mr. Turner, a worthy, sober, serious man — I honour him mightily. And there we dined, having but an ordinary dinner; and so, after dinner, she, and I, and Roger, and his mistress, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Five Hours' Adventure," which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play, I must confess. My wife and The. come after us, after they had been to buy some things abroad, and so after the play done we to see them home, and then home ourselves, and my wife to read to me, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, and to the office, where all the afternoon, also after dinner, and there late dispatching much business, and then home to supper with my wife, and to get her to read to me, and here I did find that Mr. Sheres hath, beyond his promise, not only got me a candlestick made me, after a form he remembers to have seen in Spain, for keeping the light from one's eyes, but hath got it done in silver very neat, and designs to give it me, in thanks for my paying him his £100 in money, for his service at Tangier, which was ordered him; but I do intend to force him to make me [pay] for it. But I yet, without his direction, cannot tell how it is to be made use of. So after a little reading to bed.

29th. Up, and with W. Hewer in Colonel Middleton's coach to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York, to attend him, where among other things I did give a severe account of our proceedings, and what we found, in the business of Sir W. Jenings's demand of Supernumeraries. I thought it a good occasion to make an example of him, for he is a proud, idle fellow; and it did meet with the Duke of York's acceptance and well-liking; and he did call him in, after I had done, and did not only give him a soft rebuke, but condemns him to pay both their victuals and wages, or right himself of the purser. This I was glad of, and so were all the rest of us, though I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it. Thence home by hackney, calling Roger Pepys at the Temple gate in the bookseller's shop, and to the Old Exchange, where I staid a little to invite my uncle Wight, and so home, and there find my aunt Wight and her husband come presently, and

so to dinner; and after dinner Roger, and I, and my wife, and aunt, to see Mr. Cole; but he nor his wife was within, but we looked upon his picture of Cleopatra, which I went principally to see, being so much commended by my wife and aunt; but I find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me to hear so much commended. Thence to see Creed's wife, and did so, and staid a while, where both of them within; and here I met Mr. Bland, newly come from Cales [Cadiz], after his differences with Norwood.[1] I think him a foolish, light-headed man; but certainly he hath been abused in this matter by Colonel Norwood. Here Creed shewed me a copy of some propositions, which Bland and others, in the name of the Corporation of Tangier, did present to Norwood, for his opinion in, in order to the King's service, which were drawn up very humbly, and were really good things; but his answer to them was in the most shitten proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile, that ever I saw in my life, so as I shall never think the place can do well, while he is there. Here, after some talk, and Creed's telling us that he is upon taking the next house to his present lodgings, which is next to that that my cozen Tom Pepys once lived in, in Newport Street, in Covent Garden; and is in a good place, and then, I suppose, he will keep his coach. So, setting Roger down at the Temple, who tells me that he is now concluded in all matters with his widow, we home, and there hired my wife to make an end of Boyle's Book of Formes, to-night and to-morrow; and so fell to read and sup, and then to bed. This day, Mr. Ned Pickering brought his lady to see my wife, in acknowledgment of a little present of oranges and olives, which I sent her, for his kindness to me in the buying of my horses, which was very civil. She is old, but hath, I believe, been a pretty comely woman.[2]

30th. Lay long in bed, it being a fast-day for the murder of the late King; and so up and to church, where Dr. Hicks made a dull sermon; and so home, and there I find W. Batelier and Balty, and they dined with us, and I spent all the afternoon with my wife and W. Batelier talking, and

[1] See December 14th, 1668.

[2] Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Weld, of Arnolds, in Edmonton, Middlesex. She died December, 1707. — B.

then making them read, and particularly made an end of Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, which I am glad to have over, and then fell to read a French discourse, which he hath brought over with him for me, to invite the people of France to apply themselves to Navigation, which it do very well, and is certainly their interest, and what will undo us in a few years, if the King of France goes on to fit up his Navy, and encrease it and his trade, as he hath begun. At night to supper, and after supper, and W. Batelier gone, my wife begun another book I lately bought, called "The State of England,"[1] which promises well, and is worth reading, and so after a while to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure, and so up and I to church, and there did hear the Doctor that is lately turned Divine, I have forgot his name, I met him a while since at Sir D. Gawden's at dinner, Dr. Waterhouse.[2] He preaches in a devout manner of way, not elegant nor very persuasive, but seems to mean well, and that he would preach holily; and was mighty passionate against people that make a scoff of religion. And, the truth is, I did observe Mrs. Hollworthy smile often, and many others of the parish, who, I perceive, have known him, and were in mighty expectation of hearing him preach, but could not forbear smiling, and she particularly upon me, and I on her. So home to dinner: and before dinner to my Office, to set down my Journal for this week, and then home to dinner; and after dinner to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me: and so spent the afternoon and the evening, and so after supper to bed. And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife, from her remembrance of my late unkindness to her with Willet, she not being able to forget it, but now and then hath her passionate remem-

[1] "Angliæ Notitia, or the Present State of England; together with Reflections upon the Antient State thereof," 1668, &c., by Edward Chamberlayne, LL.D.

[2] A. Wood, "Fasti," vol. iv., p. 163 (Bliss), mentions that John Waterhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was created M.D., by virtue of letters from Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, and that he went over to Ireland as physician to the army, where he discharged his duties with ability and diligence. — B.

brance of it as often as prompted to it by any occasion; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

February 1st. Up, and by water from the Tower to White Hall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town by water, for two or three months, I think, since I kept a coach, which God send propitious to me; but it is a very great convenience. I went to a Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet, and so I meeting Mr. Povy, he and I away to Dancre's, to speak something touching the pictures I am getting him to make for me. And thence he carried me to Mr. Streeter's,[1] the famous history-painter over the way, whom I have often heard of, but did never see him before; and there I found him, and Dr. Wren,[2] and several Virtuosos, looking upon the paintings which he is making for the new Theatre at Oxford: and, indeed, they look as if they would be very fine, and the rest think better than those of Rubens in the Banqueting-house at White Hall, but I do not so fully think so.[3] But they will certainly be very noble; and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous; and he a very civil little man, and lame, but lives very handsomely. So thence to my Lord Bellassis, and met him within: my business only to see a chimney-piece of Dancre's doing, in distemper, with egg to keep off the glaring of the light, which I must have done for my room: and indeed it is pretty, but, I must confess, I do think it is not altogether so beautiful as the oyle pictures; but I will have some of one, and some of another. Thence set him

[1] Robert Streater, appointed Serjeant-Painter at the Restoration. The son of a painter, he was born in Covent Garden in 1624, and he lived for a time in Long Acre. Died 1680, soon after being operated upon for the stone. Charles II. had so much kindness for his painter that he sent to Paris for a surgeon to perform the operation.

[2] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren.

[3] Robert Whitehall wrote a poem called "Urania," or a description of the painting at the top of the theatre at Oxford, which concluded with these lines:

"That future ages must confess they owe
To Streater more than Michael Angelo."

Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, ed. Dallaway and Wornum, vol. ii., p. 85.

down at Little Turnstile, and so I home, and there eat a little dinner, and away with my wife by coach to the King's playhouse, thinking to have seen "The Heyresse,"[1] first acted on Saturday last; but when we come thither, we find no play there; Kinaston, that did act a part therein, in abuse to Sir Charles Sedley, being last night exceedingly beaten with sticks, by two or three that assaulted him, so as he is mightily bruised, and forced to keep his bed.[2] So we to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "She Would if She Could," and so home and to my office to business, and then to supper and to bed. This day, going to the play, The. Turner met us, and carried us to her mother, at my Lady Mordaunt's; and I did carry both mother and daughter with us to the Duke of York's playhouse, at next door.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and home to dinner at noon, where I find Mr. Sheres; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with us to the King's playhouse, where "The Heyresse," notwithstanding Kinaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while, and thereby

[1] "The Heiress" does not appear in the list of the Duke of Newcastle's works, nor has any play of that name and date been traced. At the same time, it is to be observed that "Heir" was formerly used for "Heiress;" and such is the case in May's play of "The Heir," in vol. viii. of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays." — B.

[2] The story about the caning of Kynaston has been preserved by Oldys, and copied by Malone, who tells us that Kynaston was vain of his personal resemblance to Sir C. Sedley, and dressed exactly like him. Sedley, to revenge this insult, hired a bravo to chastise him in St. James's Park, under the pretext that he mistook him for the baronet. According to Pepys, it would seem that the imitation was made in the play of "The Heiress," which is very likely; and perhaps for this he got another beating, or it might be the same, and that in which the story, the scene of which is laid in the park, originated. It is worth remarking, on the authority of Mr. Genest, the compiler of "Some Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830," that Sir C. Sedley expressly introduced the incident of the beating of one man for another, owing to similarity of dress and appearance, into his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden," which seems to have been first acted May 18th, 1668, some time before the date Pepys assigns to the caning of Kynaston, February 1st, 1668-69. — B.

spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it; and though the design is, in the first conception of it, pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play, wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down. But that, that pleased me most in the play is, the first song that Knepp sings, she singing three or four; and, indeed, it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her. Thence carried Sheres to White Hall, and there I stepped in, and looked out Mr. May, who tells me that he and his company cannot come to dine with me to-morrow, whom I expected only to come to see the manner of our Office and books, at which I was not very much displeased, having much business at the Office, and so away home, and there to the office about my letters, and then home to supper and to bed, my wife being in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from her observing Knepp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do on all such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her, and were friends, she desiring that hereafter, at that house, we might always sit either above in a box, or, if there be [no] room, close up to the lower boxes.

3rd. So up, and to the Office till noon, and then home to a little dinner, and thither again till night, mighty busy, to my great content, doing a great deal of business, and so home to supper, and to bed; I finding this day that I may be able to do a great deal of business by dictating, if I do not read myself, or write, without spoiling my eyes, I being very well in my eyes after a great day's work.

4th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home with my people to dinner, and then after dinner comes Mr. Spong to see me, and brings me my Parallelogram, in better order than before, and two or three draughts of the port of Brest, to my great content, and I did call Mr. Gibson to take notice of it, who is very much pleased therewith; and it seems that this Parallelogram is not, as

Mr. Sheres would, the other day, have persuaded me, the same as a Protractor,[1] which do so much the more make me value it, but of itself it is a most usefull instrument. Thence out with my wife and him, and carried him to an instrument-maker's shop in Chancery Lane, that was once a 'prentice of Greatorex's, but the master was not within, and there he [Gibson] shewed me a Parallelogram in brass, which I like so well that I will buy, and therefore bid it be made clean and fit for me. And so to my cozen Turner's, and there just spoke with The., the mother not being at home; and so to the New Exchange, and thence home to my letters; and so home to supper and to bed. This morning I made a slip from the Office to White Hall, expecting Povy's business at a Committee of Tangier, at which I would be, but it did not meet, and so I presently back.

5th. Up betimes, by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, and with him by coach to White Hall, and there walked in the garden talking of several things, and by my visit to keep fresh my interest in him; and there he tells me how it hath been talked that he was to go one of the Commissioners to Ireland, which he was resolved never to do, unless directly commanded; for he told me that for to go thither, while the Chief Secretary of State was his professed enemy, was to undo himself; and, therefore, it were better for him to venture being unhappy here, than to go further off, to be undone by some obscure instructions, or whatever other way of mischief his enemies should cut out for him. He mighty kind to me, and so parted, and thence home, calling in two or three places — among others, Dancre's, where I find him beginning of a piece for me, of Greenwich, which will please me well, and so home to dinner, and very busy all the afternoon, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and thence after dinner to the King's playhouse, and there, — in an upper box, where come in Colonel Poynton[2] and

[1] See October 27th, 1667, for note on the parallelogram or pantograph. The protractor is a surveying instrument for laying down and measuring angles on paper. It is of various forms, semicircular, rectangular, or circular.

[2] Probably *Boynton*. Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barmston, in York-

Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and, by her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last,—did see "The Moor of Venice:" but ill acted in most parts; Mohun, which did a little surprise me, not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do; nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's; nor, indeed, Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did. Thence home, and just at Holborn Conduit the bolt broke, that holds the fore-wheels to the perch, and so the horses went away with them, and left the coachman and us; but being near our coachmaker's, and we staying in a little ironmonger's shop, we were presently supplied with another, and so home, and there to my letters at the office, and so to supper and to bed.

7th (Lord's day). My wife mighty peevish in the morning about my lying unquietly a'nights, and she will have it that it is a late practice, from my evil thoughts in my dreams, . . . and mightily she is troubled about it; but all blew over, and I up, and to church, and so home to dinner, where she in a worst fit, which lasted all the afternoon, and shut herself up in her closet, and I mightily grieved and vexed, and could not get her to tell me what ayled her, or to let me into her closet, but at last she did, where I found her crying on the ground, and I could not please her; but I did at last find that she did plainly expound it to me. It was, that she did believe me false to her with Jane, and did rip up three or four silly circumstances of her not rising till I come out of my chamber, and her letting me thereby see her dressing herself; and that I must needs go into her chamber and was naught with her; which

shire, was created a baronet in 1618. He had seven sons, one of whom, *Colonel* Boynton, having embraced, like his father, the cause of the Parliament, took Sir John Hotham prisoner at York. Sir Matthew died in 1646. His eldest son became Sir Francis Boynton; the second, Matthew, was slain at Wigan, before the advance of Charles II. to Worcester: he left two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, the maid of honour, who figures in Grammont, married Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel; the other married Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon. The remaining five sons, Marmaduke, John, Gustavus, Cornelius, Charles, all died unmarried. One of the sons must have been the *Colonel* Boynton who took Sir John Hotham prisoner, and in all probability he is the same who is here mentioned in connection with Doll Stacey. Pepys only *supposes* he had married her. — B.

was so silly, and so far from truth, that I could not be troubled at it, though I could not wonder at her being troubled, if she had these thoughts, and therefore she would lie from me, and caused sheets to be put on in the blue room, and would have Jane to lie with her lest I should come to her. At last, I did give her such satisfaction, that we were mighty good friends, and went to bed betimes. . . .

8th. Up, and dressed myself; and by coach, with W. Hewer and my wife, to White Hall, where she set us two down; and in the way, our little boy, at Martin, my bookseller's shop, going to 'light, did fall down; and, had he not been a most nimble boy (I saw how he did it, and was mightily pleased with him for it), he had been run over by the coach. I to visit my Lord Sandwich; and there, while my Lord was dressing himself, did see a young Spaniard, that he hath brought over with him, dance, which he is admired for, as the best dancer in Spain, and indeed he do with mighty mastery; but I do not like his dancing as the English, though my Lord commends it mightily: but I will have him to my house, and show it my wife. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me the state of my Lord's accounts of his embassy, which I find not so good as I thought: for, though it be passed the King and his Cabal (the Committee for Foreign Affairs as they are called), yet they have cut off from £19,000 full £8,000, and have now sent it to the Lords of the Treasury, who, though the Committee have allowed the rest, yet they are not obliged to abide by it. So that I do fear this account may yet be long ere it be passed — much more, ere that sum be paid: I am sorry for the family, and not a little for what it owes me. So to my wife, took her up at Unthank's, and in our way home did shew her the tall woman, in Holborne, which I have seen before; and I measured her, and she is, without shoes, just six feet five inches high, and they say not above twenty-one years old. Thence home, and there to dinner, and my wife in a wonderful ill humour; and, after dinner, I staid with her alone, being not able to endure this life, and fell to some angry words together; but by and by were mighty good friends, she telling me plain it was still about Jane, whom she cannot believe but I am

base with, which I made a matter of mirth at; but at last did call up Jane, and confirm her mistress's directions for her being gone at Easter, which I find the wench willing to be, but directly prayed that Tom might go with her, which I promised, and was but what I designed; and she being thus spoke with, and gone, my wife and I good friends, and mighty kind, I having promised, and I will perform it, never to give her for the time to come ground of new trouble; and so I to the Office, with a very light heart, and there close at my business all the afternoon. This day I was told by Mr. Wren, that Captain Cox,[1] Master-Attendant at Deptford, is to be one of us very soon, he and Tippets[2] being to take their turns for Chatham and Portsmouth, which choice I like well enough; and Captain Annesley is to come in his room at Deptford. This morning also, going to visit Roger Pepys, at the potticary's in King's Street, he tells me that Roger is gone to his wife's, so that they have been married, as he tells me, ever since the middle of last week: it was his design, upon good reasons, to make no noise of it; but I am well enough contented that it is over. Dispatched a great deal of business at the office, and there pretty late, till finding myself very full of wind, by my eating no dinner to-day, being vexed, I was forced to go home, and there supped W. Batelier with us, and so with great content to bed.

9th. Up, and all the morning busy at the office, and after dinner abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," which I like mighty well, as an excellent play: and here we find Kinaston to be well enough to act again, which he do very well, after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment; and so thence home, and there to my business at the Office, and after my letters done, then home to supper and to bed, my

[1] Captain John Cox was appointed Commissioner at Chatham on the 29th March, 1669, and he held the office until 1672, when he was killed on board the "Prince" at the battle of Southwold Bay. He was Sir John Cox at the time of his death. He had previously held the office of Master Attendant at Deptford.

[2] John Tippets (afterwards Sir John) was appointed Extra Commissioner of the Navy in 1667, and appointed to Portsmouth in 1668. He was Surveyor of the Navy from 1672 to 1685, and from 1688 to 1692.

mind being mightily eased by my having this morning delivered to the Office a letter of advice about our answers to the Commissioners of Accounts, whom we have neglected, and I have done this as a record in my justification hereafter, when it shall come to be examined.

10th. Up, and with my wife and W. Hewer, she set us down at White Hall, where the Duke of York was gone a-hunting: and so, after I had done a little business there, I to my wife, and with her to the plaisterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaister: and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum: but it was pretty to feel how soft and easily it is done on the face, and by and by, by degrees, how hard it becomes, that you cannot break it, and sits so close, that you cannot pull it off, and yet so easy, that it is as soft as a pillow, so safe is everything where many parts of the body do bear alike. Thus was the mould made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it, as it looks in the mould, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure, when I come to see it cast off, which I am to call for a day or two hence, which I shall long to see. Thence to Hercules Pillars, and there my wife and W. Hewer and I dined, and back to White Hall, where I staid till the Duke of York come from hunting, which he did by and by, and, when dressed, did come out to dinner; and there I waited: and he did tell me that to-morrow was to be the great day that the business of the Navy would be discoursed of before the King and his Caball, and that he must stand on his guard, and did design to have had me in readiness by, but that upon second thoughts did think it better to let it alone, but they are now upon entering into the economical part of the Navy. Here he dined, and did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did then eat with every thing, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Embassador;[1] made of some parsley and a dry toast, beat in a mortar, together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper: he eats it with flesh, or fowl, or fish: and then he did now mightily commend some new

[1] The Conde de Dona.

sort of wine lately found out, called Navarre wine, which I tasted, and is, I think, good wine: but I did like better the notion of the sauce, and by and by did taste it, and liked it mightily. After dinner, I did what I went for, which was to get his consent that Balty might hold his Muster-Master's place by deputy, in his new employment which I design for him, about the Storekeeper's accounts; which the Duke of York did grant me, and I was mighty glad of it. Thence home, and there I find Povy and W. Batelier, by appointment, met to talk of some merchandize of wine and linnen; but I do not like of their troubling my house to meet in, having no mind to their pretences of having their rendezvous here, but, however, I was not much troubled, but went to the office, and there very busy, and did much business till late at night, and so home to supper, and with great pleasure to bed. This day, at dinner, I sent to Mr. Spong to come to me to Hercules Pillars, who come to us, and there did bring with him my new Parallelogram of brass, which I was mightily pleased with, and paid for it 25*s.*, and am mightily pleased with his ingenious and modest company.

11th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home and heard that the last night Colonel Middleton's wife[1] died, a woman I never saw since she come hither, having never been within their house since. Home at noon to dinner, and thence to work all the afternoon with great pleasure, and did bring my business to a very little compass in my day book, which is a mighty pleasure, and so home to supper and get my wife to read to me, and then to bed.

12th. Up, and my wife with me to White Hall, and Tom, and there she sets us down, and there to wait on the Duke of York, with the rest of us, at the Robes, where the Duke of York did tell us that the King would have us prepare a draught of the present administration of the Navy, and what it was in the late times, in order to his being able to distinguish beween the good and the bad, which I shall do, but to do it well will give me a great deal of trouble. Here we shewed him Sir J. Minnes's propositions about

[1] See February 17th.

balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and I did shew him Hosier's, which did please him mightily, and he will have it shewed the Council and King anon, to be put in practice. Thence to the Treasurer's; and I and Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Tippets down to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and there had a hot debate from Sir Thomas Clifford and my Lord Ashly (the latter of which, I hear, is turning about as fast as he can to the Duke of Buckingham's side, being in danger, it seems, of being otherwise out of play, which would not be convenient for him), against Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, who did uphold our Office against an accusation of our Treasurers, who told the Lords that they found that we had run the King in debt £50,000 or more, more than the money appointed for the year would defray, which they declared like fools, and with design to hurt us, though the thing is in itself ridiculous. But my Lord Ashly and Clifford did most horribly cry out against the want of method in the Office. At last it come that it should be put in writing what they had to object; but I was devilish mad at it, to see us thus wounded by our own members, and so away vexed, and called my wife, and to Hercules Pillars, Tom and I, there dined; and here there coming a Frenchman by with his Shew, we did make him shew it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. So after dinner we away and to Dancre's, and there saw our picture of Greenwich in doing,[1] which is mighty pretty, and so to White Hall, my wife to Unthank's, and I attended with Lord Brouncker the King and Council, about the proposition of balancing Storekeeper's accounts: and there presented Hosier's book, and it was mighty well resented[2] and approved of. So the Council being up, we to the Queen's side with the King and Duke of York: and the Duke of York did take me out to talk of our Treasurers, whom he is mighty angry with: and I perceive he is mighty desirous to bring in as many good motions of profit and reformation in the Navy as he can, before the Treasurers

[1] See *ante*, January 22nd, 1668-69.

[2] The word "resent" was formerly used to express the taking of a thing well or ill. Barrow wrote, "How much more should we resent such a testimony of God's favour (than that of an earthly prince)."

do light upon them, they being desirous, it seems, to be thought the great reformers: and the Duke of York do well. But to my great joy he is mighty open to me in every thing; and by this means I know his whole mind, and shall be able to secure myself, if he stands. Here to-night I understand, by my Lord Brouncker, that at last it is concluded on by the King and Buckingham that my Lord of Ormond shall not hold his government of Ireland, which is a great stroke, to shew the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him. Thence I homeward, and calling my wife called at my cozen Turner's, and there met our new cozen Pepys (Mrs. Dickenson), and Bab.[1] and Betty[2] come yesterday to town, poor girls, whom we have reason to love, and mighty glad we are to see them; and there staid and talked a little, being also mightily pleased to see Betty Turner, who is now in town, and her brothers Charles and Will, being come from school to see their father, and there talked a while, and so home, and there Pelling hath got me W. Pen's book against the Trinity.[3] I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for every body to read. So to supper and to bed.

13th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again mighty busy, to my great content, till night, and then home to supper and, my eyes being weary, to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry,

[1] Barbara Pepys, daughter of Roger Pepys, by his second wife (Barbara Bacon), born at Impington, 1649. She married Thomas Gale, D.D., Dean of York, and died in 1689.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of the same parents, born at Impington, 1651; married Charles Longe, B.D., rector of Risby, co. Suffolk, and died 1716.

[3] Entitled, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken; or those . . . doctrines of one God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons; the impossibility of God's pardoning sinners without a plenary satisfaction, the justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness, refuted from the authority of Scripture testimonies and right reason, etc. London, 1668." It caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower. "Aug. 4, 1669. Young Penn who wrote the blasphemous book is delivered to his father to be transported" (Letter to Sir John Birkenhead, quoted by Bishop Kennett in his MS. Collections, vol. lxxxix., p. 477).

and there, he taking physic, I with him all the morning, full of very good discourse of the Navy and publick matters, to my great content, wherein I find him doubtful that all will be bad, and, for his part, he tells me he takes no more care for any thing more than in the Treasury; and that, that being done, he goes to cards and other delights, as plays, and in summer-time to bowles. But here he did shew me two or three old books of the Navy, of my Lord Northumberland's[1] times, which he hath taken many good notes out of, for justifying the Duke of York and us, in many things, wherein, perhaps, precedents will be necessary to produce, which did give me great content. At noon home, and pleased mightily with my morning's work, and coming home, I do find a letter from Mr. Wren, to call me to the Duke of York after dinner. So dined in all haste, and then W. Hewer and my wife and I out, we set her at my cozen Turner's while we to White Hall, where the Duke of York expected me; and in his closet Wren and I. He did tell me how the King hath been acquainted with the Treasurers'[2] discourse at the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the other day, and is dissatisfied with our running him in debt, which I removed; and he did carry me to the King, and I did satisfy him also; but his satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got, and easily removed; but I do purpose to put in writing that which shall make the Treasurers ashamed. But the Duke of York is horrid angry against them; and he hath cause, for they do all they can to bring dishonour upon his management, as do plainly appear in all they do. Having done with the Duke of York, who do repose all in me, I with Mr. Wren to his chamber, to talk; where he observed, that these people are all of them a broken sort of people, that have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all to make their fortunes better: that Sir Thomas Osborne is a beggar, having 11 or £1,200 a-year, but owes above £10,000. The Duke of Buckingham's condition is shortly this: that he hath about £19,600 a-year, of which he pays away about £7,000 a-year in interest, about £2,000 in fee-farm rents

[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral 1637 to 1642.

[2] Of the Navy.

to the King, about £6,000 wages and pensions, and the rest to live upon, and pay taxes for the whole. Wren says, that for the Duke of York to stir in this matter, as his quality might justify, would but make all things worse, and that therefore he must bend, and suffer all, till time works it out: that he fears they will sacrifice the Church, and that the King will take anything, and so he will hold up his head a little longer, and then break in pieces. But Sir W. Coventry did to-day mightily magnify my late Lord Treasurer,[1] for a wise and solid, though infirm man: and, among other things, that when he hath said it was impossible in nature to find this or that sum of money, and my Lord Chancellor[2] hath made sport of it, and tell the King that when my Lord hath said it [was] impossible, yet he hath made shift to find it, and that was by Sir G. Carteret's getting credit, my Lord did once in his hearing say thus, which he magnifies as a great saying — that impossible would be found impossible at last; meaning that the King would run himself out, beyond all his credit and funds, and then we should too late find it impossible; which is, he says, now come to pass. For that Sir W. Coventry says they could borrow what money they would, if they had assignments, and funds to secure it with, which before they had enough of, and then must spend it as if it would never have an end. From White Hall to my cozen Turner's, and there took up my wife; and so to my uncle Wight's, and there sat and supped, and talked pretty merry, and then walked home, and to bed.

15th. Up, and with Tom to White Hall; and there at a Committee of Tangier, where a great instance of what a man may lose by the neglect of a friend: Povy never had such an opportunity of passing his accounts, the Duke of York being there, and everybody well disposed, and in expectation of them; but my Lord Ashly, on whom he relied, and for whose sake this day was pitched on, that he might be sure to be there, among the rest of his friends, staid too long, till the Duke of York and the company thought unfit to stay longer: and so the day lost, and God knows when he will ever have so good a one again, as long

[1] Southampton. [2] Clarendon.

as he lives; and this was the man of the whole company that he hath made the most interest to gain, and now most depended upon him. So up and down the house a while, and then to the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould: and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made, before I take it away, and therefore I away and to the Temple, and thence to my cozen Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her Valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings[1] and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28*s.*, and did give them her this noon. At the 'Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Samuel Tuke[2] about trees, and Mr. Evelyn's garden; and I do find him, I think, a little conceited, but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost, which I was mighty glad of. I dined at my cozen Turner's, and my wife also and her husband there, and after dinner, my wife and I endeavoured to make a visit to Ned Pickering; but he not at home, nor his lady; and therefore back again, and took up my cozen Turner, and to my cozen Roger's lodgings, and there find him pretty well again, and his wife mighty kind and merry, and did make mighty much of us, and I believe he is married to a very good woman. Here was also Bab. and Betty, who have not their clothes yet, and therefore cannot go out, otherwise I would have had them abroad to-morrow; but the poor girls mighty kind to us, and we must shew them kindness also. Here in Suffolk Street lives Moll Davis; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. Here we staid an

[1] Pepys was perhaps induced to make this purchase for his cousin, in accordance with the taste of the Duke of York, who, in allusion to Lady Chesterfield's wearing green stockings, remarked, says Hamilton: "*qu'il n'y avoit point de salut pour une jambe sans bas verds*" ("Mémoires de Grammont"). — B.

[2] Sir Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, Essex, Bart., was a colonel in Charles I.'s army, and cousin to John Evelyn. He married Mary Sheldon, one of Queen Katherine's dressers, and died at Somerset House, January 26th, 1673. We have seen that he was the translator of "The Adventures of Five Hours." He was a Roman Catholic; and there is a life of him in Dodd's "Church History" (vol. iii., p. 251).

hour or two, and then carried Turner home, and there staid and talked a while, and then my wife and I to White Hall; and there, by means of Mr. Cooling, did get into the play, the only one we have seen this winter: it was "The Five Hours' Adventure:" but I sat so far I could not hear well, nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife, who sat in my Lady Fox's pew[1] with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home. But we were well pleased with seeing it, and so to supper, where it happened that there was no bread in the house, which was an unusual case, and so to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, my head full of business of the office now at once on my hands, and so at noon home to dinner, where I find some things of W. Batelier's come out of France, among which some clothes for my wife, wherein she is likely to lead me to the expence of so much money as vexed me; but I seemed so, more than I at this time was, only to prevent her taking too much, and she was mighty calm under it. But I was mightily pleased with another picture of the King of France's head, of Nanteuil's, bigger than the other which he brought over, that pleases me infinitely: and so to the Office, where busy all the afternoon, though my eyes mighty bad with the light of the candles last night, which was so great as to make my eyes sore all this day, and do teach me, by a manifest experiment, that it is only too much light that do make my eyes sore. Nevertheless, with the help of my tube, and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days journall, I did venture to write it down from ever since this day se'nnight, and I think without hurting my eyes any more than they were before, which was very much, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and with W. Hewer with me to Lincoln's Inn, by appointment, to have spoke with Mr. Pedley about Mr.

[1] We may suppose that pews were by no means common at this time within consecrated walls, from the word being applied indifferently by Pepys to a box in a place of amusement, and two days afterwards to a seat at church. It would appear, from other authorities, that between 1646 and 1660 scarcely any pews had been erected; and Sir C. Wren is known to have objected to their introduction into his London churches. — B.

Goldsborough's business and Mr. Weaver's, but he was gone out, and so I with Mr. Castle, the son-in-law of Weaver, to White Hall to look for him, but did not find him, but here I did meet with several and talked, and do hear only that the King dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry; and, among the rest of the King's company, there was that worthy fellow my lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much, that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence, which do much give offence to the people here at Court, to see how cheap the King makes himself, and the more, for that the King hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion.[1] How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seale do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland;[2] but whether it be true or no, I cannot tell. So calling at my shoemaker's, and paying him to this day, I home to dinner, and in the afternoon to Colonel Middleton's house, to the burial of his wife,[3] where we are all invited, and much more company, and had each of us a ring: and so towards evening to our church, where there was a sermon preached by Mills, and so home. At church there was my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams in our pew, the first time they were ever there or that I knew that either of them would go to church. At home comes Castle to me, to desire me to go to Mr. Pedly this night, he being to go out of town to-morrow morning, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to White Hall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but

[1] Rochester was not yet twenty-one years old, whilst Charles was thirty-eight. — B.

[2] John, second Lord Robartes (Earl of Radnor, 1679), was appointed Lord Lieutenant May 3rd, 1669.

[3] "Buried, *Mrs. Elizabeth*, wife of Colonel Thomas Middleton." — *Register of St. Olave's, Hart Street.* According to Burke, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, of Lambeth, married Charles, brother of Sir Thomas Middleton, Bart. Her sister Eleanor was mistress to the Duke of Monmouth. — B.

missed him. But here I had a pleasant rencontre of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, I did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now duske. I observed she went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built, where the walke is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the gate, and so je durst not go out con her, which vexed me, and my mind (God forgive me) did run après her toute that night, though I have reason to thank God, and so I do now, that I was not tempted to go further. So to Lincoln's Inn, where to Mr. Pedly, with whom I spoke, and did my business presently: and I find him a man of very good language, and mighty civil, and I believe very upright: and so home, where W. Batelier was, and supped with us, and I did reckon this night what I owed him; and I do find that the things my wife, of her own head, hath taken (together with my own, which comes not to above £5), comes to above £22. But it is the last, and so I am the better contented; and they are things that are not trifles, but clothes, gloves, shoes, hoods, &c. So after supper, to bed.

18th. Up, and to the Office, and at noon home, expecting to have this day seen Bab. and Betty Pepys here, but they come not; and so after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to a play, and there saw "The Mad Lover," which do not please me so well as it used to do, only Betterton's part still pleases me. But here who should we have come to us but Bab. and Betty and Talbot, the first play they were yet at; and going to see us, and hearing by my boy, whom I sent to them, that we were here, they come to us hither, and happened all of us to sit by my cozen Turner and The., and we carried them home first, and then took Bab. and Betty to our house, where they lay and supped, and pretty merry, and very fine with their new

clothes, and good comely girls they are enough, and very glad I am of their being with us, though I would very well have been contented to have been without the charge. So they to bed and we to bed.

19th. Up, and after seeing the girls, who lodged in our bed, with their maid Martha, who hath been their father's maid these twenty years and more, I with Lord Brouncker to White Hall, where all of us waited on the Duke of York; and after our usual business done, W. Hewer and I to look my wife at the Black Lion, Mercer's, but she is gone home, and so I home and there dined, and W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us. All the afternoon I at the Office, while the young people went to see Bedlam,[1] and at night home to them and to supper, and pretty merry, only troubled with a great cold at this time, and my eyes very bad ever since Monday night last that the light of the candles spoiled me. So to bed. This morning, among other things, talking with Sir W. Coventry, I did propose to him my putting in to serve in Parliament, if there should, as the world begins to expect, be a new one chose: he likes it mightily, both for the King's and Service's sake, and the Duke of York's, and will propound it to the Duke of York: and I confess, if there be one, I would be glad to be in.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then home to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife and my two girls to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Gratefull Servant,"[2] a pretty good play, and which I have forgot that ever I did see. And thence with them to Mrs. Gotier's, the Queen's tire-woman, for a pair of locks for my wife; she is an oldish French woman, but with a pretty hand as most I have seen; and so home, and to supper, W. Batelier and W. Hewer with us, and so my cold being great, and greater by my having left my coat at my tailor's to-night and come home in a thinner that I borrowed there, I went to bed before them and slept pretty well.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife and two girls to church, they very fine; and so home, where comes my cozen Roger and his wife, I having sent for them, to dine

[1] Then in Bishopsgate Without, on the north side of what was afterwards Liverpool Street.

[2] A comedy by James Shirley, first published in 1630.

with us, and there comes in by chance also Mr. Shepley, who is come to town with my Lady Paulina, who is desperately sick, and is gone to Chelsey, to the old house where my Lord himself was once sick, where I doubt my Lord means to visit her, more for young Mrs. Beck's sake than for her's. Here we dined with W. Batelier, and W. Hewer with us, these two girls making it necessary that they be always with us, for I am not company light enough to be always merry with them: and so sat talking all the afternoon, and then Shepley went away first, and then my cozen Roger and his wife. And so I to my Office, to write down my Journall, and so home to my chamber and to do a little business there, my papers being in mighty disorder, and likely so to continue while these girls are with us. In the evening comes W. Batelier and his sisters and supped and talked with us, and so spent the evening, myself being somewhat out of order because of my eyes, which have never been well since last Sunday's reading at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and so after supper to bed.

22nd. Up, and betimes to White Hall; but there the Duke of York is gone abroad a-hunting, and therefore after a little stay there I into London, with Sir H. Cholmly, talking all the way of Tangier matters, wherein I find him troubled from some reports lately from Norwood (who is his great enemy and I doubt an ill man), of some decay of the Mole, and a breach made therein by the sea to a great value. He set me down at the end of Leadenhall Street, and so I home, and after dinner, with my wife, in her morning-gown, and the two girls dressed, to Unthanke's, where my wife dresses herself, having her gown this day laced, and a new petticoat; and so is indeed very fine. And in the evening I do carry them to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, there in a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and myself also sat in the pit; and there by and by come the King and Queen, and they begun "Bartholomew Fayre." But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, with the light of the candles, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles. After the play done, we met with W. Batelier and

W. Hewer and Talbot Pepys, and they follow us in a hackney-coach: and we all stopped at Hercules' Pillars;[1] and there I did give them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night, and so to bed, mightily well pleased with this day's work.

23rd. Up: and to the Office, where all the morning, and then home, and put a mouthfull of victuals in my mouth; and by a hackney-coach followed my wife and the girls, who are gone by eleven o'clock, thinking to have seen a new play at the Duke of York's house. But I do find them staying at my tailor's, the play not being to-day, and therefore I now took them to Westminster Abbey, and there did show them all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday; and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did first kiss a Queen.[2] But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that says she was never buried, for she was buried; only, when Henry the Seventh built his chapel, it was taken up and laid in this wooden coffin; but I did there see that, in it, the body

[1] On the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church.

[2] Pepys's attachment to the fair sex extended even to a dead queen. The record of this royal salute on his natal day is very characteristic. The story told him in Westminster Abbey appears to have been correct; for Neale informs us ("History of Westminster Abbey," vol. ii., p. 88) that near the south side of Henry V.'s tomb there was formerly a wooden chest, or coffin, wherein part of the skeleton and parched body of Katherine de Valois, his queen (from the waist upwards), was to be seen. She was interred in January, 1457, in the Chapel of Our Lady, at the east end of this church; but when that building was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII., her coffin was found to be decayed, and her body was taken up, and placed in a chest, near her first husband's tomb. "There," says Dart, "it hath ever since continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of tanned leather." This awful spectacle of frail mortality was at length removed from the public gaze into St. Nicholas's Chapel, and finally deposited under the monument of Sir George Villiers, when the vault was made for the remains of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, in December, 1776. — B.

was buried in a leaden one, which remains under the body to this day. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, finding the play begun, we homeward to the Glass-House,[1] and there shewed my cozens the making of glass, and had several things made with great content; and, among others, I had one or two singing-glasses made, which make an echo to the voice, the first that ever I saw; but so thin, that the very breath broke one or two of them. So home, and thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper, and here was Mr. Gumbleton; and after supper some fiddles, and so to dance; but my eyes were so out of order, that I had little pleasure this night at all, though I was glad to see the rest merry, and so about midnight home and to bed.

24th. Lay long in bed, both being sleepy and my eyes bad, and myself having a great cold so as I was hardly able to speak, but, however, by and by up and to the office, and at noon home with my people to dinner, and then I to the office again, and there till the evening doing of much business, and at night my wife sends for me to W. Hewer's lodging, where I find two best chambers of his so finely furnished, and all so rich and neat, that I was mightily pleased with him and them: and here only my wife, and I, and the two girls, and had a mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk. And so away home to bed, with infinite content at this his treat; for it was mighty pretty, and everything mighty rich.

25th. All the morning at the office. At noon home and eat a bit myself, and then followed my wife and girls to the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full, where, by and by, the King and Court come, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped, by Shadwell, called "The Royall Shepherdesse;"[2] but the silliest for words and design, and everything, that ever I saw in my whole life, there being nothing in the world

[1] Glass House Alley, Whitefriars and Blackfriars, marked the site for some years. The Whitefriars Glass Works of Messrs. Powell and Sons are on the old site, now Temple Street.

[2] A tragi-comedy, altered by Thomas Shadwell from a comedy written by John Fountain, called "The Rewards of Virtue," published in 1661. The "Royal Shepherdess" was published in 1669.

pleasing in it, but a good martial dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration; but never less satisfied with a play in my life. Thence to the office I, and did a little business, and so home to supper with my girls, and pretty merry, only my eyes, which continue very bad, and my cold, that I cannot speak at all, do trouble me.

26th. Was forced to send my excuse to the Duke of York for my not attending him with my fellows this day because of my cold, and was the less troubled because I was thereby out of the way to offer my proposals about Pursers till the Surveyor hath delivered his notions, which he is to do to-day about something he has to offer relating to the Navy in general, which I would be glad to see and peruse before I offer what I have to say. So lay long in bed, and then up and to my office, and so to dinner, and then, though I could not speak, yet I went with my wife and girls to the King's playhouse, to shew them that, and there saw "The Faithfull Shepherdesse." But, Lord! what an empty house, there not being, as I could tell the people, so many as to make up above £10 in the whole house! The being of a new play at the other house, I suppose, being the cause, though it be so silly a play that I wonder how there should be enough people to go thither two days together, and not leave more to fill this house. The emptiness of the house took away our pleasure a great deal, though I liked it the better; for that I plainly discern the musick is the better, by how much the house the emptier. Thence home, and again to W. Hewer's, and had a pretty little treat, and spent an hour or two, my voice being wholly taken away with my cold, and so home and to bed.

27th. Up, and at the office all the morning, where I could speak but a little. At noon home to dinner, and all the afternoon till night busy at the office again, where forced to speak low and dictate. But that that troubles me most is my eyes, which are still mighty bad night and day, and so home at night to talk and sup with my cozens, and so all of us in mighty good humour to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and got my wife to read to me a copy of what the Surveyor offered to the Duke of York on Friday, he himself putting it into my hands to read;

but, Lord! it is a poor, silly thing ever to think to bring it in practice, in the King's Navy. It is to have the Captains to account for all stores and victuals; but upon so silly grounds, to my thinking, and ignorance of the present instructions of Officers, that I am ashamed to hear it. However, I do take a copy of it, for my future use and answering; and so to church, where, God forgive me! I did most of the time gaze on the fine milliner's wife, in Fenchurch Street, who was at our church to-day; and so home to dinner. And after dinner to write down my Journall; and then abroad by coach with my cozens, to their father's, where we are kindly received, but he is in great pain for his man Arthur, who, he fears, is now dead, having been desperately sick, and speaks so much of him that my cozen, his wife, and I did make mirth of it, and call him Arthur O'Bradly.[1] After staying here a little, and eat and drank, and she gave me some ginger-bread made in cakes, like chocolate, very good, made by a friend, I carried him and her to my cozen Turner's, where we staid, expecting her coming from church; but she coming not, I went to her husband's chamber in the Temple, and thence fetched her, she having been there alone ever since sermon staying till the evening to walk home on foot, her horses being ill. This I did, and brought her home. And after talking there awhile, and agreeing to be all merry at my house on Tuesday next, I away home; and there spent the evening talking and reading, with my wife and Mr. Pelling, and yet much troubled with my cold, it hardly suffering me to speak, we to bed.

March 1st. Up, and to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, but it did not meet. But here I do hear first that my Lady Paulina Montagu did die yesterday; at which I went to my Lord's lodgings, but he is shut up with sorrow, and so not to be spoken with: and therefore I returned, and to Westminster Hall, where I have not been, I think, in some months. And here the Hall was very full, the

[1] An allusion to the popular ballad, "O Brave Arthur of Bradley," which is referred to by Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists. There are two other ballads of "Arthur-a Bradley" of a later date. See Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. ii., pp. 539-40, 604.

King having, by Commission to some Lords this day, prorogued the Parliament till the 19th of October next: at which I am glad, hoping to have time to go over to France this year. But I was most of all surprised this morning by my Lord Bellassis, who, by appointment, met me at Auditor Woods, at the Temple, and tells me of a duell designed between the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Halifax, or Sir W. Coventry; the challenge being carried by Harry Saville,[1] but prevented by my Lord Arlington, and the King told of it; and this was all the discourse at Court this day. But I, meeting Sir W. Coventry in the Duke of York's chamber, he would not own it to me, but told me that he was a man of too much peace to meddle with fighting, and so it rested: but the talk is full in the town of the business. Thence, having walked some turns with my cozen Pepys, and most people, by their discourse, believing that this Parliament will never sit more, I away to several places to look after things against to-morrow's feast, and so home to dinner; and thence, after noon, my wife and I out by hackney-coach, and spent the afternoon in several places, doing several things at the 'Change and elsewhere against to-morrow; and, among others, I did also bring home a piece of my face cast in plaister, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes. And so home, where W. Batelier come, and sat with us; and there, after many doubts, did resolve to go on with our feast and dancing to-morrow; and so, after supper, left the maids to make clean the house, and to lay the cloth, and other things against to-morrow, and we to bed.

2nd. Up, and at the office till noon, when home, and there I find my company come, namely, Madam Turner, Dyke, The., and Betty Turner, and Mr. Bellwood, formerly their father's clerk, but now set up for himself — a conceited, silly fellow, but one they make mightily of — my cozen Roger Pepys, and his wife, and two daughters. I had a noble dinner for them, as I almost ever had, and

[1] Henry Savile was a younger son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, in Yorkshire, by Anne, one of the daughters of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and sister to Sir William Coventry. He became Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II., and served in parliament for Newark; and died s.p. — B.

mighty merry, and particularly myself pleased with looking on Betty Turner, who is mighty pretty. After dinner, we fell one to one talk, and another to another, and looking over my house, and closet, and things; and The. Turner to write a letter to a lady in the country, in which I did, now and then, put in half a dozen words, and sometimes five or six lines, and then she as much, and made up a long and good letter, she being mighty witty really, though troublesome-humoured with it. And thus till night, that our musick come, and the Office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan come, and also Will. Howe and two gentlemen more, strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth, and pleased with their dancing of jigs afterwards several of them, and, among others, Betty Turner, who did it mighty prettily; and, lastly, W. Batelier's "Blackmore and Blackmore Mad;" and then to a country-dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cozen Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cozen Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid's bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed, and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality. My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

3rd. Up, after a very good night's rest, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly, who was with me an hour, and though acquainted did not stay to talk with my company I had in the house, but away, and then I to my guests, and

got them to breakfast, and then parted by coaches; and I did, in mine, carry my she-cozen Pepys and her daughters home, and there left them, and so to White Hall, where W. Hewer met me; and he and I took a turn in St. James's Park, and in the Mall did meet Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, and did speak with them about some business before the Lords of the Treasury; but I did find them more than usually busy, though I knew not then the reason of it, though I guess it by what followed to-morrow. Thence to Dancre's, the painter's, and there saw my picture of Greenwich, finished to my very good content, though this manner of distemper do make the figures not so pleasing as in oyle. So to Unthanke's, and there took up my wife, and carried her to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called "The Lady's Tryall,"[1] acted only by the young people of the house; but the house very full. But it is but a sorry play, and the worse by how much my head is out of humour by being a little sleepy and my legs weary since last night. So after the play we to the New Exchange, and so called at my cozen Turner's; and there, meeting Mr. Bellwood, did hear how my Lord Mayor,[2] being invited this day to dinner at the Reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up,[3] the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private Councillor's chamber, until the Reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner; and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth, with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the King, and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the drums to beat for the Train-bands;[4] but all is over, only I hear that the

[1] A tragi-comedy by John Ford, published in 1639.

[2] Sir William Turner, Merchant Taylor.

[3] As a symbol of his authority.

[4] The only printed notice of this dispute occurs in Pearce's "History of the Inns of Court and Chancery," 8vo., 1848, p. 236: "The Lord Mayor (Sir W. Turner) complained to the king, and on the 7th April, 1669, the case was heard before his Majesty in council. The ringleaders, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Monday, appeared at the Board, attended by counsel, who were heard on their behalf. Upon consideration, it appearing to the king that the matter very much de-

students do resolve to try the Charter of the City. So we home, and betimes to bed, and slept well all night.

4th. Up, and a while at the office, but thinking to have Mr. Povy's business to-day at the Committee for Tangier, I left the Board and away to White Hall, where in the first court I did meet Sir Jeremy Smith, who did tell me that Sir W. Coventry was just now sent to the Tower, about the business of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham,[1] and so was also Harry Saville to the Gate-house;[2] which, as [he is] a gentleman, and of the Duke of York's bedchamber, I heard afterwards that the Duke of York is mightily incensed at, and do appear very high to the King that he might not be sent thither, but to the Tower, this being done only in contempt to him.[3] This news of Sir W. Coventry did strike me to the heart, and with reason, for by this and my Lord of Ormond's business, I do doubt that the Duke of Buckingham will be so flushed, that he will not stop at any thing, but be forced to do any thing now, as thinking it not safe to end here; and, Sir W. Coventry being gone,

pended upon the right and privilege of bearing up the Lord Mayor's sword within the Temple, which, by order of Council on the 24th March, in the same year, had been left to be decided by due course of law, his Majesty thought fit to suspend the declaration of his pleasure thereupon, until the said right and privilege should be determined at law." Mr. Tyrrel, the City Remembrancer, has obligingly communicated the only two entries relating to the business existing in the Corporation Records: the first is an order, dated March 23rd, 1668, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., to attend the council on the following day; and the other directs the Chamberlain to pay the Town Clerk £23 14*s*. 6*d*., by him disbursed for counsel about the business of the Temple, &c. It would appear the question remains unsettled to this day. — B.

[1] While Buckingham was busy with his "Rehearsal" he threatened to bring Sir William Coventry into a play at the King's House, but Coventry challenged the duke for the intended insult, and the intention was frustrated.

[2] At Westminster.

[3] Charles II. wrote to his sister (Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans), on March 7th, 1669: "I am not sorry that Sir Will. Coventry has given me this good occasion by sending my Lord of Buckingham a challenge to turne him out of the Councill. I do intend to turn him allso out of the Treasury. The truth of it is, he has been a troublesome man in both places, and I am well rid of him" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, p. 283).

the King will have never a good counsellor, nor the Duke of York any sure friend to stick to him; nor any good man will be left to advise what is good. This, therefore, do heartily trouble me as any thing that ever I heard. So up into the House, and met with several people; but the Committee did not meet; and the whole House I find full of this business of Sir W. Coventry's, and most men very sensible of the cause and effects of it. So, meeting with my Lord Bellassis, he told me the particulars of this matter; that it arises about a quarrel which Sir W. Coventry had with the Duke of Buckingham about a design between the Duke and Sir Robert Howard, to bring him into a play at the King's house, which W. Coventry not enduring, did by H. Saville send a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, that he had a desire to speak with him. Upon which, the Duke of Buckingham did bid Holmes, his champion ever since my Lord Shrewsbury's business,[1] go to him to know the business; but H. Saville would not tell it to any but himself, and therefore did go presently to the Duke of Buckingham, and told him that his uncle Coventry was a person of honour, and was sensible of his Grace's liberty taken of abusing him, and that he had a desire of satisfaction, and would fight with him. But that here they were interrupted by my Lord Chamberlain's coming in, who was commanded to go to bid the Duke of Buckingham to come to the King, Holmes having discovered it. He told me that the King did last night, at the Council, ask the Duke of Buckingham, upon his honour, whether he had received any challenge from W. Coventry? which he confessed that he had; and then the King asking W. Coventry, he told him that he did not owne what the Duke of Buckingham had said, though it was not fit for him to give him a direct contradiction. But, being by the King put upon declaring, upon his honour, the matter, he answered that he had understood that many hard questions had upon this business been moved to some lawyers, and that therefore he was unwilling to declare any thing that might, from his own mouth, render him obnoxious to his Majesty's displeasure, and, therefore, prayed to be excused: which the

[1] The duel. See January 17th, 1667–68.

King did think fit to interpret to be a confession, and so gave warrant that night for his commitment to the Tower. Being very much troubled at this, I away by coach homewards, and directly to the Tower, where I find him in one Mr. Bennet's house, son to Major Bayly, one of the Officers of the Ordnance, in the Bricke Tower:[1] where I find him busy with my Lord Halifax and his brother; so I would not stay to interrupt them, but only to give him comfort, and offer my service to him, which he kindly and cheerfully received, only owning his being troubled for the King his master's displeasure, which, I suppose, is the ordinary form and will of persons in this condition. And so I parted, with great content, that I had so earlily seen him there; and so going out, did meet Sir Jer. Smith going to meet me, who had newly been with Sir W. Coventry. And so he and I by water to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been, I think, these twelve months: and there to the Treasurer's house,[2] where the Duke of York is, and his Duchess; and there we find them at dinner in the great room, unhung; and there was with them my Lady Duchess of Monmouth, the Countess of Falmouth, Castlemayne, Henrietta Hide[3] (my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister), and my Lady Peterborough. And after dinner Sir Jer. Smith and I were invited down to dinner with some of the Maids of Honour, namely, Mrs. Ogle,[4] Blake,[5] and Howard,[6]

[1] The Brick Tower stands on the northern wall, a little to the west of Martin tower, with which it communicates by a secret passage. It was the residence of the Master of the Ordnance, and Raleigh was lodged here for a time.

[2] See it marked in the Plan of Deptford, in Evelyn's "Diary," vol. i., p. 328, 4to. edit., 1819. — B.

[3] Lady Henrietta Boyle, fifth daughter to the Earl of Burlington, married Laurence Hyde (afterwards created Earl of Rochester) in 1665.

[4] Anne Ogle, daughter of Thomas Ogle, of Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire. She was afterwards the first wife of Craven Howard (son of Mrs. Howard), brother of her fellow maid of honour (see Evelyn's "Diary," June 15th, 1675). Her only child, Anne, died unmarried. — B.

[5] Margaret Blagge, or Blague, daughter of Colonel Blague, and afterwards wife of Sidney Godolphin. Her life, written by Evelyn, was first published by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847.

[6] Dorothy, the elder daughter of Mrs. Howard. She afterwards married Colonel James Graham, of Levens, Keeper of the Privy Purse of the Duke of York. Their daughter, Katharine Graham, married her

which did me good to have the honour to dine with, and look on; and the Mother of the Maids,[1] and Mrs. Howard,[2] the mother of the Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's housekeeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort,[3] Sir Richard Powell,[4] Colonel Villers,[5] Sir Jonathan Trelawny,[6] and others. And here drank most excellent, and great variety, and plenty of wines, more than I have drank, at once, these seven years, but yet did me no great hurt. Having dined and very merry, and understanding by Blancfort how angry the Duke of York was, about their offering to send Saville to the Gate-house, among the rogues; and then, observing how this company, both the ladies and all, are of a gang, and did drink a health to the union of the two brothers, and talking of others as their enemies, they parted, and so we up; and there I did find

cousin, Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire, and eleventh Earl of Suffolk. — B.

[1] The *mother of the maids* in the Court of Queen Katharine was Bridget, Lady Sanderson, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife of Sir William Sanderson, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. It is possible, however, that some one filled the like office in the household of the Duchess of York. — B.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Lowthiel, Lord Dundas, wife of William Howard, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Her son, Craven Howard, married, first, Anne Ogle, mentioned above; and, secondly, Mary, daughter of George Bower, of Elford, in Staffordshire, by whom he had Henry Bowes Howard, who married Katharine Graham. It was by means of Mrs. Howard, who, as housekeeper to the Duke of York, resided in the Treasurer's house at Deptford, that Evelyn, who lived at Sayes Court, adjoining the Royal Yard, first became acquainted with Mrs. Godolphin, and it is to Lady Sylvius, the younger daughter of Mrs. Howard, that he addresses her Life. — B.

[3] See February 3rd, 1665; June 13th, 1666; August 27th and September 1st, 1667. Louis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort, succeeded in 1677 to the titles and estates of his father-in-law, Sir George Sondes, who, in April, 1676, was created Earl of Feversham and Viscount Sondes. As Earl of Feversham Blanquefort became of great importance during the short reign of James II. He died April 19th, 1709, s.p.

[4] Sir Richard Powle, of Shottesbrooke, Berks, Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. — B.

[5] Edward Villiers, Master of the Robes and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He was afterwards knighted, and was the direct ancestor of the Earls of Jersey. — B.

[6] The second baronet of his family, and father of the Bishop of Winchester, of the same names. — B.

the Duke of York and Duchess, with all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet, on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so: and I hate him with an A, because of this and that:"[1] and some of them, but particularly the Duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemayne, were very witty. This done, they took barge, and I with Sir J. Smith to Captain Cox's; and there to talk, and left them and other company to drink; while I slunk out to Bagwell's; and there saw her, and her mother, and our late maid Nell, who cried for joy to see me, but I had no time for pleasure then nor could stay, but after drinking I back to the yard, having a month's mind para have had a bout with Nell, which I believe I could have had, and may another time. So to Cox's, and thence walked with Sir J. Smith back to Redriffe; and so, by water home, and there my wife mighty angry for my absence, and fell mightily out, but not being certain of any thing, but thinks only that Pierce or Knepp was there, and did ask me, and, I perceive, the boy, many questions. But I did answer her; and so, after much ado, did go to bed, and lie quiet all night; but [she] had another bout with me in the morning, but I did make shift to quiet her, but yet she was not fully satisfied, poor wretch! in her mind, and thinks much of my taking so much pleasure from her; which, indeed, is a fault, though I did not design or foresee it when I went.

5th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where did a little business with the Duke of York at our usual attending him, and thence to my wife, who was with my coach at Unthanke's, though not very well of those upon her, and so home to dinner, and after dinner I to the Tower, where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him; and after sitting awhile, and hearing some merry discourse, and, among others, of Mr. Brouncker's being this day summoned to Sir William Morton,[2] one of the

[1] A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," February, 1738, says: "At the Restoration succeeded Love games, as I love my Love with an A; a Flower and a Lady, and I am a lusty wooer" (Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Hazlitt, 1870, vol. ii., p. 288).

[2] A zealous supporter of Charles I. during the Civil War. Made a Justice of the King's Bench, 1665. He was a terror to highwaymen,

Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour, upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton,[1] a Parliament-man, at White Hall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate, and walked forward towards White Chapel, till my wife overtook me with the coach, it being a mighty fine afternoon; and there we went the first time out of town with our coach and horses, and went as far as Bow, the spring beginning a little now to appear, though the way be dirty; and so, with great pleasure, with the fore-part of our coach up, we spent the afternoon. And so in the evening home, and there busy at the Office awhile, and so to bed, mightily pleased with being at peace with my poor wife, and with the pleasure we may hope to have with our coach this summer, when the weather comes to be good.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, only before the Office I stepped to Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and there had a great deal of discourse with him; among others, of the King's putting him out of the Council yesterday, with which he is well contented, as with what else they can strip him of, he telling me, and so hath long done, that he is weary and surfeited of business; but he joins with me in his fears that all will go to naught, as matters are now managed. He told me the matter of the play that was intended for his abuse, wherein they foolishly and sillily bring in two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in;[2] and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir J. Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator: and their discourse in those tables, about the disposing of their books and papers, very foolish. But that, that he is offended with, is his being made so contemptible, as that any should dare to make a gentleman a subject for the mirth of the world: and that therefore he had told Tom Killigrew that he should tell his actors, whoever they were, that did

and sentenced Claude Duval, preventing him from receiving a pardon He died 1672.

[1] Sir John Morton, of Milborn St. Andrew, Dorset, the second baronet of his family, then serving as burgess for Poole, and afterwards for Melcombe Regis. He died in 1698, aged seventy-one. — B.

[2] See Diary, July 4th, 1668, where Sir W. Coventry's round table is described.

offer at any thing like representing him, that he would not complain to my Lord Chamberlain, which was too weak, nor get him beaten, as Sir Charles Sidly is said to do, but that he would cause his nose to be cut.[1] He told me the passage at the Council much like what my Lord Bellassis told me. He told me how that the Duke of Buckingham did himself, some time since, desire to join with him, of all men in England, and did bid him propound to himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he refused to have anything to do with any faction; and that the Duke of Buckingham did, within these few days, say that, of all men in England, he would have chosen W. Coventry to have joined entire with. He tells me that he fears their prevailing against the Duke of York; and that their violence will force them to it, as being already beyond his pardon. He repeated to me many examples of challenging of Privy-Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting to others to more than a little confinement. He tells me of his being weary of the Treasury, and of the folly, ambition, and desire of popularity of Sir Thomas Clifford; and yet the rudeness of his tongue and passions when angry. This and much more discourse being over I with great pleasure come home and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and thence to the office again, where very hard at work all the afternoon till night, and then home to my wife to read to me, and to bed, my cold having been now almost for three days quite gone from me. This day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost me above £12, an expence which I am almost ashamed of, though it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and to the office, busy till church

[1] It is painful to find a person of Sir William Coventry's rank and station entertaining so cowardly a mode of revenging himself; and it is very remarkable that, in little more than a year afterwards, his own nephew, Sir John Coventry, was maimed in the very same way, his nose having been slit to the bone by a party of assassins hired for the purpose. See note to July 27th, 1667. — B.

time, and then to church, where a dull sermon, and so home to dinner, all alone with my wife, and then to even my Journall to this day, and then to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, who had H. Jermin and a great many more with him, and more, while I was there, come in; so that I do hear that there was not less than sixty coaches there yesterday, and the other day; which I hear also that there is a great exception taken at, by the King and the Duke of Buckingham, but it cannot be helped. Thence home, and with our coach out to Suffolk Street, to see my cozen Pepys, but neither the old nor young at home. So to my cozen Turner's, and there staid talking a little, and then back to Suffolk Street, where they not being yet come home I to White Hall, and there hear that there are letters come from Sir Thomas Allen, that he hath made some kind of peace with Algiers; upon which the King and Duke of York, being to go out of town to-morrow, are met at my Lord Arlington's: so I there, and by Mr. Wren was desired to stay to see if there were occasion for their speaking with me, which I did, walking without, with Charles Porter,[1]

[1] Charles Porter "was the son of a prebend[ary] in Norwich, and a 'prentice boy in the city in the rebellious times. When the committee house was blown up, he was very active in that rising, and after the soldiers came and dispersed the rout, he, as a rat among joint stools, shifted to and fro among the shambles, and had forty pistols shot at him by the troopers that rode after him to kill him [24th April, 1648]. In that distress he had the presence of mind to catch up a little child that, during the rout, was frighted, and stood crying in the streets, and, unobserved by the troopers, ran away with it. The people opened a way for him, saying, 'Make room for the poor child.' Thus he got off, and while search was made for him in the market-place, got into the Yarmouth ferry, and at Yarmouth took ship and went to Holland. . . . In Holland he trailed a pike, and was in several actions as a common soldier. At length he kept a cavalier eating-house; but, his customers being needy, he soon broke, and came for England, and being a genteel youth, was taken in among the chancery clerks, and got to be under a master. . . . His industry was great; and he had an acquirèd dexterity and skill in the forms of the court; and although he was a bon companion, and followed much the bottle, yet he made such dispatches as satisfied his clients, especially the clerks, who knew where to find him. His person was florid, and speech prompt and articulate. But his vices, in the way of women and the bottle, were so ungoverned, as brought him to a morsel. . . . When the Lord Keeper North had the Seal, who from an early acquaintance had a kindness

talking of a great many things: and I perceive all the world is against the Duke of Buckingham his acting thus high, and do prophesy nothing but ruin from it. But he do well observe that the church lands cannot certainly come to much, if the King shall [be] persuaded to take them, they being leased out for long leases. By and by, after two hours' stay, they rose, having, as Wren tells me, resolved upon sending six ships to the Streights forthwith, not being contented with the peace upon the terms they demand; which are, that all our ships, where any Turks or Moores shall be found slaves, shall be prizes; which will imply that they must be searched. I hear that to-morrow the King and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket, by three in the morning, to some foot and horse-races, to be abroad ten or twelve days. So I away, without seeing the Duke of York; but Mr. Wren showed me the Order of Council about the balancing the Storekeeper's accounts, passed the Council in the very terms I drew it, only I did put in my name as he that presented the book of Hosier's preparing, and that is left out — I mean, my name — which is no great matter. So to my wife to Suffolk Streete, where she was gone, and there I found them at supper, and eat a little with them, and so home, and there to bed, my cold pretty well gone.

8th. Up, and with W. Hewer by hackney coach to White

for him which was well known, and also that he was well heard, as they call it, business flowed in to him very fast, and yet he could scarce keep himself at liberty to follow his business. . . . At the Revolution, when his interest fell from, and his debts began to fall upon him, he was at his wits' end. . . . His character for fidelity, loyalty, and facetious conversation was without exception." — Roger North's *Lives of the Norths* (Lord Keeper Guilford), ed. Jessopp, vol. i., pp. 381-2. He was originally made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of James II., during the vice-royalty of Lord Clarendon, 1686, when he was knighted. "He was," says Burnet, "a man of ready wit, and being poor was thought a person fit to be made a tool of. When Clarendon was recalled, Porter was also displaced, and Fitton was made chancellor, a man who knew no other law than the king's pleasure" ("Own Time"). Sir Charles Porter was again made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1690, and in this same year he acted as one of the Lords Justices. This note of Lord Braybrooke's is retained and added to, but the reference may after all be to another Charles Porter. See May 15th, 1663, and December 12, 1666.

Hall, where the King and the Duke of York is gone by three in the morning, and had the misfortune to be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince[1] at the King's Gate[2] in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but no hurt. How it come to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do. I thought this morning to have seen my Lord Sandwich before he went out of town, but I come half an hour too late; which troubles me, I having not seen him since my Lady Pall[3] died. So W. Hewer and I to the Harp-and-Ball, to drink my morning draught, having come out in haste; and there met with King, the Parliament-man, with whom I had some impertinent talk. And so to the Privy Seal Office, to examine what records I could find there, for my help in the great business I am put upon, of defending the present constitution of the Navy; but there could not have liberty without order from him that is in present waiting, Mr. Bickerstaffe, who is out of town. This I did after I had walked to the New Exchange and there met Mr. Moore, who went with me thither, and I find him the same discontented poor man as ever. He tells me that Mr. Shepley is upon being turned away from my Lord's family, and another sent down, which I am sorry for; but his age and good fellowship have almost made him fit for nothing. Thence, at Unthanke's my wife met me, and with our coach to my cozen Turner's and there dined, and after dinner with my wife alone to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mocke Astrologer," which I have often seen, and but an ordinary play; and so to my cozen Turner's again, where we met Roger Pepys, his wife, and two daughters, and there staid and talked a little, and then home, and there my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the too great lights of the playhouse. So to supper and to bed.

[1] Rupert.

[2] Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, called after the gate placed at the end of the street. In the reign of James I. it was a mere country lane, with a barred gate at its entrance, which, from that monarch's usually passing through it, on his way to Theobalds, received the denomination of King's Gate. Theobald's Road (formerly King's Road), to which the street leads, takes its name from the same cause.

[3] Paulina Montagu. See March 1st, *ante*.

9th. Up, and to the Tower; and there find Sir W. Coventry alone, writing down his Journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him, and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think, that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known. Here he showed me the petition he had sent to the King by my Lord Keeper, which was not to desire any admittance to employment, but submitting himself therein humbly to his Majesty; but prayed the removal of his displeasure, and that he might be set free. He tells me that my Lord Keeper did acquaint the King with the substance of it, not shewing him the petition; who answered, that he was disposing of his employments, and when that was done, he might be led to discharge him: and this is what he expects, and what he seems to desire. But by this discourse he was pleased to take occasion to shew me and read to me his account, which he hath kept by him under his own hand, of all his discourse, and the King's answers to him, upon the great business of my Lord Clarendon, and how he had first moved the Duke of York with it twice, at good distance, one after another, but without success; shewing me thereby the simplicity and reasons of his so doing, and the manner of it; and the King's accepting it, telling him that he was not satisfied in his management, and did discover some dissatisfaction against him for his opposing the laying aside of my Lord Treasurer, at Oxford, which was a secret the King had not discovered. And really I was mighty proud to be privy to this great transaction, it giving me great conviction of the noble nature and ends of Sir W. Coventry in it, and considerations in general of the consequences of great men's actions, and the uncertainty of their estates, and other very serious considerations. From this to other discourse, and so to the Office, where we sat all the morning, and after dinner by coach to my cozen Turner's, thinking to have taken the young ladies to a play; but The. was let blood to-day; and so my wife and I towards the King's playhouse, and by the way found Betty [Turner], and Bab., and Betty Pepys staying for us; and so took them all to see "Claricilla," which do not please me almost at all, though there are some good

things in it. And so to my cozen Turner's again, and there find my Lady Mordaunt, and her sister Johnson;[1] and by and by comes in a gentleman, Mr. Overbury, a pleasant man, who plays most excellently on the flagelette, a little one, that sounded as low as one of mine, and mighty pretty. Hence by and by away, and with my wife, and Bab. and Betty Pepys, and W. Hewer, whom I carried all this day with me, to my cozen Stradwick's, where I have not been ever since my brother Tom died, there being some difference between my father and them, upon the account of my cozen Scott; and I was glad of this opportunity of seeing them, they being good and substantial people, and kind, and here met my cozen Roger and his wife, and my cozen Turner, and here, which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one draught, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt. Having staid a while, my wife and I back, with my cozen Turner, etc., to her house, and there we took our leaves of my cozen Pepys, who goes with his wife and two daughters for Impington to-morrow. They are very good people, and people I love, and am obliged to, and shall have great pleasure in their friendship, and particularly in hers, she being an understanding and good woman. So away home, and there after signing my letters, my eyes being bad, to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and by hackney-coach to Auditor Beale's Office, in Holborne, to look for records of the Navy, but he was out of the way, and so forced to go next to White Hall, to the Privy Seal; and, after staying a little there, then to Westminster, where, at the Exchequer, I met with Mr. Newport and Major Halsey; and, after doing a little business with Mr. Burges, we by water to White Hall, where I made a little stop: and so with them by coach to Temple Bar, where, at the Sugar Loaf,[2] we dined, and W. Hewer

[1] Her maiden sister. See note to December 11th, 1666.

[2] The Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice was a tavern in Fleet Street, the site of which is now incorporated with Child's Bank. Mr. F. G. Hilton Price writes: "Of the Sugar Loaf and Green Lettice we can-

with me; and there comes a companion of theirs, Colonel Vernon, I think they called him; a merry good fellow, and one that was very plain in cursing the Duke of Buckingham, and discoursing of his designs to ruin us, and that ruin must follow his counsels, and that we are an undone people. To which the others concurred, but not so plain, but all vexed at Sir W. Coventry's being laid aside: but Vernon, he is concerned, I perceive, for my Lord Ormond's being laid aside; but their company, being all old cavaliers, were very pleasant to hear how they swear and talk. But Halsey, to my content, tells me that my Lord Duke of Albemarle says that W. Coventry being gone, nothing will be well done at the Treasury, and I believe it; but they do all talk as that Duncombe, upon some pretence or other, must follow him. Thence to Auditor Beale's, his house and office, but not to be found, and therefore to the Privy Seale at White Hall, where, with W. Hewer and Mr. Gibson, who met me at the Temple, I spent the afternoon till evening looking over the books there, and did find several things to my purpose, though few of those I designed to find, the books being kept there in no method at all. Having done there, we by water home, and there find my cozen Turner[1] and her two daughters come to see us; and there, after talking a little, I had my coach ready, and my wife and I, they going home, we out to White Chapel to

not glean any history; it was situated immediately in the rear of the Marygold, and the kitchen of the present bank is a part of those premises, and puts one greatly in mind of what the dining-room at Dick's Coffee-house used to be when kept by Mr. Quelch, and closely resembles the interior of the old Rainbow tavern. But both these latter coffee-houses were established after the Marygold ceased to exist as a tavern" ("Temple Bar, or Some Account of 'ye Marygold,'" 1875, p. 8).

[1] The difficulty of deciding as to the parentage of Betty Turner is very great. In some places it appears as if she were the daughter of Mrs. Turner, the wife of Mr. Turner of the Navy Office (see January 27th, 1667–68), but here and on the 13th instant there is a distinct reference to Pepys's cousin, Mrs. Jane Turner, "and her two daughters," although it is generally stated that Theophila was the only daughter of Serjeant John and Mrs. Jane Turner (see December 11th, 1666, and August 18th, 1667). Betty must, therefore, have been a younger sister of Theophila: but if so the received information respecting Serjeant Turner's children is very incorrect, for, according to Pepys, Betty had two brothers not elsewhere mentioned.

take a little ayre, though yet the dirtiness of the road do prevent most of the pleasure, which should have been from this tour. So home, and my wife to read to me till supper, and to bed.

11th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to the Tower, where I walked and talked with him an hour alone, from one good thing to another: who tells me that he hears that the Commission is gone down to the King, with a blank to fill, for his place in the Treasury: and he believes it will be filled with one of our Treasurers of the Navy, but which he knows not, but he believes it will be Osborne. We walked down to the Stone Walk, which is called, it seems, my Lord of Northumberland's walk,[1] being paved by some one of that title, that was prisoner there: and at the end of it, there is a piece of iron upon the wall, with his armes upon it, and holes to put in a peg, for every turn that they make upon that walk. So away to the Office, where busy all the morning, and so to dinner, and so very busy all the afternoon, at my Office, late; and then home tired, to supper, with content with my wife, and so to bed, she pleasing me, though I dare not own it, that she hath hired a chambermaid; but she, after many commendations, told me that she had one great fault, and that was, that she was very handsome, at which I made nothing, but let her go on; but many times to-night she took occasion to discourse of her handsomeness, and the danger she was in by taking her, and that she did doubt yet whether it would be fit for her, to take her. But I did assure her of my resolutions to have nothing to do with her maids, but in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on.

12th. Up, and abroad, with my own coach, to Auditor Beale's house, and thence with W. Hewer to his Office, and there with great content spent all the morning looking over the Navy accounts of several years, and the several patents of the Treasurers, which was more than I did hope to have found there. About noon I ended there, to my great con-

[1] Henry, the ninth earl, called the Wizard Earl, was confined in the Tower from 1605 to 1621, and the walk was probably constructed for his use during that long imprisonment. He hired the Brick tower from Lord Carew, Master of the Ordnance, as an occasional residence for his son Algernon.

tent, and giving the clerks there 20*s*. for their trouble, and having sent for W. Howe to me to discourse with him about the Patent Office records, wherein I remembered his brother to be concerned, I took him in my coach with W. Hewer and myself towards Westminster; and there he carried me to Nott's, the famous bookbinder, that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library; and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding. Thence back to Graye's Inne: and, at the next door, at a cook's-shop of Howe's acquaintance, we bespoke dinner, it being now two o'clock; and in the meantime he carried us into Graye's Inne, to his chamber, where I never was before; and it is very pretty, and little, and neat, as he was always. And so, after a little stay, and looking over a book or two there, we carried a piece of my Lord Coke[1] with us, and to our dinner, where, after dinner, he read at my desire a chapter in my Lord Coke about perjury, wherein I did learn a good deal touching oaths, and so away to the Patent Office,[2] in Chancery Lane, where his brother Jacke, being newly broke by running in debt, and growing an idle rogue, he is forced to hide himself; and W. Howe do look after the Office, and here I did set a clerk to look out some things for me in their books, while W. Hewer and I to the Crowne Office,[3] where we met with several good things that I most wanted, and did take short notes of the dockets, and so back to the Patent Office, and did the like there, and by candle-light ended. And so home, where, thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet, alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me, upon some news she has this day heard of Deb.'s living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but, God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do, nor what becomes of her, though

[1] Coke's Institutes; third part.

[2] The Rolls House and Chapel.

[3] The Crown Office in the Temple gave its name to Crown Office Row, but the Crown Office now forms a part of the central office of the Supreme Court of Judicature at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand. Previously it was situated in King's Bench Walk.

God knows that my devil that is within me do wish that I could. Yet God I hope will prevent me therein, for I dare not trust myself with it if I should know it; but, what with my high words, and slighting it, and then serious, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart! and I was heartily glad of it, for I do see there is no man can be happier than myself, if I will, with her. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid and hiring another that was full of the small pox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still. So down to supper, and she to read to me, and then with all possible kindness to bed.

13th. Up; and to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, and with him talking of business of the Navy, all alone, an hour, he taking physic. And so away to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, and there all the afternoon till night, when comes, by mistake, my cozen Turner, and her two daughters, which love such freaks, to eat some anchovies and ham of bacon with me, instead of noon, at dinner, when I expected them. But, however, I had done my business before they come, and so was in good humour enough to be with them, and so home to them to supper, and pretty merry, being pleased to see Betty Turner, which hath something mighty pretty. But that which put me in good humour, both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day made a Captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having this day sent me the Duke of York's commission to be Captain of "The Jerzy," in order to my being of a Court-martiall for examining the loss of "The Defyance," and other things; which do give me occasion of much mirth, and may be of some use to me, at least I shall get a little money by it for the time I have it; it being designed that I must really be a Captain to be able to sit in this Court. They staid till about eight at night, and then away, and my wife to read to me, and then to bed in mighty good humour, but for my eyes.

14th (Lord's day). Up, and to my office with Tom, whom I made to read to me the books of Propositions in the time of the Grand Commission, which I did read a good

part of before church, and then with my wife to church, where I did see my milliner's wife come again, which pleased me; but I durst not be seen to mind her for fear of my wife's seeing me, though the woman I did never speak twenty words to, and that but only in her husband's shop. But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife, or giving her cause of jealousy. But here we heard a most excellent good sermon of Mr. Gifford's,[1] upon the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees. So home to dinner and to work again, and so till dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with me, and staid and read in my Lord Cooke upon his chapter of perjury again, which pleased me, and so parted, and I to my office, and there made an end of the books of Propositions, which did please me mightily to hear read, they being excellently writ and much to the purpose, and yet so as I think I shall make good use of his defence of our present constitution. About four o'clock took coach to visit my cozen Turner, and I out with her to make a visit, but the lady she went to see was abroad. So back and to talk with her and her daughters, and then home, and she and I to walk in the garden, the first time this year, the weather being mighty temperate; and then I to write down my Journall for the last week, my eyes being very bad, and therefore I forced to find a way to use by turns with my tube, one after another, and so home to supper and to bed. Before I went from my office this night I did tell Tom my resolution not to keep him after Jane was gone, but shall do well by him, which pleases him; and I think he will presently marry her, and go away out of my house with her.

15th. Up, and by water with W. Hewer to the Temple; and thence to the Rolls, where I made inquiry for several rolls, and was soon informed in the manner of it: and so spent the whole morning with W. Hewer, he taking little notes in short-hand, while I hired a clerk there to read to me about twelve or more several rolls which I did call for: and it was great pleasure to me to see the method wherein their rolls are kept; that when the Master of the

[1] George Gifford, A.M., appointed in 1661 rector of St. Dunstan's in the East. Died 1686.—Newcourt's *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum*.—B.

Office, one Mr. Case, do call for them, who is a man that I have heretofore known by coming to my Lord of Sandwich's, he did most readily turn to them. At noon they shut up; and W. Hewer and I did walk to the Cocke, at the end of Suffolke Streete, where I never was, a great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there bespoke a pullett; which while dressing, he and I walked into St. James's Park, and thence back, and dined very handsome, with a good soup, and a pullet, for 4*s*. 6*d*. the whole. Thence back to the Rolls, and did a little more business: and so by water to White Hall, whither I went to speak with Mr. Williamson, that if he hath any papers relating to the Navy I might see them, which he promises me: and so by water home, with great content for what I have this day found, having got almost as much as I desire of the history of the Navy, from 1618 to 1642, when the King and Parliament fell out. So home, and did get my wife to read, and so to supper and to bed.

16th. Up, and to the office, after having visited Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and walked with him upon the Stone Walk, alone, till other company come to him, and had very good discourse with him. At noon home, where my wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse the last night, is now resolved to be done, upon the 26th of this month, the day of my solemnity for my cutting of the stone, when my cozen Turner must be with us. My wife, therefore, not at dinner; and comes to me Mr. Evelyn of Deptford, a worthy good man, and dined with me, but a bad dinner; who is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of, the times, and our ruin approaching; and all by the folly of the King. His business to me was about some ground of his, at Deptford,[1] next to the King's yard: and after dinner we parted. My sister Michell coming also this day to see us, whom I left there, and I away down by water with W. Hewer to Woolwich, where I have not been I think more than a year or two, and here I saw, but did not go on board, my ship "The Jerzy," she lying at the wharf under repair. But my business was to speak with

[1] See note, March 4th, *ante*.

Ackworth, about some old things and passages in the Navy, for my information therein, in order to my great business now of stating the history of the Navy. This I did; and upon the whole do find that the late times, in all their management, were not more husbandly than we; and other things of good content to me. His wife was sick, and so I could not see her. Thence, after seeing Mr. Sheldon, I to Greenwich by water, and there landed at the King's house,[1] which goes on slow, but is very pretty. I to the Park, there to see the prospect of the hill, to judge of Dancre's picture, which he hath made thereof for me: and I do like it very well: and it is a very pretty place. Thence to Deptford, but staid not, Uthwayte being out of the way: and so home, and then to the Ship Tavern, Morrice's, and staid till W. Hewer fetched his uncle Blackburne by appointment to me, to discourse of the business of the Navy in the late times; and he did do it, by giving me a most exact account in writing, of the several turns in the Admiralty and Navy, of the persons employed therein, from the beginning of the King's leaving the Parliament, to his Son's coming in, to my great content; and now I am fully informed in all I at present desire. We fell to other talk; and I find by him that the Bishops must certainly fall, and their hierarchy; these people[2] have got so much ground upon the King and kingdom as is not to be got again from them: and the Bishops do well deserve it. But it is all the talk, I find, that Dr. Wilkins, my friend, the Bishop of Chester, shall be removed to Winchester, and be Lord Treasurer.[3] Though this be foolish talk, yet I do gather that he is a mighty rising man, as being a Latitudinarian, and the Duke of Buckingham his great friend. Here we staid talking till 10 at night, where I did never drink before

[1] The old palace at Greenwich had just been pulled down, and a new building commenced by Charles II., only one wing of which was completed, at the expense of £36,000, under the auspices of Webb, Inigo Jones's kinsman and executor. In 1694 the unfinished edifice was granted by William and Mary to trustees for the use and service of a Naval Hospital; and it has been repeatedly enlarged and improved till it has arrived at its present splendour. — B.

[2] The anti-church party.

[3] The report could hardly have been believed, considering the bishop's connection with Oliver Cromwell. — B.

since this man come to the house, though for his pretty wife's sake I do fetch my wine from this, whom I could not nevertheless get para see to-night, though her husband did seem to call for her. So parted here and I home, and to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and by water to see Mr. Wren, and then Mr. Williamson, who did shew me the very original bookes of propositions made by the Commissioners for the Navy, in 1618, to my great content; but no other Navy papers he could now shew me. Thence to Westminster by water and to the Hall, where Mrs. Michell do surprize me with the news that Doll Lane is suddenly brought to bed at her sister's lodging, and gives it out that she is married, but there is no such thing certainly, she never mentioning it before, but I have cause to rejoice that I have not seen her a great while, she having several times desired my company, but I doubt to an evil end. Thence to the Exchequer, where W. Hewer come to me, and after a little business did go by water home, and there dined, and took my wife by a hackney to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Coxcomb,"[1] the first time acted, but an old play, and a silly one, being acted only by the young people. Here met cozen Turner and The. So parted there from them, and home by coach and to my letters at the office, where pretty late, and so to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and walked with him a good while in the Stone Walk: and brave discourse about my Lord Chancellor, and his ill managements and mistakes, and several things of the Navy, and thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, and so home to dinner, where my wife mighty finely dressed, by a maid that she hath taken, and is to come to her when Jane goes; and the same she the other day told me of, to be so handsome. I therefore longed to see her, but did not till after dinner, that my wife and I going by coach, she went with us to Holborne, where we set her down. She is a mighty proper maid, and pretty comely, but so so; but hath a

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, performed at Court in 1642, and published in the folio edition of their plays, 1647. Genest does not mention the revival of the play before 1682.

most pleasing tone of voice, and speaks handsomely, but hath most great hands, and I believe ugly; but very well dressed, and good clothes, and the maid I believe will please me well enough. Thence to visit Ned Pickering and his lady, and Creed and his wife, but the former abroad, and the latter out of town, gone to my Lady Pickering's in Northamptonshire, upon occasion of the late death of their brother, Oliver Pickering, a youth, that is dead of the smallpox. So my wife and I to Dancre's to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever in our own coach, where with mighty pride rode up and down, and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others.[1] Here staid till night, and so home, and to the office, where busy late, and so home to supper and to bed, with great content, but much business in my head of the office, which troubles me.

19th. Up, and by water to White Hall, there to the Lords of the Treasury, and did some business, and here Sir Thomas Clifford did speak to me, as desirous that I would some time come and confer with him about the Navy, which I am glad of, but will take the direction of the Duke of York before I do it, though I would be glad to do something to secure myself, if I could, in my employment. Thence to the plaisterer's, and took my face, and my Lord Duke of Albemarle's, home with me by coach, they being done to my mind; and mighty glad I am of understanding this way of having the pictures of any friends. At home to dinner, where Mr. Sheres dined with us, but after dinner I left him and my wife, and with Commissioner Middleton and Kempthorne[2] to a Court-martiall, to which, by virtue of my late Captainship, I am called, the first I was ever at; where many commanders, and Kempthorne president. Here was tried a difference between Sir L. Van Hemskirke,[3]

[1] See November 29th, *ante*.

[2] Sir John Kempthorne, Commissioner of the Navy at Portsmouth in 1675, and at Chatham in 1679. On the commencement of the second Dutch war, being then a rear-admiral of the blue, he hoisted his flag on board the "St. Andrew." For his conspicuous conduct at the battle of Southwold Bay he was made vice-admiral. He died in 1679.

[3] Sir Laurence Van Heemskirk was captain of the "Nonsuch." In a letter from B. Johnson to Williamson, dated "Portsmouth Yard,

the Dutch Captain who commands "The Nonsuch," built by his direction, and his Lieutenant; a drunken kind of silly business. We ordered the Lieutenant to ask him pardon, and have resolved to lay before the Duke of York what concerns the Captain, which was striking of his Lieutenant and challenging him to fight, which comes not within any article of the laws martiall. But upon discourse the other day with Sir W. Coventry, I did advise Middleton, and he and I did forbear to give judgment, but after the debate did withdraw into another cabin, the Court being held in one of the yachts, which was on purpose brought up over against St. Katharine's, it being to be feared that this precedent of our being made Captains, in order to the trying of the loss of "The Defyance," wherein we are the proper persons to enquire into the want of instructions while ships do lie in harbour, evil use might be hereafter made of the precedent by putting the Duke of Buckingham, or any of these rude fellows that now are uppermost, to make packed Courts, by Captains made on purpose to serve their turns. The other cause was of the loss of "The Providence" at Tangier, where the Captain's being by chance on shore may prove very inconvenient to him, for example's sake, though the man be a good man, and one whom, for Norwood's sake, I would be kind to; but I will not offer any thing to the excusing such a miscarriage. He is at present confined, till he can bring better proofs on his behalf of the reasons of his being on shore. So Middleton and I away to the Office; and there I late busy, making my people, as I have done lately, to read Mr. Holland's[1] Discourse of the Navy, and what other things I can

March 14," we read, "The new 'Nonsuch' is at Spithead, having had some alterations made to advance her sailing. The captain and officers are in London about a difference between him and his lieutenant" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 233).

[1] John Holland, Paymaster to the Treasurer of the Navy, mentioned before (see November 30th, 1660, and July 25th, 1662). A copy of this work, which has never been printed, is amongst Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., and another, in connection with papers relative to the Navy, formerly belonging to Sir George Duckett, both in the British Museum. In the Pepysian Collection, No. 113, are Two Discourses of Mr. Holland's touching the Government of the Navy; one under the Earl of Northumberland in 1638, probably perused by Pepys, February 14th, *ante*,

get to inform me fully in all; and here late, about eight at night, comes Mr. Wren to me, who had been at the Tower to visit Sir W. Coventry. He come only to see how matters go, and tells me, as a secret, that last night the Duke of York's closet was broken open, and his cabinets, and shut again, one of them: that the rogue that did it hath left plate and a watch behind him, and therefore they fear that it was only for papers, which looks like a very malicious business in design, to hurt the Duke of York; but they cannot know that till the Duke of York comes to town about the papers, and therefore make no words of it. He gone, I to work again, and then to supper at home, and to bed.

20th. Up, and to the Tower, to W. Coventry, and there walked with him alone, on the Stone Walk, till company come to him; and there about the business of the Navy discoursed with him, and about my Lord Chancellor and Treasurer; that they were against the war [with the Dutch] at first, declaring, as wise men and statesmen, at first to the King, that they thought it fit to have a war with them at some time or other, but that it ought not to be till we found the Crowns of Spain and France together by the eares, the want of which did ruin our war. But then he told me that, a great deal before the war, my Lord Chancellor did speak of a war with some heat, as a thing to be desired, and did it upon a belief that he could with his speeches make the Parliament give what money he pleased, and do what he would, or would make the King desire; but he found himself soon deceived of the Parliament, they having a long time before his removal been cloyed with his speeches and good words, and were come to hate him. Sir W. Coventry did tell me it, as the wisest thing that ever was said to the King by any statesman of his time, and it was by my Lord Treasurer that is dead, whom, I find, he takes for a very great statesman — that when the King did shew himself forward for passing the Act of Indemnity, he did advise the King that he would hold his hand in doing it, till he had got his power restored, that had been dimin-

and April 18th, *post;* the other during the Rebellion, 1659, 2 vols., fol. — B.

ished by the late times, and his revenue settled in such a manner as he might depend on himself, without resting upon Parliaments, and then pass it. But my Lord Chancellor, who thought he could have the command of Parliaments for ever, because for the King's sake they were awhile willing to grant all the King desired, did press for its being done; and so it was, and the King from that time able to do nothing with the Parliament almost. Thence to the office, where sat all the forenoon, and then home to dinner, and so to the office, where late busy, and so home, mightily pleased with the news brought me to-night, that the King and Duke of York are come back this afternoon, and no sooner come, but a warrant was sent to the Tower for the releasing Sir W. Coventry; which do put me in some hopes that there may be, in this absence, some accommodation made between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington. So home, to supper, and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and by water over to Southwarke; and then, not getting a boat, I forced to walk to Stangate;[1] and so over to White Hall, in a scull; where up to the Duke of York's dressing-room, and there met Harry Saville, and do understand that Sir W. Coventry is come to his house last night. I understand by Mr. Wren that his friends having, by Secretary Trevor and my Lord Keeper, applied to the King, upon his first coming home, and a promise made that he should be discharged this day, my Lord Arlington did anticipate them, by sending a warrant presently for his discharge, which looks a little like kindness, or a desire of it; which God send! though I fear the contrary: however, my heart is glad that he is out. Thence up and down the House. Met with Mr. May,[2] who tells me the story of his being put by Sir John Denham's place, of Surveyor of the King's Works, who, it seems, is lately dead, by the unkindness of the Duke of Buckingham, who hath brought in Dr. Wren:[3] though, he tells me, he hath been his servant for twenty years together, in

[1] Lambeth. Stangate extends from the west end of Westminster Bridge to Lambeth Marsh.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] Sir Christopher.

all his wants and dangers, saving him from want of bread by his care and management, and with a promise of having his help in his advancement, and an engagement under his hand for £1,000, not yet paid, and yet the Duke of Buckingham is so ungrateful as to put him by: which is an ill thing, though Dr. Wren is a worthy man. But he tells me that the King is kind to him, and hath promised him a pension of £300 a-year out of the Works; which will be of more content to him than the place, which, under their present wants of money, is a place that disobliges most people, being not able to do what they desire to their lodgings. Here meeting with Sir H. Cholmly and Povy, that tell me that my Lord Middleton is resolved in the Cabal that he shall not go to Tangier; and that Sir Edward Harlow [Harley],[1] whom I know not, is propounded to go, who was Governor of Dunkirke, and, they say, a most worthy brave man, which I shall be very glad of. So by water (H. Russell coming for me) home to dinner, where W. Howe comes to dine with me; and after dinner propounds to me my lending him £500, to help him to purchase a place — the Master of the Patent Office, of Sir Richard Piggott. I did give him a civil answer, but shall think twice of it; and the more, because of the changes we are like to have in the Navy, which will not make it fit for me to divide the little I have left more than I have done, God knowing what my condition is, I having not attended, and now not being able to examine what my state is, of my accounts, and being in the world, which troubles me mightily. He gone, I to the office to enter my journall for a week. News is lately come of the Algerines taking £13,000 in money,[2] out of one of our Company's East India ships, outward bound, which will certainly make the war last; which I am sorry

[1] See May 18th, 1660.

[2] Thomas Holden to Williamson, dated "Falmouth, March 15": "The 'Morning Star' has come in, and reports that she was met off Cadiz by an Algiers man-of-war of 30 guns well manned, who came on board and demanded a Moorish boy that they had; having found him they carried him to their own ship, and by beating upon the soles of his feet, and other torments, made him confess to much money on board the 'Star,' which they came and took, amounting to £8,000 to £10,000" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1668-69, p. 234).

for, being so poor as we are, and broken in pieces. At night my wife to read to me, and then to supper, where Pelling comes to see and sup with us, and I find that he is assisting my wife in getting a licence to our young people[1] to be married this Lent,[2] which is resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day, or feast, for my being cut of the stone. So after supper to bed, my eyes being very bad.

22nd. Up, and by water, with W. Hewer, to White Hall, there to attend the Lords of the Treasury; but, before they sat, I did make a step to see Sir W. Coventry at his house, where, I bless God! he is come again; but in my way I met him, and so he took me into his coach and carried me to White Hall, and there sat me down where he ought not — at least he hath not yet leave to come, nor hath thought fit yet to ask it, hearing that Henry Saville is not only denied to kiss the King's hand, but the King, being asked it by the Duke of York, did deny it, and directed that the Duke shall not receive him, to wait upon him in his chamber, till further orders. Sir W. Coventry told me that he was going to visit Sir John Trevor, who hath been kind to him; and he shewed me a long list of all his friends that he must this week make visits to, that come to visit him in the Tower; and seems mighty well satisfied with his being out of business, but I hope he will not long be so; at least, I do believe that all must go to rack, if the King do not come to see the want of such a servant. Thence to the Treasury-Chamber, and there all the morning, to my great grief, put to do Sir G. Downing's work of dividing the Customes for this year, between the Navy, the Ordnance, and Tangier: but it did so trouble my eyes, that I had rather have given £20 than have had it to do; but I did thereby oblige Sir Thomas Clifford and Sir J. Duncombe, and so am glad of the opportunity to recommend myself to the former, for the latter I need not, he loving me well already. At it till noon, here being several of my brethren

[1] His servants.

[2] Although marriages during Lent have always been considered unseemly, it is a vulgar error to suppose that a licence is required to solemnize them at that season. See Johnson's "Clergyman's Vade-Mecum," vol. i., p. 167. — B.

with me, but doing nothing, but I all. But this day I did also represent to our Treasurers, which was read here, a state of the charge of the Navy, and what the expence of it this year would likely be; which is done so as it will appear well done, and to my honour, for so the Lords did take it: and I oblige the Treasurers by doing it, at their request. Thence with W. Hewer at noon to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for me; and so to the Cocke, where there was no room, and thence to King Street, to several cook's shops, where nothing to be had; and at last to the corner shop, going down Ivy Lane, by my Lord of Salisbury's,[1] and there got a good dinner, my wife, and W. Hewer, and I: and after dinner she, with her coach, home; and he and I to look over my papers for the East India Company, against the afternoon: which done, I with them to White Hall, and there to the Treasury-Chamber, where the East India Company and three Councillors pleaded against me alone, for three or four hours, till seven at night, before the Lords; and the Lords did give me the conquest on behalf of the King, but could not come to any conclusion, the Company being stiff: and so I think we shall go to law with them. This done, and my eyes mighty bad with this day's work, I to Mr. Wren's, and then up to the Duke of York, and there with Mr. Wren did propound to him my going to Chatham to-morrow with Commissioner Middleton, and so this week to make the pay there, and examine the business of "The Defyance" being lost,[2] and other businesses, which I did the rather, that I might be out of the way at the wedding,[3] and be at a little liberty myself for a day or two, to find a little pleasure, and give my eyes a little ease. The Duke of York mightily

[1] Salisbury House, Strand, built by Sir Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury. Queen Elizabeth was present at the house-warming on December 6th, 1602. It was pulled down in 1695, and Cecil Street built on the site. Ivy Bridge Lane, to the west of the old mansion, still exists, by the side of the new "Hotel Cecil" which has been built on the site of Cecil and Salisbury Streets.

[2] "Petition of Joseph Brown, calker to the Navy Commissioners (March 25, 1669), for some recompense for quenching the fire from burning the 'Defiance's' head, on which service he burnt a Sunday coat and hat." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1668-69, p. 249.

[3] See the day before.

satisfied with it; and so away home, where my wife troubled at my being so late abroad, poor woman! though never more busy, but I satisfied her; and so begun to put things in order for my journey to-morrow, and so, after supper, to bed.

23rd. Up, and to my office to do a little business there, and so, my things being all ready, I took coach with Commissioner Middleton, Captain Tinker,[1] and Mr. Huchinson, a hackney coach, and over the bridge, and so out towards Chatham, and dined at Dartford, where we staid an hour or two, it being a cold day; and so on, and got to Chatham just at night, with very good discourse by the way, but mostly of matters of religion, wherein Huchinson his vein lies. After supper, we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afeard to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.

24th. Up, and walked abroad in the garden, and find that Mrs. Tooker has not any of her daughters here as I expected, and so walked to the yard, leaving Middleton at the pay, and there I only walked up and down the yard, and then to the Hill-House, and there did give order for the coach to be made ready; and got Mr. Gibson, whom I carried with me, to go with me and Mr. Coney, the surgeon, towards Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, and took occasion, in my way, at St. Margett's, to pretend to call to see Captain Allen, to see whether Mrs. Jowles,[2] his daughter, was there; and there his wife come to the door, he being at London, and, through a window, I spied Jowles, but took no notice of her, but made excuse till night, and then promised to come and see Mrs. Allen again, and so away, it being a mighty cold and windy, but clear day; and had the pleasure of seeing the Medway running, winding up and down mightily, and a very fine country; and I went a little out of the way to have visited Sir John Bankes, but he at London; but here I had a sight of his seat and house,[3] the outside, which is an old abbey

[1] Captain John Tinker, master attendant at Portsmouth.

[2] See April 1st, 1667.

[3] The Friary, in Aylesford parish, since the property of the Earls of

just like Hinchingbroke, and as good at least, and mighty finely placed by the river; and he keeps the grounds about it, and walls and the house, very handsome: I was mightily pleased with the sight of it. Thence to Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town, and up to the top of the steeple, and had a noble view, and then down again: and in the town did see an old man beating of flax, and did step into the barn and give him money, and saw that piece of husbandry which I never saw, and it is very pretty: in the street also I did buy and send to our inne, the Bell, a dish of fresh fish. And so, having walked all round the town, and found it very pretty, as most towns I ever saw, though not very big, and people of good fashion in it, we to our inne to dinner, and had a good dinner; and after dinner a barber come to me, and there trimmed me, that I might be clean against night, to go to Mrs. Allen. And so, staying till about four o'clock, we set out, I alone in the coach going and coming; and in our way back, I 'light out of the way to see a Saxon monument,[1] as they say, of a King, which is three stones standing upright, and a great round one lying on them, of great bigness, although not so big as those on Salisbury Plain; but certainly it is a thing of great antiquity, and I mightily glad to see it; it is near to Aylesford, where Sir John Bankes lives. So homeward, and stopped again at Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney staid; and there comes to us Mrs. Jowles, who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly,[2] and his wife, neighbours; and here we staid, and drank, and talked, and set

Aylesford, whose ancestor, Heneage Finch, married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bankes. — B.

[1] Kits-Cotty House, a cromlech in Aylesford parish, Kent, on a hill-side adjacent to the river Medway, three and a half miles N. by W. of Maidstone. It consists of three upright stones and an overlying one, and forms a small chamber open in front. It is supposed to have been the centre of a group of monuments indicating the burial-place of the Belgian settlers in this part of Britain. Other stones of a similar character exist in the neighbourhood.

[2] John Manley, M.P. for Bridport; he married Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Isaak Dorislaus. — B.

Concy and him to play while Mrs. Jowles and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often, and pull off her glove, where her hand mighty moist, and she mighty free in kindness to me, and je do not at all doubt that I might have had that that I would have desired de elle had I had time to have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my proposing it, was very willing to go, for elle is a whore, that is certain, but a very brave and comely one. Here was a pretty cozen of hers come in to supper also, of a great fortune, daughter-in-law to this Manly, mighty pretty, but had now such a cold, she could not speak. Here mightily pleased with Mrs. Jowles, and did get her to the street door, and there to her su breasts, and baiser her without any force, and credo that I might have had all else, but it was not time nor place. Here staid till almost twelve at night, and then with a lanthorn from thence walked over the fields, as dark as pitch, and mighty cold, and snow, to Chatham, and Mr. Concy with great kindness to me: and there all in bed before I come home, and so I presently to bed.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, come Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the Court-martiall about the loss of "The Defyance;" and so presently we by boat to "The Charles," which lies over against Upnor Castle, and there we fell to the business; and there I did manage the business, the Duke of York having, by special order, directed them to take the assistance of Commissioner Middleton and me, forasmuch as there might be need of advice in what relates to the government of the ships in harbour. And so I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-Attendants out of their wits almost; and made the trial last till seven at night, not eating a bit all the day; only when we had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the Gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law deserve death, but Commissioner Middleton did declare that he was against giving the sentence of death, we withdrew, as not being of the Court, and so left them to do what they pleased; and, while they were debating it, the Boatswain of the ship did bring us out of

the kettle a piece of hot salt beef, and some brown bread and brandy; and there we did make a little meal, but so good as I never would desire to eat better meat while I live, only I would have cleaner dishes. By and by they had done, and called us down from the quarter-deck; and there we find they do sentence that the Gunner of "The Defyance"[1] should stand upon "The Charles" three hours with his fault writ upon his breast, and with a halter about his neck, and so be made incapable of any office. The truth is, the man do seem, and is, I believe, a good man; but his neglect, in trusting a girl to carry fire into his cabin, is not to be pardoned. This being done, we took boat and home; and there a good supper was ready for us, which should have been our dinner. The Captains, desirous to be at London, went away presently for Gravesend, to get thither by this night's tide; and so we to supper, it having been a great snowy and mighty cold, foul day; and so after supper to bed.

26th. Up, and with Middleton all the morning at the Docke, looking over the storehouses and Commissioner Pett's house, in order to Captain Cox's coming to live there in his stead, as Commissioner. But it is a mighty pretty house; and pretty to see how every thing is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in every thing as it ever was in, so free every body is of the King's money. By and by to Mr. Wilson's, and there drank, but did not see his wife, nor any woman in the yard, and so to dinner at the Hill-House; and after dinner, till eight at night, close, Middle-

[1] The Duke of York's order to Sir William Penn, authorizing him to call a court-martial to inquire concerning the loss of the "Defiance," was dated December 29th, 1668. The list of those summoned to form the court-martial are as follows: Sir George Ascue, Sir Jeremy Smith, Sir Robert Holmes, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir John Harman, Thomas Middleton, Esq., Samuel Pepys, Esq., Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, Capt. John Cox, Sir John Chicheley, Capt. John Hubbard, Capt. Willough. Hannam, Capt. William Poole, Capt. John Narbrough, Capt. William Coleman, Capt. Edw. Cotterell, Capt. Thomas Guy, Capt. Rich. Goodlad, Capt. Ben. Young, Capt. Rich. Beach, Capt. Rich. Haddock, Capt. Charles Wylde, Capt. Peter Bowen, Capt. Francis Wilsshaw, Capt. Rob. Sheppard, Capt. Rob. Worden. The order is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 520.

ton and I, examining the business of Mr. Pett, about selling a boat, and we find him a very knave; and some other quarrels of his, wherein, to justify himself, he hath made complaints of others. This being done, we to supper, and so to talk, Commissioner Middleton being mighty good company upon a journey, and so to bed, thinking how merry my people are at this time, putting Tom and Jane to bed, being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone, but how many years I do not remember, but I think it to be about ten or eleven.[1]

27th. Up, and did a little business, Middleton and I, then, after drinking a little buttered ale, he and Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceeding merry in talk, to Dartford: Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbadoes, and up and down at Venice, and elsewhere, that are mighty pretty, and worth hearing; and he is a strange good companion, and droll upon the road, more than ever I could have thought to have been in him. Here we dined and met Captain Allen of Rochester, who dined with us, and so went on his journey homeward, and we by and by took coach again, and got home about six at night, it being all the morning as cold, snowy, windy, and rainy day, as any in the whole winter past, but pretty clear in the afternoon. I find all well, but my wife abroad with Jane, who was married yesterday, and I to the office busy, till by and by my wife comes home, and so home, and there hear how merry they were yesterday, and I glad at it, they being married, it seems, very handsomely, at Islington; and dined at the old house, and lay in our blue chamber, with much company, and wonderful merry. The. Turner and Mary Batelier bridesmaids, and Talbot Pepys and W. Hewer bridesmen. Anon to supper and to bed, my head a little troubled with the muchness of the business I have upon me at present. So to bed.

28th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with pleasure with my wife, and so up and to the Office with Tom, who looks mighty smug upon his marriage, as Jane also do, both of whom I did give joy, and so Tom and I at work at the

[1] It was eleven years, as the operation was performed on March 26th, 1658.

Office all the morning, till dinner, and then dined, W. Batelier with us; and so after dinner to work again, and sent for Gibson, and kept him also till eight at night, doing much business. And so, that being done, and my Journal writ, my eyes being very bad, and every day worse and worse, I fear: but I find it most certain that stronge drinks do make my eyes sore, as they have done heretofore always; for, when I was in the country, when my eyes were at the best, their stronge beere would make my eyes sore: so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to White Hall; and there to the Duke of York, to shew myself, after my journey to Chatham, but did no business to-day with him: only after gone from him, I to Sir T. Clifford's; and there, after an hour's waiting, he being alone in his closet, I did speak with him, and give him the account he gave me to draw up, and he did like it very well: and then fell to talk of the business of the Navy: and giving me good words, did fall foul of the constitution [of the Board], and did then discover his thoughts, that Sir J. Minnes was too old, and so was Colonel Middleton, and that my Lord Brouncker did mind his mathematics too much. I did not give much encouragement to that of finding fault with my fellow-officers; but did stand up for the constitution, and did say that what faults there were in our Office would be found not to arise from the constitution, but from the failures of the officers in whose hands it was. This he did seem to give good ear to; but did give me of myself very good words, which pleased me well, though I shall not build upon them any thing. Thence home; and after dinner by water with Tom down to Greenwich, he reading to me all the way, coming and going, my collections out of the Duke of York's old manuscript of the Navy, which I have bound up, and do please me mightily. At Greenwich I come to Captain Cocke's, where the house full of company, at the burial of James Temple, who, it seems, hath been dead these five days: here I had a very good ring, which I did give my wife as soon as I come home. I spent my time there walking in the garden, talking with James Pierce, who tells me that he is certain that the Duke of Buckingham had been with his wenches all the time that he was absent, which was all the last week, nobody

knowing where he was. The great talk is of the King's being hot of late against Conventicles, and to see whether the Duke of Buckingham's being returned will turn the King, which will make him very popular: and some think it is his plot to make the King thus, to shew his power in the making him change his mind. But Pierce did tell me that the King did certainly say, that he that took one stone from the Church, did take two from his Crown. By and by the corpse come out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. But I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford, thinking para have seen the wife of Bagwell, which I did at her door, but I could not conveniently go into her house, and so lost my labour: and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home, where I made my boy to finish the reading of my manuscript, and so to supper and to bed. This day my new chamber-maid, that comes in the room of Jane, is come, Jane and Tom lying at their own lodging this night: the new maid's name is Matt, a proper and very comely maid. . . . This day also our cook-maid Bridget went away, which I was sorry for; but, just at her going, she was found to be a thief, and so I was the less troubled for it; but now our whole house will, in a manner, be new, which, since Jane is gone, I am not at all sorry for, for that my late differences with my wife about poor Deb. will not be remembered. So to bed after supper, and to sleep with great content.

30th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to see and discourse with him; and he tells me that he hath lately been with my Lord Keeper, and had much discourse about the Navy; and particularly he tells me that he finds they are divided touching me and my Lord Brouncker; some are for removing, and some for keeping us. He told my Lord Keeper that it would cost the King £10,000 before he hath made another as fit to serve him in the Navy as I am; which, though I believe it is true, yet I am much pleased to have that character given me by W. Coventry, whatever be the success of it. But I perceive they do think that I know too much, and shall impose upon whomever shall come next, and therefore must be removed, though he tells me

that Sir T. Clifford is inclined well enough to me, and Sir T. Osborne; by what I have lately done, I suppose. This news do a little trouble me, but yet, when I consider it, it is but what I ought not to be much troubled for, considering my incapacity, in regard to my eyes, to continue long at this work, and this when I think of and talk with my wife do make me the less troubled for it. After some talk of the business of the navy more with him, I away and to the Office, where all the morning; and Sir W. Pen, the first time that he hath been here since his being last sick, which, I think, is two or three months; and I think will be the last that he will be here as one of the Board, he now inviting us all to dine with him, as a parting dinner, on Thursday next, which I am glad of, I am sure; for he is a very villain. At noon home to dinner, where, and at the office, all the afternoon, troubled at what I have this morning heard, at least my mind full of thoughts upon it, and so at night after supper to bed.

31st. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry's, there to talk with him about business of the Navy, and received from him direction what to advise the Duke of York at this time, which was, to submit and give way to the King's naming a man or two, that the people about him have a mind should be brought into the Navy, and perhaps that may stop their fury in running further against the whole; and this, he believes, will do it. After much discourse with him, I walked out with him into St. James's Park, where, being afeard to be seen with him, he having not leave yet to kiss the King's hand, but notice taken, as I hear, of all that go to him, I did take the pretence of my attending the Tangier Committee, to take my leave, though to serve him I should, I think, stick at nothing. At the Committee, this morning, my Lord Middleton declares at last his being ready to go, as soon as ever money can be made ready to pay the garrison: and so I have orders to get money, but how soon I know not. Thence home, and there find Mr. Sheres, for whom I find my moher of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shewn himself to be a poet, and that she do mightily value him for. He did not stay to dine with us, but we to dinner; and then, in the afternoon, my wife being very well

dressed by her new maid, we abroad, to make a visit to Mrs. Pickering; but she abroad again, and so we never yet saw her. Thence to Dancre's, and there saw our pictures which are in doing; and I did choose a view of Rome instead of Hampton Court; and mightily pleased I shall be in them. Here were Sir Charles Cotterell and his son bespeaking something; both ingenious men, I hear. Thence my wife and I to the Park; and pretty store of company; and so home with great content: and so ends the month, my mind in pretty good content for all things, but the designs on foot to bring alterations in the Office, which troubles me.

April 1st. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, at the desire of Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, the President, for our assisting them, to the Court-martiall on board a yacht in the River here, to try the business of the Purser's complaints, Baker against Trevanion, his Commander, of "The Dartmouth." But, Lord! to see what wretched doings there were among all the Commanders to ruin the Purser, and defend the Captain in all his rogueries, be it to the prejudice of the King or Purser, no good man could bear! I confess I was pretty high, which did not at least the young gentlemen Commanders like; and Middleton did the like. But could not bring it to any issue this day, sitting till two o'clock; and therefore we being sent for, went to Sir W. Pen's by invitation to dine; where my wife was, and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes and his niece; and here a bad dinner, and little mirth, I being little pleased with my host. However, I made myself sociable; and so, after dinner, my wife and I, with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, they set us down at my cozen Turner's, and there we staid awhile and talked; and particularly here we met with Dr. Ball,[1] the Parson of the Temple, who did tell me a great many pretty stories about the manner of the Parsons being paid for their preaching at Paul's heretofore, and now, and the ground of the Lecture, and heretofore the names of the founders thereof, which

[1] Dr. Ball was preacher at St. Mary Woolchurch towards the latter end of the Commonwealth, and, according to Newcourt, was much followed by the loyal party. He was made Master of the Temple in 1665.

were many, at some 5*s.*, some 6*s.* per annum towards it: and had their names read in the pulpit every sermon among those holy persons that the church do order a collect for, giving God thanks for. By and by comes by my desire Commissioner Middleton's coach and horses for us, and we went with it towards the Park, thinking to have met The. Turner and Betty, but did not; so turned back again to their lodging, and there found them and Mr. Batelier, and there, after a little talk, we took leave, and carry Batelier home with us. So to supper, and so to bed.

2nd. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there with the Office attended the Duke of York, and staid in White Hall till about noon, and so with W. Hewer to the Cocke, and there he and I dined alone with great content, he reading to me, for my memory's sake, my late collections of the history of the Navy, that I might represent the same by and by to the Duke of York; and so, after dinner, he and I to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's lodgings, whither he, by and by, by his appointment come: and alone with him an hour in his closet, telling him mine and W. Coventry's advice touching the present posture of the Navy, as the Duke of Buckingham and the rest do now labour to make changes therein; and that it were best for him to suffer the King to be satisfied with the bringing in of a man or two which they desire. I did also give the Duke of York a short account of the history of the Navy, as to our Office, wherewith he was very well satisfied: but I do find that he is pretty stiff against their bringing in of men against his mind, as the Treasurers were, and particularly against Child's[1] coming in, because he is a merchant. After much discourse with him, we parted; and [he to] the Council, while I staid waiting for his telling me when I should be ready to give him a written account of the administration of the Navy. This caused me to wait the whole afternoon, till night. In the mean time, stepping to the Duchess of York's side to speak with Lady Peterborough, I did see the young Duchess,[2] a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely, so as almost to ravish

[1] Afterwards Sir Josiah Child.

[2] The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

me, her ears were so good: taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King, and all the King's children, and the Queen-Mother herself, who do still dance well. Thence to the council door, and Mr. Chevins took me into the back stairs, and there with his friend, Mr. Fowkes, for whom he is very solicitous in some things depending in this Office, he did make me, with some others that he took in (among others, Alderman Backewell), eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and drink variety of wines till I was almost merry; but I did keep in good tune; and so, after the Council was up, I home; and there find my wife not yet come home from Deptford, where she hath been all this day to see her mother, but she come by and by, and so to talk, and supper, and to bed. This night I did bring home from the King's potticary's, in White Hall, by Mr. Cooling's direction, a water that he says did him mighty good for his eyes. I pray God it may do me good; but, by his description, his disease was the same as mine, and this do encourage me to use it.

3rd. Up, and to the Council of War again, with Middleton: but the proceedings of the Commanders so devilishly bad, and so professedly partial to the Captain, that I could endure it no longer, but took occasion to pretend business at the Office, and away, and Colonel Middleton with me, who was of the same mind, and resolved to declare our minds freely to the Duke of York about it. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. Then home to dinner, and so back to the office, where busy late till night, and so home to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where Alderman Backewell's wife, by my invitation with my head, come up with her mother, and sat with us, and after sermon I did walk with them home, and there left them, and home to dinner, and after dinner with Sir J. Minnes and T. Middleton to White Hall, by appointment; and at my Lord Arlington's the Office did attend the King and Cabal, to discourse the further quality of victuals fit to be declared for, which was 2,000 men for six months; and so without more ado or stay there, hearing no news but that Sir Thomas Allen is to be expected every hour at home with his fleete, or news of his being gone back to Algier, and

so home, where got my wife to read to me; and so after supper to bed. The Queen-Mother hath been of late mighty ill, and some fears of her death.

5th. Up, and by coach, it being very cold, to White Hall, expecting a meeting of Tangier, but it did not. But, however, did wait there all the morning, and, among other things, I spent a little time with Creed walking in the garden, and talking about our Office, and Child's coming in to be a Commissioner; and, being his friend, I did think he might do me a kindness to learn of him what the Duke of Buckingham and the faction do design touching me, and to instil good words concerning me, which he says, and I believe he will: and it is but necessary; for I have not a mind indeed at this time to be put out of my Office, if I can make any shift that is honourable to keep it; but I will not do it by deserting the Duke of York. At noon by appointment comes Mr. Sheres, and he and I to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for us in our coach, and Betty Turner with her; and we to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish Olio,[1] by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord in Spain: and without any other company, he did do it, and mighty nobly; and the Olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better, or any more of. This, and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escuriall, was a fine treat. So we left other good things, that would keep till night, for a collation; and, with much content, took coach again, and went five or six miles towards Branford,[2] the Prince of Tuscany,[3] who comes into

[1] An olio is a mixed dish of meat and vegetables, and, secondarily, a mixture or medley.

[2] Brentford.

[3] Cosmo de' Medici, who succeeded his father Ferdinand in the grand-dukedom of Tuscany in 1670. Whilst he was in England in 1669 the prince caused a number of views of places and of scenery to be executed for him. Thirty-nine of these have been engraved on a reduced scale for Mawman's quarto volume of Cosmo's Travels, published in 1821, but those prints being very unsatisfactory, the facsimile copies of the original drawings now at Florence were purchased by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and form part of the splendid library which he bequeathed in 1846 to the British Museum. Readers will remember the use which Lord Macaulay has made of them, that

England only to spend money and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected; and we met him, but the coach passing by apace, we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man. By the way, we overtook Captain Ferrers upon his fine Spanish horse, and he is a fine horse indeed; but not so good, I think, as I have seen some. He did ride by us most of the way, and with us to the Park, and there left us, where we passed the evening, and meeting The. Turner, Talbot, W. Batelier, and his sister, in a coach, we anon took them with us to the Mulberry Garden; and there, after a walk, to supper upon what was left at noon; and very good; only Mr. Sheres being taken suddenly ill for a while, did spoil our mirth; but by and by was well again, and we mighty merry: and so broke up, and left him at Charing Cross, and so calling only at my cozen Turner's, away home, mightily pleased with the day's work, and this day come another new mayd, for a middle mayd, but her name I know not yet; and, for a cook-maid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackmoore of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her. So by and by to bed.

6th. Up, and to the Office, and thence to the Excise Office about some business, and so back to the office and sat till late, and thence to Mr. Batelier's to dinner, where my cozen Turner and both her daughters, and Talbot Pepys and my wife, and a mighty fine dinner. They at dinner before I come; and, when I had dined, I away home, and thence to White Hall, where the Board waited on the Duke of York to discourse about the disposing of Sir Thomas Allen's fleete, which is newly come home to Portsmouth; and here Middleton and I did in plain terms acquaint the Duke of York what we thought and had observed in the

"scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain." Sir John Reresby writes: "April, 1669. The Prince of Tuscany came to London with a retinue and equipage suitable to his quality. The king entertained him magnificently; after some time he kept house at his own charge, where he had all the portable varieties for food and drink Italy could afford. I dined twice with him; he was very kind to me, as he was to all those that had travelled in Italy and knew the language" ("Memoirs," 1634-89, ed. Cartwright, 1875, p. 79).

late Court-martiall, which the Duke did give ear to; and though he thinks not fit to revoke what is already done in this case by a Court-martiall, yet it shall bring forth some good laws in the behaviour of Captains to their under Officers for the time to come. Thence home, and there come after a while at the Office, I home, and there come home my wife, who hath been with Batelier's late, and been dancing with the company, at which I seemed a little troubled, not being sent for thither myself, but I was not much so, but went to bed well enough pleased.

7th. Up, and by coach to my cozen Turner's, and invited them to dine at the Cocke to-day, with my wife and me; and so to the Lords of the Treasury, where all the morning, and settled matters to their liking about the assignments on the Customes, between the Navy Office and Victualler, and to that end spent most of the morning there with D. Gawden, and thence took him to the Cocke, and there left him and my clerk Gibson together evening their reckonings, while I to the New Exchange to talk with Betty,[1] my little sempstress; and so to Mrs. Turner's, to call them to dinner, but my wife not come, I back again, and was overtaken by a porter, with a message from my wife that she was ill, and could not come to us: so I back again to Mrs. Turner's, and find them gone; and so back again to the Cocke, and there find Mrs. Turner, Betty, and Talbot Pepys, and they dined with myself, Sir D. Gawden and Gibson, and mighty merry, this house being famous for good meat, and particularly pease-porridge, and after dinner broke up, and they away; and I to the Council-Chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the City, tried against the gentlemen of the Temple, for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But, upon hearing the whole business, the City was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot: but the King and Council did forbear to determine any thing in it, till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberty of the City or no.[2] But I was sorry to see the City so ill advised as

[1] Betty Smith. See January 11th, 1668–69.
[2] See March 3rd, 1668–69.

to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak. Thence to my cozen Turner's, and thence with her and her daughters, and her sister Turner, I carrying Betty in my lap, to Talbot's chamber at the Temple, where, by agreement, the poor rogue had a pretty dish of anchovies and sweetmeats for them; and hither come Mr. Eden,[1] who was in his mistress's disfavour ever since the other night that he come in thither fuddled, when we were there. But I did make them friends by my buffoonery, and bringing up a way of spelling their names, and making Theophila spell Lamton, which The. would have to be the name of Mr. Eden's mistress, and mighty merry we were till late, and then I by coach home, and so to bed, my wife being ill of those, but well enough pleased with my being with them. This day I do hear that Betty Turner is to be left at school at Hackney, which I am mightily pleased with; for then I shall, now and then, see her. She is pretty, and a girl for that, and her relations, I love.

8th. Up, and to White Hall, to the King's side, to find Sir T. Clifford, where the Duke of York come and found me, which I was sorry for, for fear he should think I was making friends on that side. But I did put it off the best I could, my being there: and so, by and by, had opportunity alone to shew Sir T. Clifford the fair account I had drawn up of the Customes, which he liked, and seemed mightily pleased with me; and so away to the Excise Office, to do a little business there, and so to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again till the evening, and then with my wife by coach to Islington, to pay what we owe there, for the late dinner at Jane's wedding; and so round by Kingsland and Hogsden[2] home, pleased with my wife's singing with me, by the way, and so to the office again a little, and then home to supper and to bed. Going this afternoon through Smithfield, I did see a coach run over the coachman's neck,

[1] Robert Eden, of West Auckland, Durham, which county he represented in parliament for many years, married the lady here alluded to, Margaret, daughter and heir of John Lambton. He is the direct ancestor of the Lords Auckland. He was created a baronet November 13th, 1672, and died in 1720, his wife surviving till 1730. — B.

[2] Now Hoxton.

and stand upon it, and yet the man rose up, and was well after it, which I thought a wonder.

9th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there, with the Board, attended the Duke of York, and Sir Thomas Allen with us (who come to town yesterday); and it is resolved another fleete shall go to the Streights forthwith, and he command it. But his coming home is mighty hardly talked on by the merchants, for leaving their ships there to the mercy of the Turks: but of this more in my White-Booke. Thence out, and slipped out by water to Westminster Hall, and there thought to have spoke with Mrs. Martin, but she was not there, nor at home. So back again, and with W. Hewer by coach home and to dinner, and then to the office, and out again with W. Hewer to the Excise-Office, and to several places; among others, to Mr. Faythorne's, to have seen an instrument which he was said to have, for drawing perspectives, but he had it not: but here I did see his work-house, and the best things of his doing he had by him, and so to other places, among others to Westminster Hall, and I took occasion to make a step to Mrs. Martin's, the first time I have been with her since her husband went last to sea, which is I think a year since. . . . But, Lord! to hear how sillily she tells the story of her sister Doll's being a widow and lately brought to bed, and her husband, one Rowland Powell, drowned, that was at sea with her husband, but by chance dead at sea, cast away. When God knows she hath played the whore, and is sillily forced at this time after she was brought to bed, to forge this story. Thence calling at several places by the way, we home, and there to the office, and then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and to the Excise-Office, and thence to White Hall a little, and so back again to the 'Change, but nobody there, it being over, and so walked home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Seymour to visit me, a talking fellow: but I hear by him that Captain Trevanion[1] do give it out everywhere, that I did over-rule the whole Court-martiall against him, as long as I was there; and perhaps I may receive, at this time, some wrong by it: but I care

[1] Captain Richard Trevanion, of the "Dartmouth."

not, for what I did was out of my desire of doing justice. So the office, where late, and then home to supper and to bed.

11th (Lord's day. Easter day). Up, and to Church; where Alderman Backewell's wife, and mother, and boy, and another gentlewoman, did come, and sit in our pew; but no women of our own there, and so there was room enough. Our Parson made a dull sermon, and so home to dinner; and, after dinner, my wife and I out by coach, and Balty with us, to Loton,[1] the landscape-drawer, a Dutchman, living in St. James's Market,[2] but there saw no good pictures. But by accident he did direct us to a painter that was then in the house with him, a Dutchman, newly come over, one Evarelst,[3] who took us to his lodging close by, and did shew us a little flower-pot of his doing, the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life; the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced, again and again, to put my finger to it, to feel whether my eyes were deceived or no. He do ask £70 for it: I had the vanity to bid him £20; but a better picture I never saw in my whole life; and it is worth going twenty miles to see it. Thence, leaving Balty there, I took my wife to St. James's, and there carried her to the Queen's Chapel, the first time I ever did it; and heard excellent musick, but not so good as by accident I did hear there yesterday, as I went through the Park from White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, which I have forgot to set down in my Journal yesterday. And going out of the Chapel, I did see the Prince of Tuscany[4] come out, a comely, black, fat man, in a mourning suit; and my wife and I did see him this afternoon through a window in this Chapel. All that Sir W. Coventry yesterday did tell me new was, that the King would not yet give him leave to come to kiss his hand; and he do believe that he will not in a great while do it, till those about him shall see fit,

[1] John Loten, a landscape painter, long established in London, where he died about 1680.

[2] See note to April 1st, 1666.

[3] Simon Verelst, a Dutch flower-painter, who practised his art with much success in England. His success turned his head, and he called himself the god of flowers. He died at a great age in Suffolk Street about 1710.

[4] See April 5th (*ante*).

which I am sorry for. Thence to the Park, my wife ana I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time, may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now. So home, and by night home, and so to my office, and there set down my Journal, with the help of my left eye through my tube,[1] for fourteen days past; which is so much, as, I hope, I shall not run in arrear again, but the badness of my eyes do force me to it. So home to supper and to bed.

12th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where I of the whole Office attended the Duke of York at his meeting with Sir Thomas Allen and several flag-officers, to consider of the manner of managing the war with Algiers; and, it being a thing I was wholly silent in, I did only observe; and find that their manner of discourse on this weighty affair was very mean and disorderly, the Duke of York himself being the man that I thought spoke most to the purpose. Having done here, I up and down the house, talking with this man and that, and then meeting Mr. Sheres, took him to see the fine flower-pot I saw yesterday, and did again offer £20 for it; but he [Verelst] insists upon £50. Thence I took him to St. James's, but there was no musique, but so walked to White Hall, and by and by to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her was Jane, and so to the Cocke, where they, and I, and Sheres, and Tom, dined, my wife having a great desire to eat of their soup made of pease, and dined very well, and thence by water to the Bear-Garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White

[1] See July 31st, 1668.

Hall, mightily pleased, all of us, with this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting. And there leaving Sheres, we by our own coach home, and after sitting an hour, thrumming upon my viall, and singing, I to bed, and left my wife to do something to a waistcoat and petticoat she is to wear to-morrow. This evening, coming home, we overtook Alderman Backewell's coach and his lady, and followed them to their house, and there made them the first visit, where they received us with extraordinary civility, and owning the obligation. But I do, contrary to my expectation, find her something a proud and vain-glorious woman, in telling the number of her servants and family and expences: he is also so, but he was ever of that strain. But here he showed me the model of his houses that he is going to build in Cornhill and Lumbard Street; but he hath purchased so much there, that it looks like a little town, and must have cost him a great deal of money.[1]

13th. Up, and at the Office a good while, and then, my wife going down the River to spend the day with her mother at Deptford, I abroad, and first to the milliner's in Fenchurch Street, over against Rawlinson's, and there, meeting both him and her in the shop, I bought a pair of gloves, and fell to talk, and found so much freedom that I stayed there the best part of the morning till towards noon, with

[1] Mr. John Biddulph Martin, in his interesting work on "'The Grasshopper' in Lombard Street," 1892, refers to Alderman Backwell's building operations. He writes (p. 185): "Shortly previous to the Great Fire, Backwell, whose shop was at the Unicorn in Lombard Street, next door to the Grasshopper, conceived the idea of developing the considerable block of property over which he had acquired an interest by opening passages through it from Lombard Street to Cornhill." Again (p. 186): "Backwell possibly took advantage of the catastrophe of the fire to enlarge his views," and then Mr. Martin quotes the passage in the text. Mr. Martin writes: "Alderman Backwell figures largely in the City history of his time, and was certainly eminent among the goldsmiths of the Restoration; but it seems that the 'little town' whose erection he contemplated was built on land in which he had a leasehold interest only. The Great Fire of London destroyed not only the City itself, but also most of its records. It has opposed an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of research into local history previous to its occurrence."

great pleasure, it being a holiday, and then against my will away and to the 'Change, where I left W. Hewer, and I by hackney-coach to the Spittle,[1] and heard a piece of a dull sermon to my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and thence saw them all take horse and ride away, which I have not seen together many a-day; their wives also went in their coaches; and, indeed, the sight was mighty pleasing. Thence took occasion to go back to this milliner's [in Fenchurch Street], whose name I now understand to be Clerke; and there, her husband inviting me up to the balcony, to see the sight go by to dine at Clothworker's-Hall,[2] I did go up and there saw it go by: and then, there being a good piece of cold roast beef upon the table, and one Margetts, a young merchant that lodges there, and is likely to marry a sister of hers, I staid and eat, and had much good conversation with her, who hath the vanity to talk of her great friends and father, one Wingate, near Welling,[3] that hath been a Parliament-man. Here also was Stapely, the rope-merchant, and dined with us; and, after spending most of the afternoon also, I away home, and there sent for W. Hewer, and he and I by water to White Hall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. But here being in the court-yard, as God would have it, I spied Deb., which made my heart and head to work, and I presently could not refrain, but sent W. Hewer away to look for Mr. Wren (W. Hewer, I perceive, did see her, but whether he did see me see her I know not, or suspect my sending him away I know not, but

[1] See April 2nd, 1662.

[2] Clothworkers' Hall is situated near the north-east end of Mincing Lane, next to Fenchurch Street. Sir John Robinson, when Lord Mayor in 1663, entertained the king and queen, the queen dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York in the hall. The original hall was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt shortly afterwards. Sir Owen Roberts, M.A., D.C.L., clerk of the company, informs the editor that the Court, on April 7th, 1669, at the request of Mr. Sheriff Forth, granted the use of the hall and offices thereunto belonging for the entertainment, on April 13th, of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. The restored hall was taken down in 1856–57, and the present capacious edifice erected from the designs of Mr. Samuel Angell, architect.

[3] Edward Wingate, who represented St. Albans in the Long Parliament. — B.

my heart could not hinder me), and I run after her and two women and a man, more ordinary people, and she in her old clothes, and after hunting a little, find them in the lobby of the chapel below stairs, and there I observed she endeavoured to avoid me, but I did speak to her and she to me, and did get her pour dire me où she demeurs now, and did charge her para say nothing of me that I had vu elle, which she did promise, and so with my heart full of surprize and disorder I away, and meeting with Sir H. Cholmley walked into the Park with him and back again, looking to see if I could spy her again in the Park, but I could not. And so back to White Hall, and then back to the Park with Mr. May, but could see her no more, and so with W. Hewer, who I doubt by my countenance might see some disorder in me, we home by water, and there I find Talbot Pepys, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, come to invite us to dinner on Thursday; and, after drinking, I saw them to the water-side, and so back home through Crutched Friars, and there saw Mary Mercer, and put off my hat to her, on the other side of the way, but it being a little darkish she did not, I think, know me well, and so to my office to put my papers in order, they having been removed for my closet to be made clean, and so home to my wife, who is come home from Deptford. But, God forgive me, I hardly know how to put on confidence enough to speak as innocent, having had this passage to-day with Deb., though only, God knows, by accident. But my great pain is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl, whom indeed I love, and with a bad amour, but I will pray to God to give me grace to forbear it. So home to supper, where very sparing in my discourse, not giving occasion of any enquiry where I have been to-day, or what I have done, and so without any trouble to-night more than my fear, we to bed.

14th. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there I did speak with the Duke of York, the Council sitting in the morning, and it was to direct me to have my business ready of the Administration of the Office against Saturday next, when the King would have a hearing of it. Thence home, W. Hewer with me, and then out with my own coach to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "The

Impertinents," a play which pleases me well still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. After the play my wife and I towards the Park, but it being too late we to Creed's, and there find him and her [his wife] together alone, in their new house, where I never was before, they lodging before at the next door, and a pretty house it is; but I do not see that they intend to keep any coach. Here they treat us like strangers, quite according to the fashion — nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends. But they do here talk mightily of my Lady Paulina making a very good end, and being mighty religious in her lifetime; and hath left many good notes of sermons and religion, wrote with her own hand, which nobody ever knew of; which I am glad of: but she was always a peevish lady. Thence home, and there to talk and to supper and to bed, all being very safe as to my seeing of poor Deb. yesterday.

15th. Up, and to the office, and thence before the office sat to the Excise Office with W. Hewer, but found some occasion to go another way to the Temple upon business, and I by Deb.'s direction did know whither in Jewen Street to direct my hackney coachman, while I staid in the coach in Aldgate Street, to go thither just to enquire whether Mrs. Hunt, her aunt, was in town, who brought me word she was not; I thought this was as much as I could do at once, and therefore went away troubled through that I could do no more, but to the office I must go and did, and there all the morning, but coming thither I find Bagwell's wife, who did give me a little note into my hand, wherein I find her para invite me para meet her in Moorfields this noon, where I might speak with her, and so after the office was up, my wife being gone before by invitation to my cozen Turner's to dine, I to the place, and there, after walking up and down by the windmills, I did find her and talk with her, but it being holiday and the place full of people, we parted, leaving further discourse and doing to another time. Thence I away, and through Jewen Street, my mind, God knows, running that way, but stopped not, but going

down Holborne hill, by the Conduit, I did see Deb. on foot going up the hill. I saw her, and she me, but she made no stop, but seemed unwilling to speak to me; so I away on, but then stopped and 'light, and after her and overtook her at the end of Hosier lane in Smithfield, and without standing in the street desired her to follow me, and I led her into a little blind alehouse within the walls, and there she and I alone fell to talk and baiser la and toker su mammailles, but she mighty coy, and I hope modest. . . . I did give her in a paper 20*s.*, and we did agree para meet again in the Hall at Westminster on Monday next; and so giving me great hopes by her carriage that she continues modest and honest, we did there part, she going home and I to Mrs. Turner's, but when I come back to the place where I left my coach it was gone, I having staid too long, which did trouble me to abuse the poor fellow, so that taking another coach I did direct him to find out the fellow and send him to me. At my cozen Turner's I find they are gone all to dinner to Povy's, and thither I, and there they were all, and W. Batelier and his sister, and had dined; but I had good things brought me, and then all up and down the house, and mightily pleased to see the fine rooms: but, the truth is, there are so many bad pictures, that to me make the good ones lose much of the pleasure in seeing them. The. and Betty Turner in new flowered tabby gowns, and so we were pretty merry, only my fear upon me for what I had newly done, do keep my content in. So, about five or six o'clock, away, and I took my wife and the two Bateliers, and carried them homeward, and W. Batelier 'lighting, I carried the women round by Islington, and so down Bishopsgate Street home, and there to talk and sup, and then to bed.

16th. Up, and to my chamber, where with Mr. Gibson all the morning, and there by noon did almost finish what I had to write about the Administration of the Office to present to the Duke of York, and my wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer, to see the new play to-day, at the Duke of York's house, "Guzman," I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to White Hall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being despatched pretty soon, and told that we should not wait

on the King, as intended, till Sunday, I thence presently to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the 18*d.* seat, did get room to see almost three acts of the play; but it seemed to me but very ordinary. After the play done, I into the pit, and there find my wife and W. Hewer; and Sheres got to them, which, so jealous is my nature, did trouble me, though my judgment tells me there is no hurt in it, on neither side; but here I did meet with Shadwell, the poet, who, to my great wonder, do tell me that my Lord of [Orrery] did write this play, trying what he could do in comedy, since his heroique plays could do no more wonders. This do trouble me; for it is as mean a thing, and so he says, as hath been upon the stage a great while; and Harris, who hath no part in it, did come to me, and told me in discourse that he was glad of it, it being a play that will not take.[1] Thence home, and to my business at the office, to finish it, but was in great pain about yesterday still, lest my wife should have sent her porter to enquire anything, though for my heart I cannot see it possible how anything could be discovered of it, but yet such is fear as to render me full of doubt and disgust. At night to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that "The Alchymist" was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King's house; and it is still a good play, having not been acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun,[2] for the Doctor.[3] But more my eyes will not let me enjoy the pleasure I used to have in a play. Thence with my wife in hackney to Sir W. Coventry's, who being gone to the Park we drove after him, and there met him coming out, and followed him home, and there sent my wife to Unthanke's while I spent an hour with him reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk of other things,

[1] Downes says that the play took very well ("Roscius Anglicanus," p. 28). Genest could not fix the date of presentation nearer than between 1667 and 1672. This comedy was not printed till 1693.

[2] Who had been murdered. See August 4th, 1664.

[3] Subtle, the alchymist.

and among the rest of the story of his late disgrace, and how basely and in what a mean manner the Duke of Buckingham hath proceeded against him — not like a man of honour. He tells me that the King will not give other answer about his coming to kiss his hands, than "Not yet." But he says that this that he desires, of kissing the King's hand, is only to show to the world that he is not discontented, and not in any desire to come again into play, though I do perceive that he speaks this with less earnestness than heretofore: and this, it may be, is, from what he told me lately, that the King is offended at what is talked, that he hath declared himself desirous not to have to do with any employment more. But he do tell me that the leisure he hath yet had do not at all begin to be burdensome to him, he knowing how to spend his time with content to himself; and that he hopes shortly to contract his expence, so as that he shall not be under any straits in that respect neither; and so seems to be in very good condition of content. Thence I away over the Park, it being now night, to White Hall, and there, in the Duchess's chamber, do find the Duke of York; and, upon my offer to speak with him, he did come to me, and withdrew to his closet, and there did hear and approve my paper of the Administration of the Navy, only did bid me alter these words, "upon the rupture between the late King and the Parliament," to these, "the beginning of the late Rebellion;" giving it me as but reason to shew that it was with the Rebellion that the Navy was put by out of its old good course, into that of a Commission. Having done this, we fell to other talk; he with great confidence telling me how matters go among our adversaries, in reference to the Navy, and that he thinks they do begin to flag; but then, beginning to talk in general of the excellency of old constitutions, he did bring out of his cabinet, and made me read it, an extract out of a book of my late Lord of Northumberland's, so prophetic of the business of Chatham, as is almost miraculous.[1] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy

[1] A copy of the paper here alluded to is in Rawlinson, A. 195, fol. 124. It was an extract from an old book formerly in the library at Petworth, and written by Sir William Monson, the well-known English admiral, who died in 1643. He was the author of several naval tracts,

out, which pleased me mightily, and so, it being late, I away and to my wife, and by hackney home, and there, my eyes being weary with reading so much, but yet not so much as I was afeard they would, we home to supper and to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up, and all the morning till 2 o'clock at my Office, with Gibson and Tom, about drawing up fair my discourse of the Administration of the Navy, and then, Mr. Spong being come to dine with me, I in to dinner, and then out to my Office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to White Hall, where we all met and did sign it; and then to my Lord Arlington's, where the King, and the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, as also Ormond and the two Secretaries, with my Lord Ashly and Sir T. Clifford, was. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson did read over our paper, which was in a letter to the Duke of York, bound up in a book with the Duke of York's Book of Instructions. He read it well; and, after read, we were bid to withdraw, nothing being at all said to it. And by and by we were called in again, and nothing said to that business; but another begun, about the state of this year's action, and our wants of money, as I had stated the same lately to our Treasurers; which I was bid, and did largely, and with great content, open. And having so done, we all withdrew, and left them to debate our supply of money; to which, being called in, and referred to attend on the Lords of the Treasury, we all departed. And I only staid in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, who in the Duchess's chamber come to me, and told me that the book was there left with my Lord Arlington, for any of the Lords to view that had a mind, and to prepare and present to the King what they had to say in writing, to any part of it, which is all we can

all of which are printed in Churchill's "Voyages," and the passage quoted by Pepys will be found at p. 421 of vol. iii. It seems highly probable that someone in the Dutch interest might have seen Sir William's "Book of Stratagems," and planned the memorable expedition against Chatham; though the fact of the defenceless state of the River Thames, in the event of the Dutch ever becoming superior to us at sea, was too obvious to merit the appellation of a prophecy. — B.

desire, and so that rested. The Duke of York then went to other talk; and by and by comes the Prince of Tuscany to visit him, and the Duchess; and I find that he do still remain *incognito*, and so intends to do all the time he stays here, for avoiding trouble to the King and himself, and expence also to both. Thence I to White Hall Gate, thinking to have found Sir J. Minnes's coach staying for me; but, not being there, and this being the first day of rain we have had many a day, the streets being as dusty as in summer, I forced to walk to my cozen Turner's, and there find my wife newly gone home, which vexed me, and so I, having kissed and taken leave of Betty, who goes to Putney to school to-morrow, I walked through the rain to the Temple, and there, with much ado, got a coach, and so home, and there to supper, and Pelling comes to us, and after much talk, we parted, and to bed.

19th. Up, and with Tom (whom, with his wife, I, and my wife, had this morning taken occasion to tell that I did intend to give him £40 for himself, and £20 to his wife, towards their setting out in the world, and that my wife would give her £20 more, that she might have as much to begin with as he) by coach to White Hall, and there having set him work in the Robe Chamber, to write something for me, I to Westminster Hall and there walked from 10 o'clock to past 12, expecting to have met Deb., but whether she had been there before, and missing me went away, or is prevented in coming, and hath no mind to come to me (the last whereof, as being most pleasing, as shewing most modesty, I should be most glad of), I know not, but she not then appearing, I being tired with walking went home, and my wife being all day at Jane's, helping her, as she said, to cut out linen and other things belonging to her new condition, I after dinner out again, and, calling for my coach, which was at the coachmaker's, and hath been for these two or three days, to be new painted, and the window-frames gilt against May-day, went on with my hackney to White Hall, and thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there did beckon to Doll Lane, now Mrs. Powell, as she would have herself called, and went to her sister Martin's lodgings, the first time I have been there these eight or ten months, I think, and her sister being

gone to Portsmouth to her husband, I did stay and talk and drink with Doll. . . . So away and to White Hall, and there took my own coach, which was now come, and so away home, and there to do business, and my wife being come home we to talk and to sup, there having been nothing yet like discovery in my wife of what hath lately passed with me about Deb., and so with great content to bed.

20th. Up; and to the Office, and my wife abroad with Mary Batelier, with our own coach, but borrowed Sir J. Minnes's coachman, that so our own might stay at home, to attend at dinner; our family being mightily disordered by our little boy's falling sick the last night; and we fear it will prove the small-pox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May,[1] and with him Sir Henry Capell, my old Lord Capell's son, and Mr. Parker; and I had a pretty dinner for them; and both before and after dinner had excellent discourse; and shewed them my closet and my Office, and the method of it, to their great content; and more extraordinary, manly discourse and opportunity of shewing myself, and learning from others, I have not, in ordinary discourse, had in my life, they being all persons of worth, but especially Sir H. Capell, whose being a Parliament-man, and hearing my discourse in the Parliament-house, hath, as May tells me, given him a long desire to know and discourse with me. In the afternoon we walked to the Old Artillery-Ground[2] near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now, by Captain Deane's invitation, did go to see his new gun tryed, this being the place where the Officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns; and when we come, did find that the trial had been made; and they going away with extraordinary report of the proof of his gun, which, from the shortness and bigness, they do call Punchinello. But I desired Colonel Legg to stay and give us a sight of her performance, which he did, and there, in short, against a gun more than as long and as heavy

[1] See note to June 8th, 1665.

[2] Henry VIII. gave to the Fraternity of Artillery for their exercise ground a field belonging to the dissolved priory and hospital of St. Mary Spital, beyond Bishopsgate, known as the Teazle Close. The site is now marked by Artillery Lane and Artillery Street, Bishopsgate Street Without.

again, and charged with as much powder again, she carried the same bullet as strong to the mark, and nearer and above the mark at a point blank than their's, and is more easily managed, and recoyles no more than that, which is a thing so extraordinary as to be admired for the happiness of his invention, and to the great regret of the old Gunners and Officers of the Ordnance that were there, only Colonel Legg did do her much right in his report of her. And so, having seen this great and first experiment, we all parted, I seeing my guests into a hackney coach, and myself, with Captain Deane, taking a hackney coach, did go out towards Bow, and went as far as Stratford, and all the way talking of this invention, and he offering me a third of the profit of the invention; which, for aught I know, or do at present think, may prove matter considerable to us: for either the King will give him a reward for it, if he keeps it to himself, or he will give us a patent to make our profit of it: and no doubt but it will be of profit to merchantmen and others, to have guns of the same force at half the charge. This was our talk: and then to talk of other things, of the Navy in general: and, among other things, he did tell me that he do hear how the Duke of Buckingham hath a spite at me, which I knew before, but value it not: and he tells me that Sir T. Allen is not my friend; but for all this I am not much troubled, for I know myself so usefull that, as I believe, they will not part with me; so I thank God my condition is such that I can retire, and be able to live with comfort, though not with abundance. Thus we spent the evening with extraordinary good discourse, to my great content, and so home to the Office, and there did some business, and then home, where my wife do come home, and I vexed at her staying out so late, but she tells me that she hath been at home with M. Batelier a good while, so I made nothing of it, but to supper and to bed.

21st. Up; and with my own coach as far as the Temple, and thence sent it to my cozen Turner, who, to ease her own horses, that are going with her out of town, do borrow mine to-day. So I to Auditor Wood's, and there to meet, and met my Lord Bellassis upon some business of his accounts, and having done that did thence go to St. James's, and attended the Duke of York a little, being the first time

of my waiting on him at St. James's this summer, whither he is now newly gone; and thence walked to White Hall; and so, by and by, to the Council-Chamber, and heard a remarkable cause pleaded between the Farmers of the Excise of Wiltshire, in complaint against the Justices of Peace of Salisbury: and Sir H. Finch was for the former. But, Lord! to see how he did with his admirable eloquence order the matter, is not to be conceived almost: so pleasant a thing it is to hear him plead. Thence at noon by coach home, and thither by and by comes my cozen Turner, and The., and Joyce, in their riding-clothes, they being come from their lodgings to her husband's chamber, at the Temple, and there do lie, and purpose to go out of town on Friday next; and here I had a good dinner for them. After dinner by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York did meet our Office, and went with us to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and there we did go over all the business of the state I had drawn up, of this year's action and expence, which I did do to their satisfaction, and convincing them of the necessity of providing more money, if possible, for us. Thence the Duke of York being gone, I did there stay walking with Sir H. Cholmly in the Court, talking of news; where he told me, that now the great design of the Duke of Buckingham is to prevent the meeting, since he cannot bring about with the King the dissolving, of this Parliament, that the King may not need it; and therefore my Lord St. Albans is hourly expected with great offers of a million of money,[1] to buy our breach with the Dutch: and this, they do think, may tempt the King to take the money, and thereby be out of a necessity of calling the Parliament again, which these people dare not suffer to meet again: but this he doubts, and so do I, that it will be to the ruin of the nation if we fall out with Holland. This we were discoursing when my boy comes to tell me that his mistress was at the Gate with the coach, whither I went, and there find my wife and the whole company. So she, and Mrs. Turner, and The., and Talbot, in mine: and Joyce, W. Batelier, and I, in a hackney, to Hyde Park, where I was ashamed to be seen; but mightily

[1] From Louis XIV. See April 28th (*post*).

pleased, though troubled, with a drunken coachman that did not remember when we come to 'light, where it was that he took us up; but said at Hammersmith, and thither he was carrying of us when we come first out of the Park. So I carried them all to Hercules-Pillars, and there did treat them: and so, about ten at night, parted, and my wife, and I, and W. Batelier, home; and he gone, we to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and Captain Deane with us; and very good discourse, and particularly about my getting a book for him to draw up his whole theory of shipping, which, at my desire, he hath gone far in, and hath shewn me what he hath done therein, to admiration. I did give him a Parallelogram, which he is mightily taken with; and so after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon till night late, and then home. Vexed at my wife's not being come home, she being gone again abroad with M. Batelier, and come not home till ten at night, which vexed me, so that I to bed, and lay in pain awake till past one, and then to sleep.

23rd. Going to rise, without saying anything, my wife stopped me; and, after a little angry talk, did tell me how she spent all day yesterday with M. Batelier and her sweetheart, and seeing a play at the New Nursery, which is set up at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was formerly the King's house. So that I was mightily pleased again, and rose with great content; and so by water to White Hall, and there to the Council-Chamber, and heard two or three causes: among others, that of the complaint of Sir Philip Howard and Watson, the inventors, as they pretend, of the business of varnishing and lackerworke, against the Company of Painters, who take upon them to do the same thing; where I saw a great instance of the weakness of a young Counsel not used to such an audience, against the Solicitor-General and two more able Counsel used to it. Though he had the right of his side, and did prevail for what he pretended to against the rest, yet it was with much disadvantage and hazard. Here also I heard Mr. Papillion[1] make his defence to the King, against some

[1] Thomas Papillon, Esq., of Lubbenham, in Leicestershire, who purchased the manor of Acrise, in Kent. in 1666. He was an eminent

complaints of the Farmers of Excise; but it was so weak, and done only by his own seeking, that it was to his injury more than profit, and made his case the worse, being ill managed, and in a cause against the King. Thence at noon, the Council rising, I to Unthanke's, and there by agreement met my wife, and with her to the Cocke, and did give her a dinner, but yet both of us but in an ill humour, whatever was the matter with her, but thence to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Generous Portugalls,"[1] a play that pleases me better and better every time we see it; and, I thank God! it did not trouble my eyes so much as I was afeard it would. Here, by accident, we met Mr. Sheres, and yet I could not but be troubled, because my wife do so delight to talk of him, and to see him. Nevertheless, we took him with us to our mercer's, and to the Exchange, and he helped me to choose a summer-suit of coloured camelott, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby vest very rich; and so home, where he took his leave, and down to Greenwich, where he hath some friends; and I to see Colonel Middleton, who hath been ill for a day or two, or three; and so home to supper, and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, Mr. Sheres dining with us by agreement; and my wife, which troubled me, mighty careful to have a handsome dinner for him; but yet I see no reason to be troubled at it, he being a very civil and worthy man, I think; but only it do seem to imply some little neglect of me. After dinner to the King's house, and there saw "The General"[2] revived—a good play, that pleases me well, and thence, our coach coming for us, we

merchant of London, and Master of the Mercers' Company in 1698; and was M.P. for Dover, *temp.* Charles II., and for London in the 10th of William III. The case of Mr. Papillon related to a petition of the Company of Wine Merchants, concerning brandy, *alias* strong water, against the Farmers of Excise, of which some account is given in Anchitell Grey's "Debates," vol. i., p. 237. — B.

[1] "The Island Princess," a tragi-comedy by Fletcher, was revived in 1669 as "The Island Princess, or the Generous Portugal." The King of Tidore was acted by Kynaston, and Quisara, the Island Princess, by Mrs. Marshall.

[2] Apparently the play by Lord Orrery, which Pepys first saw acted on September 28th, 1664.

parted and home, and I busy late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed. Well pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

25th (Lord's day). Up, and to my Office awhile, and thither comes Lead with my vizard, with a tube fastened within both eyes; which, with the help which he prompts me to, of a glass in the tube, do content me mightily. So to church, where a stranger made a dull sermon, but I mightily pleased to look upon Mr. Buckworth's little pretty daughters, and so home to dinner, where W. Howe come and dined with us; and then I to my Office, he being gone, to write down my Journal for the last twelve days: and did it with the help of my vizard and tube fixed to it, and do find it mighty manageable, but how helpfull to my eyes this trial will shew me. So abroad with my wife, in the afternoon, to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her this day also first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies, and so home, and after supper to bed.

26th. Up, having lain long, and then by coach with W. Hewer to the Excise Office, and so to Lilly's, the Varnisher, who is lately dead, and his wife and brother keep up the trade, and there I left my French prints to be put on boards: and, while I was there, a fire burst out in a chimney of a house over against his house, but it was with a gun quickly put out. So to White Hall, and did a little business there at the Treasury chamber, and so homeward, calling at the laceman's for some lace for my new suit, and at my tailor's, and so home, where to dinner, and Mr. Sheres dined with us, who come hither to-day to teach my wife the rules of perspective; but I think, upon trial, he thinks it too hard to teach her, being ignorant of the principles of lines. After dinner comes one Colonel Macnachan, one that I see often at Court, a Scotchman, but know him not; only he brings me a letter from my Lord Middleton, who, he says, is in great distress for £500 to relieve

my Lord Morton[1] with, but upon what account I know not; and he would have me advance it without order upon his pay for Tangier, which I was astonished at, but had the grace to deny him with an excuse. And so he went away, leaving me a little troubled that I was thus driven, on a sudden, to do any thing herein; but Creed, coming just now to see me, he approves of what I have done. And then to talk of general matters, and, by and by, Sheres being gone, my wife, and he, and I out, and I set him down at Temple Bar, and myself and wife went down the Temple upon seeming business, only to put him off, and just at the Temple gate I spied Deb. with another gentle-woman, and Deb. winked on me and smiled, but undiscovered, and I was glad to see her. So my wife and I to the 'Change, about things for her; and here, at Mrs. Burnett's shop, I am told by Betty, who was all undressed, of a great fire happened in Durham-Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford,[2] who was to come to town to it this night; and so the house is burned, new furnished, by carelessness of the girl sent to take off a candle from a bunch of candles, which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire. The King and Court were here, it seems, and stopped the fire by blowing up of the next house. The King and Court went out of town to Newmarket this morning betimes, for a week. So home, and there to my chamber, and got my wife to read to me a little, and so to supper and to bed. Coming home this night I did call at the coachmaker's, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40*s.*; and, contrary to my expectation, the doing of the biggest coach all over comes not to above £6, which is [not] very much.

[1] William Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton, who had married Lord Middleton's daughter Grizel. — B.

[2] Margaret, daughter and co-heir of William Hollidaie or Haliday, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, parliamentary commander, who died, s.p., 1648. She survived till 1673. Hungerford House was pulled down by the spendthrift Sir Edward Hungerford, and Hungerford Market was built on the site in 1680. The market was rebuilt in 1831–33, and the Charing Cross station of the South Eastern Railway now marks the site.

27th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where all the afternoon busy till late, and then home, and got my wife to read to me in the Nepotisme,[1] which is very pleasant, and so to supper and to bed. This afternoon was brought to me a fresh Distringas upon the score of the Tangier accounts, which vexes me, though I hope it will not turn to my wrong.

28th. Up, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly to discourse about some accounts of his, of Tangier: and then to other talk; and I find by him that it is brought almost to effect ([through] the late endeavours of the Duke of York and Duchess, the Queen-Mother, and my Lord St. Alban's, together with some of the contrary faction, my Lord Arlington), that for a sum of money we shall enter into a league with the King of France, wherein, he says, my Lord Chancellor[2] is also concerned; and that he believes that, in the doing hereof, it is meant that he [Clarendon] shall come in again, and that this sum of money will so help the King as that he will not need the Parliament; and that, in that regard, it will be forwarded by the Duke of Buckingham and his faction, who dread the Parliament. But hereby we must leave the Dutch, and that I doubt will undo us; and Sir H. Cholmly says he finds W. Coventry do think the like. My Lady Castlemayne is instrumental in this matter, and, he says, never more great with the King than she is now. But this is a thing that will make the Parliament and kingdom mad, and will turn to our ruine: for with this money the King shall wanton away his time in pleasures, and think nothing of the main till it be too late. He gone,

[1] The work here mentioned is a bitter satire against the Court of Rome, written in Italian, and attributed to Gregorio Leti. It was first printed in 1667, without the name or place of printer, but it is from the press of the Elzevirs. The book obtained by Pepys was probably the anonymous English translation, "Il Nipotismo di Roma: or the history of the Popes nephews from the time of Sixtus the IV. to the death of the last Pope Alexander the VII. In two parts. Written originally in Italian in the year 1667 and Englished by W. A. London, 1669." 8vo. From this work the word *Nepotism* is derived, and is applied to the bad practice of statesmen, when in power, providing lucrative places for their relations.

[2] Clarendon, then an exile in France.

I to the office, where busy till noon, and then home to dinner, where W. Batelier dined with us, and pretty merry, and so I to the office again. This morning Mr. Sheres sent me, in two volumes, Mariana his History of Spaine,[1] in Spanish, an excellent book; and I am much obliged for it to him.

29th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and then to the Office again, there to despatch as much business as I could, that I might be at liberty to-morrow to look after my many things that I have to do, against May-day. So at night home to supper and to bed.

30th. Up, and by coach to the coachmaker's: and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow: they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester,[2] Bellassis,[3] and other great ladies, eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business, and particularly to see Sir W. Coventry, with whom I talked a good while to my great content; and so to other places — among others, to my tailor's: and then to the belt-maker's, where my belt cost me 55*s.*, of the colour of my new suit; and here, understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use,

[1] Juan de Mariana, "Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ libri xx." First published at Toledo in 1592. Ten books were subsequently added, 1605, and the work was completed to the accession of Philip IV. in 1624. The author was induced by its success to translate his book into Spanish. The first part of the "Historia de España" appeared in 1601, and it was completed in 1609. Frequently reprinted both in Latin and in Spanish since 1624. J. Stevens produced an English translation in 1699.

[2] Isabella, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, third wife to John Powlett, fifth Marquis of Winchester. — B.

[3] John, Lord Bellassis, was thrice married: first, to Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Boteler, of Woodhall, Herts; secondly, to Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Crane, of Chilton, Suffolk; thirdly, to Lady Anne Powlett, daughter of the above-named Marquis of Winchester (by his second wife, Lady Honora de Burgh), and who is the person referred to by Pepys. — B.

and hope it will do me good. So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12*s.* and a belt of my owne; and set my own silver-hilt sword a-gilding against to-morrow. This morning I did visit Mr. Oldenburgh,[1] and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr. Wren,[2] of which I have one making by Browne; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife come to me at my tailor's, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules' Pillars; and so about our business again, and particularly to Lilly's, the varnisher, about my prints, whereof some of them are pasted upon the boards, and to my full content. Thence to the frame-maker's, one Norris, in Long Acre, who shewed me several forms of frames to choose by, which was pretty, in little bits of mouldings, to choose by. This done, I to my coachmaker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon; but I set it in doing, and stood by it till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow; and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost; and most coaches are, now-a-days, done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale, as some are, even to shew the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oyled; and, staying among poor people there in the alley, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short. At night home, and there find my wife hath been making herself clean against to-morrow; and, late as it was, I did send my coachman and horses to fetch home the coach to-night, and so we to supper, myself most weary with walking and standing so much, to see all things fine against to-morrow, and so to bed. God give a blessing to it! Meeting with Mr. Sheres, he went with me up and down to several places, and, among others, to buy a perriwig, but I bought none;

[1] Henry Oldenburgh, secretary of the Royal Society.

[2] "A Description of an Instrument invented many years ago by Dr. Christopher Wren, for drawing the outlines of any object in Perspective." Published in the "Philosophical Transactions," No. 45, p. 898 (vol. iv., 669); reprinted in Hutton's "Abridgment," vol. i., p. 325.

and also to Dancre's, where he was about my picture of Windsor, which is mighty pretty, and so will the prospect of Rome be.

May 1st. Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeard to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour — I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and, what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres[1] at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for

[1] See note at January 18th, 1669.

altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humour all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night, so as in the night I was forced to take her and hug her to put her to rest. So home, and after a little supper, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and there visit my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hinchingbroke, come to town last night. I saw him, and very kind; and I am glad he is so, I having not wrote to him all the time, my eyes indeed not letting me. Here with Sir Charles Herbert [Harbord], and my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Herbert [Harbord],[1] and drawn by Dancre, which my Lord Sandwich admires, as being the truest picture that ever he saw in his life: and it is indeed very pretty, and I will be at the cost of having one of them. Thence with them to White Hall, and there walked out the sermon, with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York after sermon, and he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home, and after dinner got my wife to read, and then by coach, she and I, to the Park, and there spent the evening with much pleasure, it proving clear after a little shower, and we mighty fine as yesterday, and people mightily pleased with our coach, as I perceived; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afeard to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay. So home and to supper, and my wife to read, and Tom, my Nepotisme,[2] and then to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, where Sir G. Carteret did meet Sir J. Minnes and me, to discourse upon Mr. Deering's business, who was directed, in the time of the war, to provide provisions at Hamburgh, by Sir G. Carteret's direction; and now G. Carteret is afeard to own it, it being done without written order. But by our meeting we do all begin to recollect enough to preserve Mr. Deering, I think, which, poor silly man! I shall be glad of, it being too much he should suffer for endeavour-

[1] See note to February 25th, 1665–66.
[2] See *ante*, April 27th (note).

ing to serve us. Thence to St. James's, where the Duke of York was playing in the Pell Mell; and so he called me to him most part of the time that he played, which was an hour, and talked alone to me; and, among other things, tells me how the King will not yet be got to name anybody in the room of Pen, but puts it off for three or four days; from whence he do collect that they are brewing something for the Navy, but what he knows not; but I perceive is vexed that things should go so, and he hath reason; for he told me that it is likely they will do in this as in other things — resolve first, and consider it and the fitness of it afterward. Thence to White Hall, and met with Creed, and I took him to the Harp and Balls, and there drank a cup of ale, he and I alone, and discoursed of matters; and I perceive by him that he makes no doubt but that all will turn to the old religion, for these people cannot hold things in their hands, nor prevent its coming to that; and by his discourse fits himself for it, and would have my Lord Sandwich do so, too, and me. After a little talk with him, and particularly about the ruinous condition of Tangier, which I have a great mind to lay before the Duke of York, before it be too late, but dare not, because of his great kindness to Lord Middleton, we parted, and I homeward; but called at Povy's, and there he stopped me to dinner, there being Mr. Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower,[1] Mr. Childe, and several others. And after dinner, Povy and I together to talk of Tangier; and he would have me move the Duke of York in it, for it concerns him particularly, more than any, as being the head of us; and I do think to do it. Thence home, and at the office busy all the afternoon, and so to supper and to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, and then my wife being gone to see her mother at Deptford, I before the office sat went to the Excise Office, and thence being alone stepped into Duck Lane, and thence tried to have sent a porter to Deb.'s, but durst not trust him, and therefore having bought a book to satisfy the bookseller for my stay there, a *12d.* book, Andronicus of Tom Fuller[2] I took coach, and at the end

[1] Sir John Robinson.

[2] "Andronicus, or the Unfortunate Politician: showing Sin slowly punished, Right surely rescued. . . . By Thomas Fuller, B.D." Lon-

of Jewen Street next Red Cross Street I sent the coachman to her lodging, and understand she is gone for Greenwich to one Marys's, a tanner's, at which I was glad, hoping to have opportunity to find her out; and so, in great fear of being seen, I to the office, and there all the morning, dined at home, and presently after dinner comes home my wife, who I believe is jealous of my spending the day, and I had very good fortune in being at home, for if Deb. had been to have been found it is forty to one but I had been abroad, God forgive me. So the afternoon at the office, and at night walked with my wife in the garden, and my Lord Brouncker with us, who is newly come to W. Pen's lodgings; and by and by comes Mr. Hooke; and my Lord, and he, and I into my Lord's lodgings, and there discoursed of many fine things in philosophy, to my great content, and so home to supper and to bed.

5th. Up, and thought to have gone with Lord Brouncker to Mr. Hooke this morning betimes; but my Lord is taken ill of the gout, and says his new lodgings have infected him, he never having had any symptoms of it till now. So walked to Gresham College, to tell Hooke that my Lord could not come; and so left word, he being abroad, and I to St. James's, and thence, with the Duke of York, to White Hall, where the Board waited on him all the morning: and so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott,[1] and Lord Carlingford,[2] to the Spanish Embassador's,[3] where I dined the first time. The Olio not so good as Sheres's. There was at the table himself and a Spanish Countess, a good, comely, and witty lady — three Fathers and us. Discourse good and pleasant. And here was an Oxford scholar in a Doctor of Law's gowne, sent from the College where the Embassador lay, when the Court was there, to salute him before his return to Spain. This man, though a gentle sort of scholar, yet sat like a fool for want of French or Spanish, but [knew] only Latin, which he spoke like an

don, 1646; second edition, 1646; third edition, 1649. There is a review of the book in the "Retrospective Review," second series, vol. i., pp. 396-406.

[1] Sir Edward Scott, made LL.D. at Oxford, 1677.

[2] See May 1st, 1662.

[3] The Conde de Dona.

Englishman to one of the Fathers. And by and by he and I to talk, and the company very merry at my defending Cambridge against Oxford: and I made much use of my French and Spanish here, to my great content. But the dinner not extraordinary at all, either for quantity or quality. Thence home, where my wife ill of those upon the maid's bed, and troubled at my being abroad. So I to the office, and there till night, and then to her, and she read to me the Epistle of Cassandra,[1] which is very good indeed; and the better to her, because recommended by Sheres. So to supper, and to bed.

6th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out. I by water back to the Office, and there all the morning; then to dinner, and then to the Office again, and anon with my wife by coach to take the ayre, it being a noble day, as far as the Greene Man,[2] mightily pleased with our journey, and our condition of doing it in our own coach, and so home, and to walk in the garden, and so to supper and to bed, my eyes being bad with writing my Journal, part of it, to-night.

7th. Up, and by coach to W. Coventry's; and there to talk with him a great deal with great content; and so to the Duke of York, having a great mind to speak to him about Tangier; but, when I come to it, his interest for my Lord Middleton is such that I dare not. So to the Treasury chamber, and then walked home round by the Excise Office, having by private vows last night in prayer to God Almighty cleared my mind for the present of the thoughts of going to Deb. at Greenwich, which I did long after. I passed

[1] See *ante*, November 16th, 1668.

[2] Probably on Stroud Green, and known by the name of Stapleton Hall, originally the residence of Sir Thomas Stapleton, of Gray's Court, Oxon, Bart. The building, on which were his initials, with those of his wife, and the date, 1609, was afterwards converted into a public-house, with the sign of the Green Man, and a century ago had in the front the following inscription:

> "Ye are welcome all
> To Stapleton Hall."

A club, styling themselves "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," formerly met annually at this place, which occasioned a scene similar to that of a country wake or fair. — Lewis's *Hist. of Islington*, p. 281. — B.

by Guildhall, which is almost finished, and saw a poor labourer carried by, I think, dead with a fall, as many there are, I hear. So home to dinner, and then to the office a little, and so to see my Lord Brouncker, who is a little ill of the gout; and there Madam Williams told me that she heard that my wife was going into France this year, which I did not deny, if I can get time, and I pray God I may. But I wondering how she come to know it, she tells me a woman that my wife spoke to for a maid, did tell her so, and that a lady that desires to go thither would be glad to go in her company. Thence with my wife abroad, with our coach, most pleasant weather; and to Hackney, and into the marshes, where I never was before, and thence round about to Old Ford and Bow; and coming through the latter home, there being some young gentlewomen at a door, and I seeming not to know who they were, my wife's jealousy told me presently that I knew well enough it was that damned place where Deb. dwelt, which made me swear very angrily that it was false, as it was, and I carried [her] back again to see the place, and it proved not so, so I continued out of humour a good while at it, she being willing to be friends, so I was by and by, saying no more of it. So home, and there met with a letter from Captain Silas Taylor, and, with it, his written copy of a play that he hath wrote, and intends to have acted. It is called "The Serenade, or Disappointment," which I will read, not believing he can make any good of that kind. He did once offer to show Harris it, but Harris told him that he would judge by one Act whether it were good or no, which is indeed a foolish saying, and we see them out themselves in the choice of a play after they have read the whole, it being sometimes found not fit to act above three times; nay, and some that have been refused at one house is found a good one at the other. This made Taylor say he would not shew it him, but is angry, and hath carried it to the other house, and he thinks it will be acted there, though he tells me they are not yet agreed upon it. But I will find time to get it read to me, and I did get my wife to begin a little to-night in the garden, but not so much as I could make any judgment of it. So home to supper and to bed.

8th. Up, and to the Office, and there comes Lead to me, and at last my vizards are done, and glasses got to put in and out, as I will; and I think I have brought it to the utmost, both for easiness of using and benefit, that I can; and so I paid him 15*s*. for what he hath done now last, in the finishing them, and they, I hope, will do me a great deal of ease. At the Office all the morning, and this day, the first time, did alter my side of the table, after above eight years sitting on that next the fire. But now I am not able to bear the light of the windows in my eyes, I do begin there, and I did sit with much more content than I had done on the other side for a great while, and in winter the fire will not trouble my back. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner all the afternoon within, with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and W. Hewer, reading over and drawing up new things in the Instructions of Commanders, which will be good, and I hope to get them confirmed by the Duke of York, though I perceive nothing will effectually perfect them but to look over the whole body of the Instructions, of all the Officers of a ship, and make them all perfect together. This being done, comes my bookseller, and brings me home bound my collection of papers, about my Addresse to the Duke of York in August, which makes me glad, it being that which shall do me more right many years hence than, perhaps, all I ever did in my life: and therefore I do, both for my own and the King's sake, value it much. By and by also comes Browne,[1] the mathematical instrument maker, and brings me home my instrument for perspective, made according to the description of Dr. Wren's, in the late Transactions; and he hath made it, I think, very well, and that, that I believe will do the thing, and therein gives me great content; but have I fear all the content that must be received by my eyes is almost lost. So to the office, and there late at business, and then home to supper and to bed.

9th (Lord's day). Up; and, after dressing in my best suit with gold trimming, I to the Office, and there with Gibson and Tom finishing against to-morrow my notes upon Commanders' Instructions; and, when church-time,

[1] Browne, the instrument-maker in the Minories.

to church with my wife, leaving them at work. Dr. Mills preached a dull sermon, and so we home to dinner; and thence by coach to St. Andrew's, Holborne, thinking to have heard Dr. Stillingfleete preach, but we could not get a place, and so to St. Margaret's, Westminster, and there heard a sermon, and did get a place, the first we have heard there these many years, and here at a distance I saw Betty Michell, but she is become much a plainer woman than she was a girl. Thence towards the Park, but too soon to go in, so went on to Knightsbridge, and there eat and drank at "The World's End,"[1] where we had good things, and then back to the Park, and there till night, being fine weather, and much company, and so home, and after supper to bed. This day I first left off both my waistcoats by day, and my waistcoat by night, it being very hot weather, so hot as to make me break out, here and there, in my hands, which vexes me to see, but is good for me.

10th. Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May-dew,[2] which she did, and I troubled for it, for fear of any hurt, going abroad so betimes, happening to her; but I to sleep again, and she come home about six, and to bed again all well, and I up and with Mr. Gibson by coach to St. James's, and thence to White Hall, where the Duke of York met the Office, and there discoursed of several things, particularly the Instructions of Commanders of ships. But here happened by chance a discourse of the Council of Trade, against which the Duke of York is mightily displeased, and particularly Mr. Child, against whom he speaking hardly, Captain Cox did second the Duke of York, by saying that he was talked of for an unfayre dealer with masters of ships, about freight: to which Sir T. Littleton very hotly and foolishly replied presently, that he never heard any honest man speak ill of Child; to which the Duke of York did make a smart reply, and was angry; so as I was sorry to hear it come so far, and that I, by seeming to assent to Cox, might be observed too much by Littleton, though I said nothing aloud, for

[1] See May 31st, *post*.
[2] See May 28th, 1667.

this must breed great heart-burnings. After this meeting done, the Duke of York took the Treasurers into his closet to chide them, as Mr. Wren tells me; for that my Lord Keeper did last night at the Council say, when nobody was ready to say any thing against the constitution of the Navy, that he did believe the Treasurers of the Navy had something to say, which was very foul on their part, to be parties against us. They being gone, Mr. Wren [and I] took boat, thinking to dine with my Lord of Canterbury;[1] but, when we come to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards: so we lost our labour, and therefore back to White Hall, and thence walked, my boy Jacke with me, to my Lord Crew, whom I have not seen since he was sick, which is eight months ago, I think, and there dined with him: he is mightily broke. A stranger, a country gentleman, was with him: and he pleased with my discourse accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years, one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years. He also told us that he hath heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. Thence to St. James's, and there met the Duke of York, who told me, with great content, that he did now think he should master our adversaries, for that the King did tell him that he was satisfied in the constitution of the Navy, but that it was well to give these people leave to object against it, which they having not done, he did give order to give warrant to the Duke of York to direct Sir Jeremy Smith[2] to be a Commissioner of the Navy in the room of Pen; which, though he be an impertinent fellow, yet I am glad of it, it showing that the other side is not so strong as it was: and so, in plain terms, the Duke of York did tell me, that they were every day losing ground; and par-

[1] On one of the public days.

[2] Sir Jeremiah Smith was appointed Comptroller of the Victualling in succession to Sir William Penn, who held that office from 1667 to 1669. The date of Smith's patent is June 17th, 1669.

ticularly that he would take care to keep out Child: at all which I am glad, though yet I dare not think myself secure, as the King may yet be wrought upon by these people to bring changes in our Office, and remove us, ere it be long. Thence I to White Hall, and there took boat to Westminster, and to Mrs. Martin's, who is not come to town from her husband at Portsmouth. So drank only at Cragg's with Doll, and so to the Swan, and there baiser a new maid that is there, and so to White Hall again, to a Committee of Tangier, where I see all things going to rack in the business of the Corporation, and consequently in the place, by Middleton's going. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being notèd for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, it being what I feared: and Povy told me of my gold-lace sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so to my wife at Unthanke's, and coach, and so called at my tailor's to that purpose, and so home, and after a little walk in the garden, home to supper and to bed.

11th. My wife again up by four o'clock, to go to gather May-dew; and so back home by seven, to bed, and by and by I up and to the office, where all the morning, and dined at noon at home with my people, and so all the afternoon. In the evening my wife and I all alone, with the boy, by water, up as high as Putney almost, with the tide, and back again, neither staying going nor coming; but talking, and singing, and reading a foolish copy of verses upon my Lord Mayor's entertaining of all the bachelors, designed in praise to my Lord Mayor, and so home and to the office a little, and then home to bed, my eyes being bad. Some trouble at Court for fear of the Queen's miscarrying; she being, as they all conclude, far gone with child.

12th. Up, and to Westminster Hall, where the term is, and this the first day of my being there, and here by chance met Roger Pepys, come to town the last night: I was glad to see him. After some talk with him and others, and among others Sir Charles Harbord and Sidney Montagu, the latter of whom is to set out to-morrow towards Flanders and Italy, I invited them to dine with me to-morrow, and

so to Mrs. Martin's lodging, who come to town last night, and there je did hazer her, she having been a month, I think, at Portsmouth with her husband, newly come home from the Streights. But, Lord! how silly the woman talks of her great entertainment there, and how all the gentry come to visit her, and that she believes her husband is worth £6 or £700, which nevertheless I am glad of, but I doubt they will spend it as fast. Thence home, and after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the musick, did hear, but not see, a new play, the first day acted, "The Roman Virgin,"[1] an old play, and but ordinary, I thought; but the trouble of my eyes with the light of the candles did almost kill me. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and there had a promise from Sidney to come and dine with me to-morrow; and so my wife and I home in our coach, and there find my brother John, as I looked for, come to town from Ellington,[2] where, among other things, he tells me the first news that my [sister Jackson] is with child, and far gone, which I know not whether it did more trouble or please me, having no great care for my friends to have children, though I love other people's. So, glad to see him, we to supper, and so to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, it being a rainy foul day. But at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, and Sir Charles Harbord, and Roger Pepys, and dined with me; and had a good dinner, and very merry with us all the afternoon, it being a farewell to Sidney; and so in the evening they away, and I to my business at the Office, and so to supper, and talk with my brother, and so to bed.

14th. Up, and to St. James's to the Duke of York, and thence to White Hall, where we met about office business, and then at noon with Mr. Wren to Lambeth, to dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury; the first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it; where a noble.

[1] "The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge," a tragedy, altered by Thomas Betterton from Webster's "Appius and Virginia." Published in 1679.

[2] In Huntingdonshire, the residence of Pepys's brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson. — B.

house, and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, no where better, or so much, that ever I think I saw, for an ordinary table: and the Bishop mighty kind to me, particularly desiring my company another time, when less company there. Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot that ever I heard in my life, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows:[1] and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton,[2] till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shewn him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty. So over to White Hall, to a little Committee of Tangier; and thence walking in the Gallery, I met Sir Thomas Osborne, who, to my great content, did of his own accord fall into discourse with me, with so much professions of value and respect, placing the whole virtue of the Office of the Navy upon me, and that for the Comptroller's place, no man in England was fit for it but me, when Sir J. Minnes, as he says it is necessary, is removed: but then he knows not what to do for a man in my place; and in discourse, though I have no mind to the other, I

[1] Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

[2] The person here alluded to is probably Alexander Montgomery, the sixth Earl of Eglintoun, called Greysteel, who was a rank Presbyterian and a ruling Elder of the General Assembly when the solemn League and Covenant were drawn up. He fought against Charles at Marston Moor, whilst his son and successor was in the king's army; but he afterwards became a Royalist, and died in 1661, aged seventy-three. The son was a consistent supporter of monarchy, and there seems no reason why he should have been made an object of satire. His death occurred only two months before the unseemly scene at Lambeth. — B.

did bring in Tom Hater to be the fittest man in the world for it, which he took good notice of. But in the whole I was mightily pleased, reckoning myself now fifty per cent. securer in my place than I did before think myself to be. Thence to Unthanke's, and there find my wife, but not dressed, which vexed me, because of going to the Park, it being a most pleasant day after yesterday's rain, which lays all the dust, and most people going out thither, which vexed me. So home, sullen; but then my wife and I by water, with my brother, as high as Fulham, talking and singing, and playing the rogue with the Western bargemen,[1] about the women of Woolwich,[2] which mads them, and so back home to supper and to bed.

15th. Up, and at the Office all the morning. Dined at home, and Creed with me home, and I did discourse about evening some reckonings with him in the afternoon; but I could not, for my eyes, do it, which troubled me, and vexed him that I would not; but yet we were friends, I advancing him money without it, and so to walk all the afternoon together in the garden; and I perceive still he do expect a change in our matters, especially as to religion, and fits himself for it by professing himself for it in his discourse.[3] He gone, I to my business at my Office, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). My wife and I at church, our pew filled with Mrs. Backewell, and six more that she brought with her, which vexed me at her confidence. Dined at home, and W. Batelier with us, and I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York, about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occasion to a voyage abroad, which I did, to my pretty good liking; and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where a good deal of company, and good weather, and and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to several places doing business, and then home to dinner, and then my wife and I and brother John

[1] For what Addison calls "Thames ribaldry," see "Spectator," No. 383.— B.

[2] See June 2nd, 1668, and May 28th, *post*.

[3] See May 3rd, 1669.

by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Spanish Curate"[1] revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily. Thence carried them and Mr. Gibson, who met me at my Lord Brouncker's with a fair copy of my petition, which I thought to shew the Duke of York this night, but could not, and therefore carried them to the Park, where they had never been, and so home to supper and to bed. Great the news now of the French taking St. Domingo,[2] in Spaniola, from the Spaniards, which troubles us, that they should have it, and have the honour of taking it, when we could not.

18th. Up, and to St. James's and other places, and then to the office, where all the morning. At noon home and dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake, and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who hath formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it: so I to the Office, and by and by word is come that she hath drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her, and so back to the office till night, busy, and so home to supper and to bed.

19th. With my coach to St. James's; and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men, in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more, walking out of my coach as other gentlemen did, of a soldier's trade, than ever I did in my life: the men being mighty fine, and their Commanders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth; but methought their trade but very easy as to the mustering of their men, and the men but indifferently ready to perform what was commanded, in the handling of their arms.

[1] "The Spanish Curate," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, was seen by Pepys at the Whitefriars Theatre on March 16th, 1660-61.

[2] This island, the second in size and in population of the West India Islands, was discovered by Columbus on December 6th, 1492. He called it Española, or little Spain, whence the latinized name of Hispaniola. It was afterwards also called Santo Domingo, after its chief town. The island remained entirely a Spanish possession till the seventeenth century. By the treaty of Ryswick in 1697 the western portion of the island was definitely ceded to France. The island is now divided into two negro republics; the western, in which French is the official language, is known as the republic of Haiti, and the eastern, in which Spanish is the official language, is known as Santo Domingo.

Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's[1] being wounded in nine places last night, by footmen, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Greene: they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by, in her coach with six horses; upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had lain with her. Thence by and by to White Hall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white pinner[2] and apron, like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than dressed. And by and by, dinner done, I out, and to walk in the Gallery, for the Duke of York's coming out; and there, meeting Mr. May, he took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chevins's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like a prince, being before very hungry and empty. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me,

[1] Henry Killigrew, son of Thomas Killigrew, talked loudly of his old intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury, and this outrage was done at the instigation of that worthless woman. Killigrew appears to have been continually in trouble, for he was beaten by the Duke of Buckingham in 1667, and soon after was in disgrace at Court. Pepys, on May 30th, 1668, mentions that he had newly come back from France, but in October of the same year he was in Paris again, for Charles II. wrote to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, on October 17th, respecting him: "For Harry Killigrew, you may see him as you please, and though I cannot commende my Lady Shrewsbury's conduct in many things, yett Mr. Killigrew's carriage towards her has been worse than I will repeate, and for his *demelé* with my Lord of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable. I am glad the poor wrech has gott a meanes of subsistence, but have one caution of him, that you beleeve not one word he sayes of us heere, for he is a most notorious lyar and does not want witt to sett forth his storyes plesantly enough" (Julia Cartwright's "Madame," 1894, pp. 273, 274).

[2] "A lady's head-dress, with long flaps hanging down the sides of the cheek" (Randle Holmes). The word pinner was also used to signify an apron with a bib to it.

these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, but pretend that I did go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. Glad of this, I home, and thence took out my wife, and to Mr. Holliard's about a swelling in her cheek, but he not at home, and so round by Islington and eat and drink, and so home, and after supper to bed. In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the King was, and much mixed company, and among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite dead; and [Buckingham] there in discourse did say that he had spoke with some one that was by (which all the world must know that it must be his whore, my Lady Shrewsbury), who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords; and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man do in all his life.

20th. Up and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon, the whole Office — Brouncker, J. Minnes, T. Middleton, Samuel Pepys, and Captain Cox to dine with the Parish, at the Three Tuns, this day being Ascension-day, where exceeding good discourse among the merchants, and thence back home, and after a little talk with my wife, to my office and did a great deal of business, and so with my eyes mighty weary, and my head full of care how to get my accounts and business settled against my journey, home to supper, and to bed. Yesterday, at my coming home, I found that my wife had, on a sudden, put away Matt upon some falling out, and I doubt my wife did call her ill names by my wife's own discourse; but I did not meddle to say anything upon it, but let her go, being not sorry,

because now we may get one that speaks French, to go abroad with us.

21st. I waited with the Office upon the Duke of York, in the morning. Dined at home, where Lewis Phillips, with a friend of his, dined with me. In the afternoon at the Office. In the evening visited by Roger Pepys and Philip Packer; and so home.

22nd. Dined at home, the rest of the whole day at the office.

23rd (Lord's day). Called up by Roger Pepys and his son, who to church with me, and then home to dinner. In the afternoon carried them to Westminster, and myself to St. James's, where, not finding the Duke of York, back home, and with my wife spent the evening taking the ayre about Hackney, with great pleasure, and places we had never seen before.

24th. To White Hall, and there all the morning, and thence home, and giving order for some business and setting my brother to making a catalogue of my books, I back again to W. Hewer to White Hall, where I attended the Duke of York, and was by him led to [the King], who expressed great sense of my misfortune in my eyes, and concernment for their recovery; and accordingly signified, not only his assent to my desire therein, but commanded me to give them rest this summer, according to my late petition to the Duke of York. W. Hewer and I dined alone at the Swan; and thence, having thus waited on the King, spent till four o'clock in St. James's Park, where I met my wife at Unthanke's, and so home.

25th. Dined at home; and the rest of the day, morning and afternoon, at the Office.

26th. To White Hall, where all the morning. Dined with Mr. Chevins, with Alderman Backewell, and Spragg. The Court full of the news from Captain Hubbert, of "The Milford," touching his being affronted in the Streights, shot at, and having eight men killed him by a French man-of-war, calling him "English dog," and commanding him to strike, which he refused, and, as knowing himself much too weak for him, made away from him. The Queen, as being supposed with child, fell ill, so as to call for Madam Nun, Mr. Chevins's sister, and one of her women, from

dinner from us; this being the last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child; and they were therein well confirmed by her Majesty's being well again before night. One Sir Edmund Bury Godfry,[1] a woodmonger and Justice of Peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazier[2] for about £30 in firing, the bailiffs were apprehended, committed to the porter's lodge, and there, by the King's command, the last night severely whipped; from which the Justice himself very hardly escaped, to such an unusual degree was the King moved therein. But he lies now in the lodge, justifying his act, as grounded upon the opinion of several of the Judges, and, among others, my Lord Chief-Justice; which makes the King very angry with the Chief-Justice, as they say; and the Justice do lie and justify his act, and says he will suffer in the cause for the people, and do refuse to receive almost any nutriment.[3] The effects of it may be bad to the Court. Expected a meeting of Tangier this afternoon, but failed. So home, met by my wife at Unthanke's.

27th. At the office all the morning, dined at home, Mr. Hollier with me. Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed,[4] which cost me

[1] The history of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey is too well known to require any comment, though his tragical end has never been satisfactorily explained. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1848, there are some interesting details about the knight's family, and a description of a silver tankard with inscription and engraved representations of the burials during the Plague and of the Fire of London, now in the possession of the Corporation of Sudbury, Suffolk. — B. See note, May 1st, 1667. Several copies of this tankard have been described, and it has been supposed that copies from a possible original given by the king were presented by Godfrey himself to his friends.

[2] Fraizer was one of the king's physicians, and had served him for many years in a political as well as a professional capacity. His character was not very high, and he was mixed up in several discreditable actions. See *ante*, September 19th, 1664 (Munk's "Roll of the Royal College of Physicians," 1878, vol. i., pp. 232-234).

[3] Godfrey was released after six days' imprisonment.

[4] A curious and uncommon book, entitled, "A Compendious Drawing-Book, composed by Alexander Browne, limner, collected from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in Europe, engraven by Arnold de Jode." A second edition, with letterpress and additions, was pub-

20*s.*, to him. In the afternoon to the Temple, to meet with Auditor Aldworth[1] about my interest account, but failed of meeting him. To visit my cozen Creed, and found her ill at home, being with child, and looks poorly. Thence to her husband, at Gresham College, upon some occasions of Tangier; and so home, with Sir John Bankes with me, to Mark Lane.

28th. To St. James's, where the King's being with the Duke of York prevented a meeting of the Tangier Commission. But, Lord! what a deal of sorry discourse did I hear between the King and several Lords about him here! but very mean, methought. So with Creed to the Excise Office, and back to White Hall, where, in the Park, Sir G. Carteret did give me an account of his discourse lately, with the Commissioners of Accounts, who except against many things, but none that I find considerable; among others, that of the Officers of the Navy selling of the King's goods, and particularly my providing him with calico flags, which having been by order, and but once, when necessity, and the King's apparent profit, justified it, as conformable to my particular duty, it will prove to my advantage that it be enquired into. Nevertheless, having this morning received from them a demand of an account of all monies within their cognizance, received and issued by me, I was willing, upon this hint, to give myself rest, by knowing whether their meaning therein might reach only to my Treasurership for Tangier, or the monies employed on this occasion. I went, therefore, to them this afternoon, to understand what monies they meant, where they answered me, by saying, "The eleven months' tax, customs, and prize-money," without mentioning, any more than I demanding, the service they respected therein; and so, with-

lished in 1675 under the title of "Ars Pictoria, or an Academy treating of Drawing, Painting, Limning, Etching."

[1] Richard Aldworth, of Stanlake, Berks, then one of the Auditors of the Exchequer, represented Reading in the first parliament after the Restoration, and died in 1680. He was the paternal ancestor of the second and third Lords Braybrooke. In 1762 the auditor's grandson, Richard Neville Aldworth, succeeded to the estates of the Nevilles of Billingbear, in Berkshire, in right of his mother, who was their sole heir, and whose maiden name he assumed. The auditor's portrait, by Lely, is still at Billingbear. — B.

out further discourse, we parted, upon very good terms of respect, and with few words, but my mind not fully satisfied about the monies they mean. At noon Mr. Gibson and I dined at the Swan, and thence doing this at Brook house, and thence calling at the Excise Office for an account of payment of my tallies for Tangier, I home, and thence with my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us, as high as Chelsea; so home, making sport with the Westerne bargees, and my wife and I singing, to my great content.

29th. The King's birth-day. To White Hall, where all very gay; and particularly the Prince of Tuscany very fine, and is the first day of his appearing out of mourning, since he come. I heard the Bishop of Peterborough[1] preach but dully; but a good anthem of Pelham's. Home to dinner, and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where all the evening; great store of company, and great preparations by the Prince of Tuscany to celebrate the night with fire-works, for the King's birth-day. And so home.

30th (Whitsunday). By water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, where all the morning by his bed-side, he being indisposed. Our discourse was upon the notes I have lately prepared for Commanders' Instructions; but concluded that nothing will render them effectual, without an amendment in the choice of them, that they be seamen, and not gentlemen above the command of the Admiral, by the greatness of their relations at Court. Thence to White Hall, and dined alone with Mr. Chevins his sister: whither by and by come in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by fine Mrs. Wells,[2] who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation. Thence to the Duke of York, who, with the officers of the Navy, made a good entrance on my draught of my new Instructions to Commanders, as well expressing his general [views] of a reformation among them, as liking of my humble offers towards it. Thence being called by my wife, Mr. Gibson and I, we to the Park, whence the rain sent us suddenly home.

[1] Dr. Joseph Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough, 1663-79. He died suddenly on March 9th, 1678-79.

[2] See February 8th, 1662-63.

31st. Up very betimes, and so continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two, hath kept me behindhand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Dined at home, and in the afternoon by water to White Hall, calling by the way at Michell's, where I have not been many a day till just the other day, and now I met her mother there and knew her husband to be out of town. And here je did baiser elle, but had not opportunity para hazer some with her as I would have offered if je had had it. And thence had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so, being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, which cannot be much, now my amours to Deb. are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

May 31, 1669.

END OF THE DIARY.

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